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CLAUDE NIGHT;

OR,

A BLACK MASK AND A WHITE FACE.

CHAPTER XXI.

ALL IS NOT LOST—SUCCOR AT HAND—NELL AND HER PRESERVER—THE SECRET PASSAGE—THE ROPE LADDER—THE DESCENT—DISCOVERED—ESCAPE AND PURSUIT OF THE BLACK MASK—THE KING—ESCAPE.

Long as it seemed to poor Nelly Gwynne that she had been lying in this horrible state, it was really less than three hours, when suddenly a grating noise, like the sound of a file moving against rusty iron, broke upon the stillness of the room.

Her sense of hearing was in nowise disturbed by the drug, which bound her motionless, and she heard the noise distinctly. In a instant hope, blessed hope, so difficult to extinguish in the young and inexperienced, rushed back. Claude Night had found her out! Claude Night was come to the rescue!

Never, for an instant, did she imagine that it could be other than he; and even as she lay in that death-like state her heart seemed to rouse with new life. Meanwhile, the file grated gently on, stopping occasionally, as if the worker were using great precaution not to be overheard.

Then there was a sound of mortar crumbling slowly down. The worker was evidently aware that the task he was employed on was one of no ordinary danger, for he labored with a caution that rendered his proceedings slow in the extreme.

At length, however, there was a daring stroke, followed by a rush of falling matter. Complete silence succeeded for the space of at least a quarter of an hour, so complete that the anxious listener's hope was beginning to waver a little, and a fear that after all the sound might proceed from rats, made her heart sink, when suddenly a faint light flashed through the chamber.

The next instant she felt that some one was bending over her—a warm, soft hand touched hers, and then was passed lightly over her face.

"Icy as death!" said a voice in low tones. "Am I too late? Has he dared to deceive me?"

The agony of Nell's desire to speak—to cry out that she was living, and to entreat succor, was intense—so intense, indeed, that though it could not burst the spell of that deadly drug altogether, so far overcame it as to cause large drops of perspiration to ooze through the death hued skin, and stand visibly on the beautiful brow. Again the hand was passed lightly over her face, and then something touched her lips.

An awful shock seemed to thrill through her whole body; for an instant she endured the most intense agony. It seemed as if red hot knives were piercing her in every direction, and then with a wild leap the life current seemed to rush through her veins, nd she could move!

The spell of that horrible drug was broken at length. But the struggle was almost too much for her, young and strong though she was; and after that first wild toss of her fair arms, she lay back exhausted.

"Now you must drink," said a voice in her ear. "You must drink, and then take courage. I will save you if you will but be brave."

Some strong liquid was being poured between her lips, and she had but to obey. The effect was soon apparent, and drawing a deep sigh, Nell Gwynne raised her head and opened her eyes. It was not Claude Night, however, who stood there in the handsome dress of a cavalier, but with the face concealed by a mask. No; she saw that at a glance, and she shrank back in dismay and almost alarm.

However, the stranger seemed in too great haste to notice either, and bending down, he whispered "we have no time to lose. Directly your strength is sufficient to allow you to move, we must hence—enemies are on every side."

"I am strong now—I can go this instant," returned the orange-girl, struggling valiantly to her feet, and, with a blush, striving to cover herself with the few garments that the old Jew had allowed her to retain.

"Ay, but, girl, it requires not a little strength to follow me along the path I am about to lead you; and if you fail 'twould ruin all. Drink again; 'twill help to warm the blood in your veins."

It was a marvelously white hand that held to her lips a silver flask.

"Methinks I have heard your voice ere this, Sir Cavalier?" Nell said, softly, after the draught.

"Ah! But talk not now—drink, child, or your strength will never return; and——Hark!"

There was a sound of rustling behind the tapestry, and, for an instant, both turned in terror towards it. The fear, however, did more towards restoring Nell Gwynne's strength than all the flasks or drugs that could be given her, and, springing up, she clasped her succorer's arm with a grip that witnessed to it.

"Lead on—for heaven's sake, wait not! I am ready!" she cried in an agonized whisper.

"In truth I like not that rustling—so follow," replied the Mask or, as our readers know, of course, the Countess of Castelfort.

As she spoke, she took up the small lamp with which she had come provided, and led the way to the large chimney-piace, where a heap of mortar and loose bricks explained the noise Nell had heard. There was but a very small opening, however, in one of the sides; and, pushing the lamp on first, the cavalier Countess threw herself upon her knees, and with difficulty scrambled through it. Nell followed; and then, to her surprise, found herself in a narrow passage, evidently one of those secret ways which the troubled times of the recent revolution had rendered of such importance. This was apparently, however, very ancient, and had been little used, for though it was a larger one than usual, it was so choked up with the dust and mortar which had fallen, that they were forced to creep along on their hands and knees.

The way was difficult in the extreme, as it wound about, and sometimes became so narrow that even their slight figures could scarcely push through. Neither of them, however, were to be discouraged; and, indeed, to retreat would almost have been impossible.

Their journey only just ended in time to prevent Nell falling from exhaustion, nevertheless; and even the Countess leaned panting against the wall before she attempted to rise from her cramped position, and then assist her companion.

The narrow passage ended in a small, vault-like recess, large enough to contain about four human beings, and Nell looked around in some perplexity as to how they were to get out of it. Lifting up the lamp, however, the disguised Countess quickly discovered a small iron knob, which, pressing with all her force, gave way, and opened a narrow aperture in what appeared to be solid brickwork.

"So far, so good!" she muttered. "Now we must use despateh, and all may yet be well. Keep close to me, and as you value your life, Mistress Gwynne, move quietly."

The injunction was scarcely necessary. The next instant the Countess had glided quietly through the aperture, and as Nell followed her she found herself in a large, handsome room, furnished magnificently, as was apparent even in the feeble light of their small lamp. Not allowing her, however, an instant even to draw her breath, her companion seized her arm, and hurried Her across it to an unshuttered window, through which the pale moonlight was streaming in a perfect flood of silvery light. The casement was open, and, as they reached it, the Countess leaned out and looked eagerly round.

"All is quiet now!" she said. "But it doubts me that the Duchess has yet retired, and it might be well to wait patiently awhile."

As she spoke, she drew from behind the velvet hanging a small bundle.

"Take this, Mistress Nell, meanwhile, and cover those fair shoulders a little. I have provided you with a rude disguise as more fitting our position and adventure. Retire and dress, while I keep watch for the right moment for us to venture forth, and trust to our horses' heels for safety. Art very weary, child?"

As the last sentence was spoken in those low, musical tones which were the only occasional drawbacks to Ethelind Castelfort's perfect performance of the cavalier; and even Nell Gwynne, with a little by the rather commanding manner in which she spoke to her companion had directed their movements, looked more surprise.

I am not so weary," she replied, the tears, in spite of her efforts to repress them, rushing to her sweet blue eyes, "as frightened. Ah, Sir Cavalier, never, indeed, shall I forget this deed of thine!"

"Tut, tut, fair Nell! you have, in truth, little reason for much gratitude. Did not the Black Mask get you into the scrape?"

"The Black Mask! Ay, I thought I recognized that voice and hand."

"Hush, hush! Get thee to dress, Nell! We'll talk after, when out of the domains of this gracious demoness!"

Though it was not harshly said, there was something in the tone that silenced Nell at once, and without a word she withdrew a little with her sorely needed garments. Her toilet took her but a few seconds, and she soon reappeared, making a very gallant little cavalier.

"Not bad, in good sooth, Mistress Gwynne," the Countess whispered. "Let us trust, however, the masquerade will not be discovered. All seems quiet now, and methinks we might venture."

But at that very instant the slamming of a distant door made them start, and, seizing Nell by the arm, the Countess dragged her on to the balcony in front of the window.

"For your life's sake!" she muttered.

And silent as death they both were for the space of at least ten minutes. Scarcely daring to breathe, they listened. All was again silent, however, in the house, whilst, without, the extensive gardens and grounds belonging to Portsmouth House lay bathed in the moonlight, utterly quiet and peaceful.

"We are over timorous," at length murmured the Countess. "We start at shadows!"

As she said this, once more she rose up, and, motioning to Nell to follow her example, she stepped forward daringly towards the iron railing of the balcony.

"All this dallying suits me not! Listen, Mistress Nell, to my counsel, and then, if your heart fails you not, follow me. It is the best plan I can suggest. See you yon tall poplars towering above the dark plantation?"

FANNY MORGAN PHELPS. COMEDIENNE. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

"Yes, yes! furthest from the river! I note them!"

"Beneath their branches are two fleet horses; our object must be to gain them, and then ride off as best we can. All seems safe, but there is a treacherous piece of open ground to cross, and in this bright moonlight any one watching would quickly discover us. However, we must risk it, I think."

"And to reach the ground?" exclaimed Nell, a little puzzled.

"Here is a light rope ladder, see you not? But now listen to my last instructions. As soon as we have mounted, our first object must be to clear these grounds, and make our way back to London. So far as I can, Mistress Gwynne, I will aid you; but I tell you frankly, it matters much to me not to be discovered in this adventure. I have set you so far at liberty, and you will have the same chances of escape I do. Methinks I shall do you no great harm if now I look a little to my own safety. In London, I conclude, you need scarcely go far to find shelter and friends?"

"Once in the city, I am safe enough; indeed, even now I fear no longer," Nell answered bravely.

"Come, then; see, there is a fleecy cloud crossing the moon. Let's venture! Follow me!"

With a light spring, clearing the balustrade as she spoke, the strange and daring Countess set her foot in the rope ladder, and began her descent with an agility and courage that made even Nell gaze at her in astonishment. Whoever this strange cavalier might be, at any rate he was one not unaccustomed to adventure of this sort. In spite of the dangerous swaying to and fro of the rope support, the light form made its way down, and in what seemed but a few seconds Nell saw her companion standing with perfect composure on the ground, beckoning her to follow.

The young orange-girl was not deficient in physical courage, and though not accomplishing her task with the same masterly ease as her leader, she soon joined her below.

"Thank all the saints in the calendar!" exclaimed the countess. "Now for the poplars, and then we may cry hurrah! Come!"

She sprang forward, but a cry from Nell stopped her, and then a man's arm suddenly clutched her round the waist, and for an instant held her fast.

Were they discovered?

To her intense horror she saw that a couple of men in the dress of cavaliers had sprung out from behind some bushes, and that one held Nell in the same manner the other detained herself.

"Un mask!" cried a voice, in fierce, low tones. "By the heaven above us, I *will* know who has dared this!"

But without uttering a word Ethelind Castlefort, instead of attempting any defence, with a dexterous wrench wrested herself from the detaining arm, and then, giving one bound, cleared a low shrub, and flew away over the garden, swift as a young deer. The cavalier, however, recovered the shock of her escape immediately, and scarcely less swift than the Countess, turned and pursued.

Through the moonlit gardens on they flew. Neither called out or exclaimed; perfectly silent, but swift as the wind, they wound through the maze-like paths.

They were well matched, for, from first to last of that long race the distance between them neither increased nor diminished, and as the poplars came in sight Ethelind felt that an accident alone could decide who should win. Still she strained every muscle, and she hoped against hope, that, had she but the strength to vault to the saddle without pausing for an instant to gain breath, she might yet distance her pursuers, and get off. Fate, however, was against her.

As she entered the shadows cast by the tall, stately trees, her foot struck against something on the ground, and the next instant, in spite of her frantic efforts to recover her equilibrium, she lay stretched on the ground. Her pursuer, sword in hand, soon bent over her.

"Villain, unmask!" he exclaimed fiercely; "or come what may I will send my sword's point into your heart."

The moonlight was streaming on his face, and as she lay pressed down beneath his powerful hands, Ethelind Castelfort recognized her captor. Those dark, handsome, swarthy features belonged to King Charles! What could she do? There was a fierce, almost savage expression in the King's dark, gleaming eyes, that indicated that all that was evil of the Stuart nature was roused. He evidently believed that some one had been playing him false with the Duchess of Portsmouth, and when he declared that unless she unmasked he would run his sword through her heart, she saw it was no idle threat. But then Charles Stuart was the last man she desired should find her, the hermit Countess, Earl Castelfort's wife, in such a disguise! Only too well she knew it would be putting herself in the power of the most licentious man in England, and one for whom she had an abhorrence.

Long as it takes to write, these thoughts passed like lightning through her mind, as she lay pressed down under the King's strong hands. Her embarrassment was for once extreme. Still, in spite of all her troubles, life was sweet, and she shrank back, cold and shivering, from the sharp steel.

"Your majesty would do a right royal deed to kill a fallen man!" she exclaimed, daringly, knowing that to Charles' keen ear her voice would betray her.

She was right. In an instant the King released her.

"A man!" he exclaimed. Methinks that voice is too soft; but——"

He paused in astonishment, and Ethelind Castlefort uttered an exclamation of dismay. In the scuffle, the fastening of the mask had given way, and, as she raised her head, it fell, revealing in the silvery light her beautiful woman's face.

For an instant the King regarded her in silence; then, all the licentiousness of his nature beaming in his handsome eyes, he threw himself on the soft turf beside her, and burst into a low laugh.

"Odd's fish! Then it is my Lady Portsmouth who should be jealous, and not Charles Stuart, just now!" he exclaimed.

"Methinks neither has much cause," Ethelind replied, coldly, and making an attempt to rise.

"You mistake much, then, fair Lady Castlefort. This is a surprise and a romance after my own heart. I worshipped your beauty as a saint, but as a cavalier I find it a thousandfold more fascinating! Little did I ever dream of finding Castlefort's Countess was a masquerade! 'Tis, however, a secret worth knowing!"

In spite of the admiration gleaming in his eyes, there was a slight sneer in the whole sentence, which galled the proud and haughty spirit of the countess to the quick.

"Scarcely to a King!" she replied, almost fiercely; "and methinks it is one that even a King will find it best to forget!"

"Forget! What, forget that Ethelind Castlefort can throw off the iron restraints of social customs, and seek her own sweet pleasures at will? Odd's fish! not I!"

"And yet I would frankly advise your majesty so to do."

Charles turned sharply at the harsh tone in which this was spoken.

"The advice sounds almost like a threat, fair Ethelind. Is it so meant even on our first meeting?"

"I scarcely knew, my liege. I am not an ordinary woman; and you can get my character from my husband. If report speaks truly, you use him often as a tool to save your own royal hand from dirt, and will, therefore, easily wring from him the truth."

"What, from Castelfort? You are sarcastic, fair one. But come; enough of this! You are too young and beautiful——"

"To remain longer talking with Charles Stuart at midnight. Get you to my Lady Portsmouth, and let me to my business."

As she spoke, she sprang up; and, before the king could interfere or prevent it, had vaulted lightly into the saddle of one of the horses. Loosing the other, which she knew would bound off immediately, so that Charles could not follow her, even if he would, she managed to turn before he could seize her bridle, and, the next moment, was galloping through the grounds. The adventure had succeeded, so far as Nell Gwynne's safety was concerned. Once in the hands of any of the king's usual companions, there was little fear of her again falling into the Duchess of Portsmouth's power. Ethelind Castelfort's own secret, however, was known to Charles, and it might, through him, reach her husband!

CHAPTER XXII.

CLAUDE NIGHT RESUMES HIS PROFESSION—APPROPRIATION OF JEWELRY—THE COUNTRY TAVERN—MEETING OF TWO FRIENDS—THE HIGHWAYMAN'S PLOT.

And all this time what was Claude Night doing? All through the days of the fire he had not wearied in his search for Nell Gwynne, but, of course, it had been unsuccessful. No one even could give him tidings of her; and, at length, even he began to fear that, in the confusion of the awful conflagration, some accident must have happened to the poor girl. Meanwhile, he had received the note of the Countess of Castelfort, and, of course, according to the advice, gave up all idea of at present plotting any vengeance against the treacherous Duchess, or, indeed, of moving at all in his own affairs. In spite of the unexpected communications of the Black Mask, he felt discouraged and depressed; and certainly in all his meditations and hesitations about the career he should now pursue the ruffian got the upperhand of the gentleman. Claude was desperately in want of money, too. A want which in those days was as trying to high morality as in the present. So pressing, indeed, had been this want that, one dark evening, meeting a gallant in a convenient spot in Holborn, he had been forced to supply himself from his purse; and then, the little adventure happily accomplished, awoke old memories so strongly again, that the gentleman fled altogether, and Claude Night resolved to be a ruffian entirely—at any rate, for a time. Any lingering hesitation that he might have had was quite settled by a communication from the Black Mask, which he received about a fortnight after the first note.

It was to warn him that the Duchess was still against him, and more enraged than ever at having been despoiled of one victim, in the person of Nell Gwynne. The orange girl, the writer proceeded to inform him, had been captured and villainously ill-treated by her, but that she was likely to have it in her power to avenge herself to her most perfect satisfaction; for, in escaping from the Duchess, she had happily fallen into the King's hands; and, from all appearances, simple Nell Gwynne was likely to prove a powerful rival to her.

"So much for woman's faith!" cried Claude, fiercely. "And so, whilst I waste my life here hunting after her, the false-hearted little jade queens it with a king!"

Casting every bitter feeling to the wind, moody and stern, Claude Night returned that same night to his old haunts. Not empty handed either. The wealthy goldsmiths heard, with dismay, the next morning, that a single horseman had stopped two of their guild on Hounslow Heath, and carried off a considerable sum of money, besides some jewelry. One of them declared it was Tom Kingston, but the other swore roundly that he had recognised the voice of the highwayman, Claude Night. The robbery caused much stir, and Claude's absence was, in consequence, soon discovered.

"One might as soon try to wash the blackamoor white, as make an honest man out of a half hanged robber," said the indignant burghers; and, to judge by the manner in which Claude Night happened at that moment to be employed, we are afraid the good citizens were not far wrong.

Seated in the little bar parlor of a very small inn, called the "Castelfort Arms," Claude was making an excellent breakfast of smoked bacon and home-brewed ale; and, in truth, looking far more content and jovial than he had looked for a long time. By his side, ready to be taken up—ay, and used—at a moment's notice, were a couple of horse pistols; and, concealed in his doublet, was the important bag which he had taken from the goldsmiths the night before. To look at him, sitting there with that devil-me-care expression on his dark, handsome face, he certainly did not strike one as a particularly peaceful or amiable character; and the traveler who happened at the moment to stop at the "Castelfort Inn" in search of breakfast may be considered more prudent than cowardly, inasmuch as, after one glance at him, he only stopped to drink a cup of ale and rode on as fast as his stout horse would carry him. Claude Night had assumed the ruffian with a vengeance, and he was ten times more dangerous now than before. He was still eating and drinking with considerable appetite, when a short, stout built man, dressed in the rather faded clothes of apparently the retainer of some family of rank, entered, and seated himself opposite Claude, calling, at the same time, for ale. "A good morning to you, master," said this worthy, after a deliberate survey of our hero. "It seems one need scarce wish you a good appetite, to judge by the way in which that sweet smelling bacon slips down your throat. Might one crave a rasher?"

The request was made in the most jovial tone, and Claude replied by pushing the dish towards him.

"Eat, friend, by all means; no doubt Mistress Firkin can refill the plate when empty, and company at meals is always desirable."

"Ay, if of the right sort; but in these times, good master, one meets queer folk, and then one's digestion is apt to get out of order." And uttering this sentence with a strong nasal twang, the stout stranger turned up his eyes in the fashion of the Puritan saints, still to be found in those days in every corner of England.

Claude Night regarded him curiously for a moment. Puritan piety was not at all in his way, and there was something about the man which seemed so unsuitable to it, that he felt convinced it was as little in his.

"Are you from London, sir?" at length he asked.

"Not direct."

"From the north, then, perhaps?"

"Not direct."

Claude Night turned away impatiently, and tossed off a cup of foaming ale at a draught.

"Ah, well done! Fill again, friend, and I'll give you a toast!" exclaimed the stranger, as, with his twinkling dark eyes he watched Claude's performance. "Here's to Claude Night, the highwayman!"

In an instant Captain Night's powerful hand was on his pistols; but bursting into a loud, uproarious laugh, the stout stranger bent forward over the table, exclaiming: "What, don't you recognise me, even? No wonder Blood didn't then!"

Claude started. In good truth, the disguise had been so perfect, and the voice had been so carefully altered, that even then he found it difficult to believe that it was really an old comrade who sat before him. Tom Kingston had been his early instructor, and his chief friend; and for an instant Claude felt almost humiliated at having failed to see through his disguise. Though not many years the senior of our hero, he was considerably ahead of him in the career of highwaymanship. Even amongst his comrades he was considered a veritable fiend, and the nickname they had given him expressed the full estimation in which he was held. He was called the "Devil's Own;" and if an utter disregard to law—desperate courage—carelessness of others' lives and his own—a very feeble idea of the rights of property or individuals—constituted the right to such a distinction, Tom Kingston certainly might lay claim to it. A more desperate man did not exist. A volume might have been filled with but a tithe of his exploits. Of course, a price was on his head; but unusual luck, or, rather, it was said, his infernal patron protected him; and in spite of innumerable crimes, Tom had only once been taken and condemned, though in boyhood he had had the misfortune to lose one of his ears by the hands of the executioner. He was unusually clever in the art of disguising himself and changing his voice, and perhaps that had contributed to his safety more than any infernal protection.

Claude Night, in his worst days, had been the chosen companion of this man, and to his instigation were mainly owing those evil deeds which Claude's conscience was not yet hardened enough to think of without regret. A more unfortunate moment for such a friend to have met him again, however, could not have presented itself than that when Claude sat in the old inn. Gloomy—enraged against all the world—dissatisfied with himself—it was a moment when the tempter to evil could be received with almost relief. In spite of all his former hesitation, he turned with a fierce smile, and stretching his hand across the table, grasped the highwayman's heartily.

"Zounds, man, surely you needn't have put on all that foolery to come and breakfast with me!" he exclaimed.

Tom smiled.

"Times are queer, Claude, mighty queer, and there's nothing like prudence. I've been doing dangerous work, too!"

"Not a rare case, eh?"

The highwayman smiled complacently.

"By——Hush, though; I must not use wicked words here, for Mistress Firkin would doubtless be offended, as she was the devout Countess' own woman. Come, man, swig off that ale, and let's off! There'll be no harm in a couple of honest folks trotting along on their nags, whiling the way with social converse; and birds can't talk, nor horses either."

He gave a peculiar wink as he spoke, which Claude understood well enough; and so, without more ado, he rose, and strolling leisurely into the bar, called for the reckoning. In a few minutes after they had mounted their horses, and were, so long as the inn remained in sight, trotting quietly along side by side, engaged in what Tom called "social converse."

"Where the fiend hast been hid, Claude, since thou managed to toss off the halter, and disappoint the honest burghers of the sight of a highwayman hanging? I began to think thou'rt mingled thy ashes with St. Paul's!"

"Then you did trouble your head with a thought of me?" Claude answered, turning aside the question.

"Ay, and more than you'd believe, were I to say. I'd have got up a rescue for you, Claude; but the best of the gang were out of reach, and the rest hung fire. Since that, however, I've been seeking for you with the patience of a saint!"

"And for what?" Claude said, rather drily. "I'm not in the humor for much desperate work!"

The highwayman turned sharply, and looked almost fiercely in his face.

"Perhaps that rascal Simmons spoke truth for once!" he exclaimed.

"And what did he say?"

"Why, that the taste of the rope had knocked out your taste for the road? In a word, Claude Night, that you were thinking of turning *honest* man, because you were too great a coward to venture on another struggle?"

"He lied!" Claude answered, fiercely.

"And yet he spoke so surely," continued Kingston, a little defiantly, "that I determined to watch you before I trusted or treated you as one of the brotherhood again!"

"And what satisfied you that I deserved the honor?"

"That little deed of yours last night. 'Slife, it was gallantly done!"

This hearty commendation restored Claude's good humor, which had been not a little disturbed by the tone the conversation was taking.

"Come, come, man; what does all this rigmarole mean? I know Tom Kingston well enough to laugh at the notion of his hunting up a friend for love. You want me, eh?"

"By the infernal powers I'm glad to hear you speak in that strain, Claude! It sounds like business. Want you? Ay, in truth, if I had two or three more like you I should want them too!"

"And what is the job, then? Worthy the men?"

"Right worthy! It is a royal commission!"

"A royal commission! 'Slife! what do you mean?"

"Why, just what the English means. The Merry Monarch has recourse to the merry men, like a sensible King, to aid him in one of his royal whims. This is the story. A certain beautiful lady, of whom his Majesty is deeply enamored, is to pass on her way from London towards her northern castle early to-morrow evening. She will be escorted by a considerable train of servants. Our duty is simply to put the retainers to flight, and carry off the lady to the ruined castle, which has been duly prepared to receive her."

"Not a very difficult task, to be sure. And who is the fair dame? Methought Charles was too madly engrossed in his new flame, Nell Gwynne, to give a glance to any one."

"Ay, but the royal heart is expansive, it seems. But that concerns us not; we shall get our pay. Besides——"

He stopped abruptly, and Claude looked eagerly at him.

"Besides what?"

"Ah, that can wait, man! Let's hasten now a little. There are two or three of the band waiting for us not far from the castle; let's join them and settle our plans a little."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE GORY EARL'S HAUNT—THE HIGHWAYMAN'S RETREAT—ABDUCTION—THE ONSLAUGHT—DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

In those days, so exactly on the borders of Middlesex and Hertfordshire, that to which county it more properly belonged was difficult to decide, stood a ruined castle, known to the surrounding neighborhood by the name of the "Gory Earl's Haunt."

In the first breaking out of the wars between the Stuarts and the Parliament, this castle had belonged to a powerful nobleman belonging to the King's party—a man of stern, iron nature, feared and disliked almost as much by his friends as his enemies. An only son was his. As was often the case in those days of civil discord, the son joined the foes of his father, and absolutely headed the force which was sent to lay siege to the castle. The old Earl was, however a valiant soldier, and though his small garrison was daily lessening from starvation, and he knew that reinforcements to the enemy were hourly expected, he held out bravely, till he had succeeded in capturing his traitor son.

"Let him die!" was the Brutus-like command, as the soldiers brought him in triumph before the grim Earl. "Let him die the death of a traitor!"

Scarcely, however, were the words spoken, than, wrenching himself free, the prisoner sprang forward, and snatching a sword from one standing near, buried it in his father's heart. The sight appalled even those accustomed to scenes of horror, and in the shock of the moment the parricide was suffered to escape. But from that moment fled for ever the luck of the Elsinores. A curse seemed to descend even on their habitation, and the old castle, whose strong walls had hitherto resisted the enemy, now began to crumble beneath the cannonade like dust. What became of the parricide no one knew. When the Protector rallied his friends and supporters around him, Guy Elsinore never appeared among them, and no claimant ever offered himself for the extensive property which belonged to the family. The castle was left, therefore, a ruin, just as Cromwell's Ironsides had made it. No one lived in it, no one went near it, except, it was shudderingly said, "that gory ghost of the murdered Earl." Night after night, through the one long corridor still remaining, stalked the grim, dead Earl; and woe, said the superstitious country people, to those who encountered the baneful presence of that gory walker. Misfortune was sure to follow. So deeply impressed were all in the neighborhood of the ruined castle with this idea, that not for anything would they have ventured into the few rooms that still remained in the wing least injured by the smart cannonade of the Ironsides. The good people turned their heads aside when they passed within sight of it. Tom Kingston, however, was not troubled with a similar weakness, as indeed, it was not likely that one rejoicing in such a nickname should stand in much awe of ghosts. Demons and spirits were neither constables or judges, he was wont to say, add, consequently, he saw no reason to regard them with distrust; with perfect *sang froid*, therefore, and great satisfaction, he constituted himself the gory Earl's tenant, and took up his abode in the underground chambers of the ruined castle. But so secretly did he do this—with such admirable skill did he manage his ingoings and out-comings, that no one had the slightest idea that there was any human being lodged there. Many a time, indeed, had he evaded the active search of justice by quietly retiring to this hiding place of his; and perhaps the Gory Earl's haunt had as much claim to the glory of keeping the gallant Tom safely out of the hangman's hands, as that dark patron of his to whom we have already referred. The gloom of the dark September evening was falling dismally around the gaunt, grey ruin, as it appeared dim in the distance; and it certainly looked ghostly enough, even to the bold, careless eyes of the two horsemen, who stealthily were making their way by the side of a deep, dark wood, in its direction. They were pursuing their way silently, with more regard to secrecy than haste; and more than once both reined in their horses to gaze anxiously around and listen for any sound of other travelers near.

"Art sure we've not lost the track, Tom?" said Claude Night's voice, in low tones, after one of these reconnoiterings.

"No fear of that—I know every tree of these woods—we're right enough," replied his companion; "but they're all strangely late in lighting the signal. It's that vicious dog, O'Grady, I expect, who's behind."

"O'Grady! Why, me thought he had gone over to France long ago. Truly, Tom, if he's your lieutenant, I don't wonder things don't pull evenly."

"I know he's a lazy beast; but, then, he's safe, and I had orders to choose my men for their secrecy as well as courage. Blood brought the order, too; and, you know, O'Grady is a countryman of his."

"Blood! then he is his Majesty's confidant in this affair! I should have thought, though, that love intrigues were scarcely of the spice to suit his taste."

"Not his taste, perhaps, but his pocket, Claude. But hark!—surely that was a horse's hoof? Look, Night, your eyes see further than mine."

In an instant they had reined in their horses, and almost as quickly as their riders the well trained animals stood motionless. Claude strained his eyes in an anxious glance around.

"Not a soul in sight," at length he said, in his clear, low tones; "but down yonder, not far from the high road, is a red glow—the signal."

"Ha!" was the satisfied exclamation of Tom Kingston. "Let's off, then."

Claude needed no second bidding. The next instant, leaving the skirt of the dark wood, they pressed their horses to a lightning like gallop over the waste land which lay between the wood and the high road. On they rode at a pace which spoke well for the condition of their steeds, and in less than ten minutes reached a spot from which they could see a large bonfire blazing away in front of a very decent looking cottage. With a grim smile Tom Kingston regarded it.

"Not equal to the fire of London, but a goodly sight on a dark night, eh, Claude? Now for our hiding place, and then the sooner my lady makes her appearance the better it will suit my humor and convenience."

"'Slife! the work has hitherto been slow enough. Give me some of our old slap-dash expeditions; this is Court-gallant's work," said Claude, gloomily, touching up his horse, and cantering slowly forward.

The slap-dash part of the expedition, however, was yet to come. In truth, Tom Kingston was not the man to do any Court-gallant's work without giving it a touch of his patron's devilry as a finale. Quietly as this affair had been planned, it was not destined to be executed without bloodshed, and there was that glimmering in the dark, fierce eye of the crime-stained highwayman that proclaimed no great anxiety that it should. He had taken more precaution in the plotting of the scheme than usual, because the King had expressly desired that no life should be lost in what he intended should be but a love adventure; but Tom Kingston had stopped too many travelers, and, indeed, un-

these expeditions, to trouble himself much [illegible]. His men were all posted in the dark shadows [illegible] skirting the highway, and their orders were to disarm the armed retinue, and assist in the kidnapping of the lady, and they were all far too good shots to fire their pistols and shoot me. Tom knew that well enough. Meanwhile, riding along with less precaution as the dusk increased, they reached the glowing bonfire. As they did so, the door of the cottage opened, and a tall man came out. Kingston started, for, in truth, instead of the comrade he expected to see, it was a person whose name was as well known as his own; and though more reputably, as far as social position went, scarcely more so as regarded mercy or morality. If ever man wore the stamp of villain on his face, Thomas Blood did. It was not an unhandsome face, either, the regarded feature, and as he came forward and stood in the crimson glow of the fire, the first glance Claude gave at his large brown eyes, peering from under massive brows, impressed him with almost a sense of intellectual superiority. He was well formed, and evidently of great muscular power, judging by the breadth of shoulders and short, rather bull-dog neck; indeed, so far as the physique was concerned, Colonel Blood had nought to reproach nature. With the *morale* it was different: clever he might be—but he was a clever villain. A brutal sort of courage was stamped on his brow, and round his thin-lined mouth played a sneering mercilessness that was almost satanic in its expression. He advanced slowly to Tom Kingston's side, and laying his hand on his horse's bridle, exclaimed, "Well, Master Kingston, and how goes it? Are all the actors in this most excellent farce prepared?"

"So far as I know," returned the highwayman. "Those under my command are;" and he gave a glance at the wood near at hand.

"And those with whom I am concerned are," said Blood. "The Gory Earl has a right royal visitor, and it is to be hoped that he will be satisfied enough with the Stuart luck to care to exact the usual penalty of an encounter with him."

Tom turned hastily in the direction of the ruined castle.

"What! is the King there already? he does not join us, then?"

"Join us, man! Zounds! those who pay needn't do the work! 'tis we poor dogs who hunt their game."

He spoke in a stern, savage whisper; and in the glow of the already sinking bonfires, Night noticed that his dark brown eyes glared with the ferocity of some wild beast. He looked almost horrible for the moment.

"Well, well!" Kingston began, but checking himself, he paused, with a sharp, eager "Hark!"

All three started.

"By all the devils, those are horses' hoofs I hear!" Kingston muttered in a low, excited whisper. "Listen, Claude! What say your ears?"

"Horses' hoofs and coach wheels, as I live!" was Night's reply. "To the wood—and lose no time!"

As he spoke he gave his horse a sharp cut; and then, not waiting to see whether his companions followed or not, on he dashed in the direction he had indicated. Along the road, under the clear moonlight, now dispelling the gloom of the summer dusk, came a traveling coach, escorted by some six or eight armed men; but the three schemers had been so quick in their movements that not a glimpse of them had been caught by the travelers, and on they came, apparently perfectly unconscious of any danger. Not a sound broke the night stillness, save that made by themselves; and, certainly, along that quiet road appeared little to cause uneasiness.

On came the party. There was not a doubt it was the one expected; but, for once in his life, Tom Kingston determined to act with caution. Instead of advancing boldly to meet it, he waited patiently for a nearer approach to assure himself of the fact. Till the first two horsemen, wearing the strange colored badge, reached the wood, he waited; then, giving the signal, out he dashed, followed by the whole band. The attack was so sudden that, for an instant, a kind of panic seemed to seize the party, and the two foremost, spurring on their horses, endeavored to fly. But the men were evidently surprised, not alarmed, and, the next instant, Claude saw that it would not be the easy, bloodless task to effect their object he had first imagined. They were ten to six, but the six were strong fellows, and armed to the teeth. Their volley of shots were amply returned; and then, as the highwaymen dashed forward, striving to clear a passage to the coach, they were met by swords as stoutly wielded as their own. The encounter was desperate, and soon the quiet country road became a scene of confusion and slaughter horrible to look upon. Blood, like some savage animal, joined in the affray, and struck right and left, with a power almost herculean.

"Fools!" he shouted, "surrender, or we will hack you in pieces!"

"On, men—on!" roared Kingston, hewing down the most determined of the foe, who, like a young giant, towered amongst the rest, and defended the door of the coach. Shouts, mingled with shots—cries, with groans—horses rolled on the ground—the dying and the dead lay scattered about—but still the rest fought more like some demons than human beings. Aggravated by the unexpected resistance, Tom Kingston fought mercilessly, slaying without hesitation, and at length he managed to reach the door of the coach. In an instant he had dashed it open; but, as he did so, a ball grazed his shoulder, and a clear female voice cried—

"Attempt to enter and I fire at your head!"

A terrible shriek, however, followed. Blood had also effected a passage to the other door of the coach. The next instant, as Claude Night sprung to Tom's side, he saw a female figure struggling in the powerful Colonel's arms. They had succeeded in their object, at any rate. Blood, assisted by Kingston, sprang, with his victim in his arms, to the horse of one of the band, and, in spite of the gallant efforts of her servants, the lady was borne, struggling still, from off the scene.

"Waste no more lives, my men," shouted Claude, as he saw that so far they were conquerors. "Off to the Shadows!"

Time, indeed, was it to put a stop to the fight. Out of the sixteen men who, but half an hour ago, sprang fresh to the encounter, five lay dead, and five more desperately wounded. The highwaymen had lost three, and O'Grady, the Irishman, lay senseless on the road. The other side had suffered the most severely, but their wounded were not, apparently, so dangerously hurt. Catching up his sword, and giving orders for the removal of their senseless comrade, Claude Night turned his horse in the direction his companions had taken with their captive. Why, he scarcely knew; but, instead of the fierce excitement he usually felt after such encounters, he felt gloomy and dissatisfied. It was the first time he had hired himself out for the commission of sin for another's gratification, and Claude Night, highwayman though he was, had still sufficient nobility of soul to feel the degradation. He felt almost like a murderer as he thought of those men lying dead under the moonlight; far more so, indeed, than the night he so calmly took the life of that man he hated—Hubert Lester.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE RING.

THE COBURN AND JONES' EXHIBITION.

The Brooklyn benefit didn't turn out so good as was expected, only about three hundred people being present at Phenix Hall on the 24th ult. The tariff of $1 kept the masses away, and the election excitement kept the leaders away, so that Brooklyn failed to turn out as it always has done when Joe Coburn was up for favors there. Joe and Aaron made a mistake in charging a dollar all round, but it's too late now to remedy that. Had the fare been a half, Coburn alone could have filled most any hall there, as he should know by this time, and the double attraction failed to induce people to go another half to witness it. As no names were mentioned on the bills, it was going it unsight unseen till they got inside, and then they had to make the best of it. However, there were some good sets-to, and the performance gave general satisfaction. Uncle Tovee was at his post, "semper paratus," and for the first time introduced those famous young feather weights, Johnny Keating and Joe Hearne, at one time partners in a hotel, who made a splendid display. They were followed by Young McCarthy and Sanders, but it didn't amount to chucks. Sam Maguire and Darcy had it pretty hot, while the sparring between Dooney Harris and Pat Kelly was superb, William—or Dooney, as he has always been called—walking around Pat mighty lively, although the namesake of Ireland's patron saint performed well with such an out and out master of the art as Dooney. Little Dick Hill and a pard gave a song and dance, and Harry kept his word by going over and exercising with his Indian clubs. Johnny Gaffney and Young Edwards, the Little Wonder, had a glove fight, but although Gaffney was much the heavier, he didn't make two out of Edwards. Billy Kelly's encounter with Mike Barry was a rough affair, but very enjoyable. For the wind-up, Joe Coburn and Aaron Jones had a tremendous contest, Joe knocking spots out of Aaron and giving him some ugly falls. This created great excitement, as both were in earnest and meant mischief, but Joe was the master of the situation, and Aaron was evidently glad when it was over. We believe they intend to give an entertainment in Philadelphia shortly, if a suitable hall can be got, and Jones was expected to leave for the Quaker City on the 29th.

JOHNNY McGLADE WILL FIGHT SAM COLLYER.

Owing to the principal backer of McGlade being out of the city, he has been unable to respond sooner to Collyer's challenge, but has always expressed the most earnest wish to have the match made for him, and did his utmost toward that end. When the challenge was given out, the money was there ready, and it was thrown out at the time to see if a certain party in the room, or his friend, would accept there and then, since which time his backer has been away, making it rather unfortunate for Johnny, and leading to the article which appears in another part of this paper, printed before McGlade called with his reply, just before going to press on Monday afternoon. However, that makes no difference now, unless Collyer has other business to attend to since we received his acceptance of McGlade's defi. Here is Johnny's pronunciamento:—

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.

MR. QUEEN—Sir:—In yon last week's issue I noticed a challenge emanating from Sam Collyer to fight. The terms suit me in every respect. On Saturday, Nov. 3, I will deposit $100 in your office, and if covered by Mr. Collyer it will gratify

Yours respectfully, JOHN McGLADE.

RETURNED FROM WHENCE HE CAME.—Jem Tyson, of London, after a few months' stay in New York, where he met with the greatest kindness from the sporting men of this city, left for home rather unexpectedly about ten days ago in the steamship Cella, bound direct for London, without bidding adieu to those who had befriended him.

PATSY M'KEW AND TOM GORDON.—These Birmingham lads met on the 15th of October, near Birmingham, England, to box at catch weight, for £5 a side. M'Kew is twenty-five years of age, stands 5ft 5½in., and has performed on several occasions; he was backed from Mr. Ansell's, Duddeston row, and scaled about 9st 6lb. Gordon is twenty-two, 5ft 6in., and would pull down 8st 10lb; he was backed from Mr. Suter's, John street. Gordon gained first blood, but after thirteen rounds in thirty-seven minutes, Gordon was completely fought out, and tendered his hand. M'Kew electrified the bystanders by his rapid and scientific deliveries.

COR.—Why is John Morrissey, candidate for representative in Congress from the Fifth District of this goodly city of Gotham like the lamented Daniel Webster? Because—because he's an Ex-Pounder. Smoke?

HICKEY AND TURNER ON A TOUR.—The compactly built little Johnny Hickey and that rising young bruiser, Jim Turner, are starring it through the South, Southwest and West, and at last accounts were in Memphis, Tenn., where it was given out that Hickey was matched for $2000, which isn't a good way unless it is really so. They purpose visiting St. Louis, Chicago, and all the cities and large towns on their winding way, and report says are ready to back themselves with their own money for from $500 to $1000 a side, Hickey to fight anybody at 115lb, Turner at 130lb. They must be making big money to do that, and we give it, as received, for what it is worth.

THE WHITE AND CARR MATCH.—All things are going on smoothly in the $600 match between Bill White (Sam Collyer's novice) and Mike Carr, another $100 a side having been forthcoming at the proper time, Collyer putting up for White. Both are in active training for the event.

A BOXER SICK.—Tom King, a celebrated New Orleans pugilist, is lying ill at his residence in the Crescent City.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1866.

To Correspondents.

H., Cleveland, O.—"A, B, C and D are playing euchre—A and C against B and D. A deals; B orders it up, and goes alone; A says he will play it alone against B, and euchres him. Now how many points does A count?".....Two points only. Had B, who took the risk of the trump, secured five tricks, he would have been entitled to four points. Had A made five tricks he would have been entitled to two points only, the same as if he had made but three tricks.

R. B. L., Cincinnati.—1. If we understand your question rightly A takes the bat. 2. Both works are by the same author, but the last published, viz., Haney's Book of Reference, is the best. 3. A is out, the catch is legitimate. 4. Yes, or it is not a miss. 5. No, mutual agreement on a neutral ground is necessary. The rule is, each furnishes a ball for 1st and 2d games, and both for third game, the new ball being the trophy of the last game.

M. C., Kansas.—You are in error to think so. We have received but two letters from you since you left this city. One was from Memphis, which appeared in the CLIPPER, and now one from Leavenworth. If you have sent any more, or bills, they have failed to come to hand. We notice the movements of Emelie every week we hear from her or you.

F. K. O. F., Fall River.—One hundred games must be played before a decision can be arrived at; and should the party who scored 49 games secure the hundredth game, making them 50 to their opponents' 50, it is a draw, unless another game, to decide the winner, is mutually agreed upon.

"ON THE SQUARE."—We seldom notice the establishment in any sense. We deal on the square ourselves, and like others to do the same; an ineffectual effort on our part to collect a bill due us there is the cause of the house being denied the privilege of an advertisement in our columns.

CRIBBAGE, Vicksburgh, Miss.—"A plays a tray, B pairs him. A plays another tray, making six. B plays a four, making thirteen, and A plays a deuce, making fifteen with the run of three (viz., 3, 4, 2) in all, five holes. Is this correct or not?".....It is quite correct.

C. W., Philadelphia.—Euchre was not included in the original "Hoyle's Games," hence it is to be presumed that Hoyle was not posted in its history. Euchre is thought to have originated in Pennsylvania, and to have been based on the game of Ecarte. Its origin, however, is involved in mystery.

SEVERAL SUBSCRIBERS, Cincinnati.—A billion is a million millions. According to the French system it is a thousand millions. By the former rule, therefore, the debt would be termed four thousand millions; by the latter, four billions.

STROKE.—We were misinformed in regard to the builders of the winning boats in the late regatta of the Patapsco Navy. The Whisper was constructed by Chas. B. Elliott, of Green Point, L. I., and the Zephyr by a Philadelphia builder.

TREMONT LIBRARY.—1. His run does not count unless the home base was touched by the player running home before the other player is put out on the 3d base. 2. No, only the striker at 1st base. The ball should have been sent to 2d base first.

MOUNT PLEASANT, Iowa.—It depends upon the play. If the stop is a good one and followed by a quick, accurate throw, the fielder deserves the credit. If the throw is fair, then the baseman. We give credit to both on our score book.

BENNINGTON, Washington, D. C.—The name of the nigger rider at Jerome Park was "Old Abe;" he is said to be about forty-five years old; he rode Bayswater, Watson's Idlewild, etc., and is generally engaged to ride for Mr. Alexander's stable.

INQUIRER, Providence.—Pool betting means the prices brought by the respective horses in a race in the pool sales where the privilege of "first choice," or taking any horse in the race you fancy, is put up and sold by auction.

D., Norwich, N. Y.—A driver can take any position he pleases at the half mile pole, provided that he is far enough ahead to do so without interfering with any other horse. If he does so he is guilty of foul driving.

LEOPARD, Newark, N. J.—George Wright is a first class base ball player and a first class cricket player also. He is a son of the veteran Sam Wright, of cricket fame, for so many years professional of the St. George Cricket Club of this city.

SUBSCRIBER, Alexandria.—1. At cribbage, three sixes and a tray count twelve, viz., six for fifteens and six for pair royal. 2. Four fives count twenty—eight by fifteens, and twelve by double pair royal.

C. D. M., Bridgeport, Ct.—Sorry we cannot give you the required information, but a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, with a stamped directed envelope, would no doubt elicit a favorable response.

PITTSBURGH.—The New York City Hall fire bell weighs 22,300lbs, is 7 feet in diameter and about 6 feet in height. It was manufactured by Hooper, of Massachusetts.

UNION COLLEGE.—We are not in the political arena enough to be able to answer your question precisely. We think 50,000 not a safe bet, however.

G. W. D., Brooklyn.—1. The lady resides in Fifty-eighth street. 2. Professionals are not fond of giving their autographs to strangers.

J. T., Hilton Head, S. C.—If both boats turned the stakeboat, and no objection was raised before starting, the boat which went over the course wins—accidents do not alter the case at all.

SNOWBLOSSOM.—1. A letter sent to the Brooklyn Post Office will reach him. He lives in the suburbs of that city. 2. We believe the play is not published, but can be bought in MSS.

PEABODY, Baltimore.—1. No, as such a game would not count in their averages, no clubs in Baltimore being in the convention. 2. It will most likely be played in Washington.

W. G. H., Sarnia.—A horse winning a heat is better than one not taking a heat; consequently B, although he was second in the last three heats, is beaten by A, who won the first heat.

A READER.—1. Ben Caunt arrived in New York in December, 1841, and returned in March, '42. 2. Dick Hollywood is called the Nonpareil.

H. R., La Porte, Ind.—A having five dollars and producing that amount, gave evidence that he had 20 cents and more too, consequently he (A) won the bet.

J. D. RODNEY, Philadelphia.—You will find report of cricket match, St. George, N.Y., vs. Germantown, in last week's CLIPPER. Thanks for attention, however.

S. M. K.—It was a State affair, and not Federal, consequently the Governor of the State was the only one that had the privilege of pardoning.

JACK, Freeport, Ill.—1. Address Sam Southard, No. 42 Scammel street, this city. For instructions in the sport you had better consult some veteran.

HARRY, Washington.—We have seen a number of them exposed for sale at the different second hand book stores in this city. We should think that the costumers would supply you.

PETE, Hudson, N. Y.—The fall, unless the man was thrown on his back, is no fall at all, and as neither one did that neither has any more claim than the other.

A VOICE FROM THE COCKPIT.—Bill Stevens was born Aug. 22, 1827, stands 5 feet 11½ inches in height, and in rowing condition weighs 160lbs.

SUBSCRIBER, Newmarket.—Tartar is entitled to both first and second money, Billy Button being ruled out and Gladiator distanced in the third heat.

SCULLS.—Gil. Ward was born in Newburgh, Orange Co., N. Y., stands 6 feet 3¼ inches in height and in condition weighs 155lbs.

GARRICK, Parkersburg.—By the brass band, we should think, for Pat Malloy couldn't very well do it himself.

NAVY, Brooklyn.—See our dramatic summary for the lady's whereabouts.

PATRICK SULLIVAN *alias* YANK, Cincinnati.—A deposit should have accompanied your 100lb. challenge.

CONSTANT READER, Pit Hole, Pa.—The Assembly Buildings were destroyed by fire Dec. 2, 1854, and Feb. 15, 1866.

BEN LAW, Edinburgh, Ind.—A wins, because it is B's look-out to see that he had the proper number of cards.

JOHN G., Brooklyn.—The Derby course in England is a mile and a half, and the Leger a mile and three-quarters.

M. MCENERNY, New Orleans, La.—Will be pleased to hear from you when convenient.

BOSTON.—We have not, as yet, seen the result published, so are unable to give you the information. Write to the projectors.

A. R., Lansingburgh, N. Y.—The hen that lays the egg is legally entitled to the claim of maternity.

LITTLE FALLS.—It is general, and not confined to one State. Should it be rejected it may be brought in again.

CHICAGO.—We know nothing of the parties except that they pay for their advertisements. Write to them again.

J. F. P., Washington.—Yes, it is. See Beadle's Dime Book of Base Ball; the history of it is there given.

H. H.—It weighs the same, of course, but frequently measures less in circumference.

W. C. F., Brownsville, Pa.—A letter directed to Holborn Theatre, London, Eng., will reach Mr. Sefton Parry.

PIANISSIMO.—The first piano forte was made by Father Wood, at Rome, about 1711, for Mr. Crisp, author of "Virginia."

W. AND B., Philadelphia.—It is so stated by some, but we doubt it.

A READER OF THE CLIPPER.—We have refused to answer any more such questions.

W. J. E., Mount Pleasant, Va.—We believe that the parties you allude to are "on the square."

CLARENCE, Cincinnati.—We believe Fredricks of this city have them for sale.

CONTINENTAL, Cambridge.—We published a biography of Miss Myers in the CLIPPER of April 28, 1866.

INTERESTED PARTY, Salem.—Burgess & La Rue's Minstrels are traveling in the West.

NAVY, Brooklyn.—The lady is somewhere in the West, but at present writing we cannot locate her.

C. R. LENFOLEN, Boston.—The season closes on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 29th.

J. H. F., Boston, Mass.—George Wilkes' best time to wagon was 2:26.

PASTIME, Richmond, Va.—1. Any such feint is a baulk. 2. He cannot, according to the rules of the association.

CONSTANT READERS, Brooklyn.—A straight beats two pair and is beaten by three of a kind.

NAT., Cincinnati.—Cannot inform you where the lady is at present.

J. H. W., Philadelphia.—We have not the authority by us at present, but our impression is that a cut must be made.

W. P., Chicago.—Colored men in this State, possessing real estate of the value of $250, are entitled to vote.

W. S., Boston.—We are credibly informed that she is now used as a school yacht at New London.

R. B. C., Dayton, O.—C wins, as low Jack goes out before high game.

G. W. R., St. Louis.—Items would be acceptable.

J. A. C., Wilmington, D. C.—Sixteen did win, and C lost.

BILL CLARKE.—A California letter for you.

SHORT STOP, Bridesburg.—No, the run does not count.

S. P., Roxburg.—He is at present in this city, doing nothing.

YOUNG LORD.—We never heard of an actress by that name.

J. R. B.—The lady was born in this city in 1841.

H. H.—You ask too much.

HANOVER, Cleveland.—He is not a Jew.

H. F., New York.—Flora Temple was never in England.

H. A. PENNY.—Your letter was forwarded to Grenville, Tenn.

C. C.—Apply at the company's office, Bowling Green.

J. C. D., Cleveland.—See answer to "H."

PHILADELPHIA.—The lady never was lessee of a Boston theatre.

JOCK.—Saul and Howlett were executed Jan. 28, 1859.

T. A. S., Boston.—If a man breaks his hold, he loses.

CHAMPIONSNIP BASE BALL MATCHES.

We scarcely know what to make of our championship base ball matches of late, for they resemble very much those hippodrome affairs which our turfmen are in the habit of indulging in for money-making purposes. The Atlantics, of Brooklyn, have been the champions for some time. Well, they go to Newark to play the Eurekas, by whom they are defeated. The Athletics, of Philadelphia, also play a match with the Eurekas, and beat them badly; they also play a match with the Unions, of Morrisania, and beat them, too. They next play the Atlantics, of Bedford, and meet with a reverse. Then the Atlantics go to Philadelphia to play a second game with the Athletics, and this time the Atlantics are beaten almost out of sight. Right on the top of this, the Unions, of Morrisania, play a second match with the Athletics, and the Athletics are vanquished by a score of 42 to 29. We confess that we cannot understand it. Do all these clubs play as good as they can play in each and every match, or do they purposely "throw off" for betting purposes? We are afraid that "money" has much to do with this base ball muddle, and that sundry "little arrangements"—if not made by clubs—are "acquiesced" in by individual members. The Athletics have each scored a game thus far in their series of home and home matches, but hereupon comes a dead lock, as it were, and the third, or deciding game, is not played. Why? Owing to a supposed difficulty in the way of a division of the "spoils" of the late match at Philadelphia. The Athletics, the better to guard against the outside pressure, placed a new fence around their grounds. In dividing the proceeds of the match of Oct. 22d, the expense incurred in putting up this fence was deducted by the Athletics before coming to "sharing terms." To this the Atlantics, very properly, we think, objected, in so far as the fence enclosed the Athletics' ground, in which the Atlantics had no interest. The Atlantics refused to accept any of the money if this extra expense was put on them mutually with the Athletics—hence the dead lock as to the third game. It should be remarked, however, that while the Athletics paid the expenses of the Atlantics to Philadelphia, the Atlantics did *not* pay the Athletics' expenses to New York, as they should have done. Be this as it may, a third match will have to be played before the public will believe that the whole affair is anything else than a "hippodrome arrangement." We may revert to this subject again.

MATCHED.—Articles of agreement have been signed for a match between John Morrissey and another aspirant for Congressional honors, to be decided in a double "ring" in this city on the first Tuesday in November. A large amount of money is pending the issue of this contest, with the odds in favor of the man of muscle. Seriously, John Morrissey has been regularly nominated for Congress to represent the fifth district. There is much dissatisfaction at this nomination, even among some of those whose candidate he is, and a vigorous effort will no doubt be made to bring about Morrissey's defeat; but it will require undivided action on the part of his opponents to ensure that end. While we do not favor the nomination and election of men incompetent for an impartial discharge of such important duties as should be exacted from Congressmen and others to whom the honor and interests of our people are entrusted, we nevertheless see no just reason for the wholesale denunciation which has been heaped upon John Morrissey since his name was first mentioned in connection with the position. There have been many worse men than John Morrissey sent to Congress, men who have done the nation far more injury than ever John Morrissey can do. What he is, we all know; and the worst that can be said of him at present is, that he is a gambler. There are plenty like him in that respect already in Congress, but who do not possess the good traits which Mr. Morrissey possesses. Years ago John Morrissey, by the force of circumstances, was what is termed a "rough." At that time he *had* to rough it through the world, and fight the battle of life as best he could, for there was no kind friend to advise and counsel him in the unequal strife. Alone, he has made rapid progress, and has secured a far better social position than that occupied by him ten years ago; for this he should be applauded rather than condemned. We are prone to remember the bad acts of a man rather than the good. What if he is a gambler? Is not Wall street filled with them? Is there any difference between gambling in stocks and gold and gambling in cards? Mind, we do not advocate gambling in any sense; but we do object to these assaults on John Morrissey when thousands of men, to whom (owing to their high social standing in society) we should look for better things, are applauded for their shrewdness in stock "operations" on "the street." Should John Morrissey succeed in his Congressional aspirations, we have no fear that his record will be stained with treason, or that the interests of New York will be disregarded. Give the man a chance.

"BOOK OF AMERICAN PASTIMES."—Mr. Charles A. Peverelley who has had considerable experience in outdoor games and recreations, is about to publish a volume bearing the above title, and which will contain, we are told, a complete history of the rowing, yachting, base ball and cricket clubs of the United States. If properly prepared, as we presume the work under consideration will be, it will certainly prove a valuable addition to our sporting literature, which, considering the material at hand, is now very meagre both in quality and quantity. Mr. Peverelley proposes to place his "American Pastimes" before the public some time during the month of November.

JOHN SCOTT MUSKETEERS.—This fine body of men go on their ninth annual target excursion on Thursday, Nov. 8, proceeding to East New York (Mr. Bennett's Hotel) for target practice. The company start from "No. 15," over the way from us, at 8 A. M, and if we are up that early, Him or Me may accompany them, having, together with the Skipper, received invitations to that end. That they may have a pleasant time and a fine day is the united wish of both the press and public, including Our Jim. S. V. Priestly is Captain and Jas. Scott Secretary.

MEXICAN MUDDLE.—The reason why Napoleon's Mexican Emperor is so loth to leave that distracted country is, because Maximilian makes a million every year he stays there.

GOT AN APPROPRIATE PLACE.—Owing to the retiring habits of Gen. Benedek, commander of the Austrian army, he has been placed on the retired list.

VERY LIKE A WHALE.—It is said that a mass of the best Cannel coal, of the size of a whale, contains more oil than there is in the fish. This is no fish story.

SHORT METRE.—Boston complains of insufficient gas. New York might spare them its overplus, such as it is.

BLACK ROCK DAM SHOOTING CLUB.—The nineteenth annual shoot of this Buffalo, N.Y., organization took place on the 23d ult., and was a very enjoyable affair. According to the rules of the club the shoot occupied only one day, from 12 o'clock noon until 12 o'clock at night, the game to be brought to the Niagara House (the headquarters of the club), by 12 M., the succeeding day or no count would be allowed. The sides were chosen as follows:—

SIDE 1.	SIDE 2.
George Duff, Captain,	Peter Nettles, Captain,
John Leonard,	C. L. Dayton,
L. P. Dayton,	Levant Ransom,
John Quackenbush,	Milo Sloat,
N. B. Hoyt,	David G. Bell,
F. P. Hoyer,	Joseph Frew,
Elijah Ambrose,	H. A. Safford,
H. A. Swartz,	C. E. Felton,
Theodore Vosburgh.	J. Delancy.

The result was as follows:—Nettles' side 1,116 points; Duff's side, 642 points; the former winning by 474. The game killed embraced duck, squirrel, woodcock, rabbits, coons, quails, snipe, partridges, mud-hens and rails. The sport was wound up by a grand banquet gotten up by the worthy "Cup Bearer," Joseph Frew, at the Niagara House, on the evening of the 25th ult., which was partaken of by over fifty members of the club and invited guests.

JENNINGS WILL LEAVE HIS $500 FOR THIRTY DAYS.—Not to be put off from his object, Harry Jennings is out with another card, open for the United States, which certainly seems to show that he does want business, even though he neglected posting money until after Jake Roome drew his. Harry says:—"I don't feel justified sending $500 to anybody, and I have three dogs anxious for a fight; and as I want to conclude my dog fighting career not by blowing, but by fighting, I wish you to retain the $500, and leave my challenge open to the United States for thirty days; but I much prefer fighting Jake Roome, and wish him to cover my $500, and forward me on articles, and, if I approve of them, I will sign them; or, I will fight my 19lb dog against his 18lb, 19lb and 20lb dogs, for $500 or $1,000 a battle, if he lets me choose the place of fighting. HARRY JENNINGS."

"SOLOMON'S SONGS."—Biblicals must not think by this side heading that we are going into a *critique* of the Songs of Solomon, the man of many wives and concubines, because we are not. There are more Solomons than the wisest man that ever lived, and the Solomons we refer to is Moses, sometimes called Mose by way of endearment, a vocalist of considerable ability in this city, who has been tendered a complimentary at the House of Commons, 25 West Houston street, on Thursday evening, Nov. 1st, when all the warblers, comic and sentimental singers, in the habit of going to these reunions will be there, with the sylph like Izzy Lazarus (he only weighs 280) in the chair. That's all.

MORRISSEYANA.

A Jerseyman's Opinion of the Ex-Pounder.

"OUR FUTURE CONGRESSMAN."

TWO SPEECHES FROM THE HON. (TO BE) JOHN MORRISSEY.

As many people outside this city can hardly believe that John Morrissey is really a candidate for a seat in the next Congress, as well as many in the city, we will put them in the way of knowing that he is such, and from present indications it would appear that the race between the ex-champion and his military rival will be almost a walk over for the Congressional Spartacus, the district from which he runs being thoroughly democratic in every sense of the word, and able to elect one after their own heart, even though all the factions were represented.

Morrissey, should he become an Honorable M. C., will have the satisfaction of knowing that the "respectable press" have done their utmost to choke him off, squelch and annihilate him. They have, as usual, revamped old stories and manufactured new ones to suit the times, and it would appear by their statements that he is

"A monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated must be seen,"

some disbolical culprit, ticket of leave man, or something of that sort. They forget that they themselves are gentlemen, or else have no pretensions that way, and while actually knowing nothing about the man they abuse, perhaps never having even seen "the dreaded foe," concoct and hatch out such a mess of balderdash, that even the most unsophisticated reader puts it down for nothing but escaped gas or bile. They overdo the thing completely,

Vaulting ambition doth o'erleap itself
And fall t'other side,

and thus destroy what little effect a milder course might have. They certainly don't hurt Morrissey, if that is what they're after, and its all "poppycock" to think that people are led out of their usual path one straw by the personal abuse of this or that paper without showing cause. On the contrary, it works just the other way—persecution has a more salutary effect than their praise would, and the conqueror of Thompson, Sullivan and Heenan would have really felt annoyed if they had not pitched into him with pen and ink only, remember. "Why, bless your soul," as the old women say, its pie for Morrissey, "this slatherin av him," to use a Milesian phrase, and he enjoys it amazingly. For you who do not have the same opportunity of seeing all the good things printed about this modern Hotspur as ourselves, we will reproduce a couple of specimens, because every reader of the CLIPPER feels as if he knew the gladiator from "auld lang syne." No matter in what position placed, since he left the green sward of Old Erin, and that's thirty-three years ago, we have nothing to fear of his not being able to take care of himself, or not knowing what he is about. But we promised a couple of classic selections from the pens of college bred gentry aimed at the self-made, rough and ready ex-pugilist, and here's one of them. It is from a Jersey paper, and that alone is enough—we can say no more.

The Newark *Advertiser* says: "John Morrissey, the noted prize-fighter and gambler, has received the indorsement of Tammany Hall as the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Fifth District of New York. In this act, Tammany and the Democracy have touched the lowest depths of degradation. In all the crime and wickedness of New York, in all that is demoralizing and vile, John Morrissey is the acknowledged chief. His history is one of violence and fraud. He began life as a vagrant, graduated as prize-fighter (his nose is flattened in by the blow of a fist) and for years was pre-eminent in the prize ring. He next became skillful in gambling, and grew to be an adept in all the tricks of cards, by which foolish men are robbed and ruined. He now keeps a 'hell' on Twenty-fourth street, just opposite the Fifth avenue Hotel, where fashionable gamblers congregate to be fleeced and cheated."

This is "a New Jersey view of John Morrissey." Affectionate, isn't it? "Where fashionable gamblers congregate to be fleeced and cheated" is good—the Jerseyman has got things down fine, hasn't he? Admitting, for argument's sake, that Morrissey does keep a "club room," the uninitiated should know that in this "hell," as the flowery "young man from New Jarsey" calls it, none of the tricks resorted to at most places of the kind, but on a smaller scale, are practiced—that no disadvantage is taken—no "ropers in," no bait to catch strangers—and furthermore, that it is perfectly voluntary on the part of those who go there; therefore, as long as they have no fault to find, we don't see whose else business it is. They go there expecting to win the banker's money, and if he has not the same sight in return to win theirs, if he can, we should like to know. As the business is conducted at this establishment, it isn't a particle worse than the speculations of our leading merchants in Wall street, if as bad, because all have some kind of show around the "field of green," whereas one or two capitalists among the bulls and bears can make sad havoc occasionally among the newly fledged speculators. We don't uphold this, mind you, and would be glad to hear of Morrissey's giving it up. At the same time, there may be no harm in telling that most of our leading men in Congress, who have an almost saint-like reputation among their party clique, spend a great portion of time in gambling, and we know it! Names are unnecessary, as we are not inclined to abuse any man, or body of men, who, in their public career, commit no overt act or crime, or indulge in any forbidden fruit as public men. The private history of some of the greatest statesmen who ever lived, if written up, would cause many a pang to those left behind—to the friends and relatives of the departed dead. It is even so among many of the living statesmen whose oratory will carry the masses as though it was an inspiration, for the time being, but whose private life were better left untold.

This is the other choice morsel from a local paper, whose proprietor is a self-made man, who rose from a poor boy to own one of the leading papers of the day, but who evidently forgets "a' that and a' that" in joining in the hue and cry against "the man of the hour:"—

"Tammany has 'gone back' on General Nelson Taylor in the Fifth District, whom it elected to Congress two years ago, and has endorsed the Mozart nominee, John Morrissey. In this action, Tammany Hall placed itself upon a lower political level than we ever thought it could reach. We never supposed that the once dignified and honorable body would stoop so low as to nominate a notorious shoulder hitter as their candidate for Congress. Alas, poor Tammany! But the people of the Fifth District must not allow this disgrace to be fastened upon them by electing Morrissey. General Taylor has made them a good representative, and he is again before them for support. We hope that every man in the Fifth District, who has a spark of pride in his composition, will scorn to vote for John Morrissey."

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and this is why the journalist eased his mind of a great burthen. In the midst of the oasis of good things, we shall be excused for one extract, coming from a source well posted as to the man they speak of:—

"Morrissey is a man of clear head, practical sense, and great energy of character. As a friend, no man is more devoted and untiring, and as a benevolent dispenser of his means to the poor, the suffering and the afflicted, none can claim precedence over him. To the laboring men of his district he has been a constant and most valuable friend in the periods when assistance was timely and grateful. No one can deny that he has troops of the most ardent, enthusiastic and devoted friends. It is certain that he will always be found at his post of duty in Congress, that he will vote right upon every question that will be presented, and that no considerations, but those of duty and conviction, will ever sway his action."

Now for something direct from the thunder toned Spartacus, after reading which, those who thought he couldn't make a speech will alter their opinion a little; and if in his maiden attempts he does not spin it out as long as Horace Greeley (also a candidate for Congress), there is a meaning in every word. The first was delivered on Oct. 26, at the Seventh Ward Hotel. He said that

"He was very much gratified to meet so many of his supporters. He supposed that they were aware that it was his first appearance as a candidate for their suffrages. He was fully aware of the responsibilities which the position of representative in Congress would impose on him. It was not for the emoluments of office, nor for any selfish desire of place and power, that he was their candidate. He had nothing to gain but honor. If elected he would faithfully labor for the interests of the workingmen. But, whether elected or defeated, he would never be unmindful of his constituents. Those friends who might support him should be the recipients of any favors which he might be able to dispense. He only asked the suffrages of independent voters, and he was confident, from the appearance of the assemblage before him, that he should not ask in vain."

The second, and like unto it, was spoken on the following evening at the Anson House, when he was endorsed by all the various branches of the Democracy in his district. In answer to an address from the President, Morrissey spoke as follows:—

"It is gratifying to me to receive these manifestations of the confidence of the different organizations that are represented here to-night, and although much has been said which ought not to have been said, I stand here, gentlemen, as one of the humble exponents of the principles of the democratic party. That it is necessary for men in high position to fill our offices of honor, I do not believe; other men, who have heart and have the disposition to place themselves before the great tribunal of a public vote, have the right, and I am one of those men. With all due respect for my opponents, I do not think that my democratic friends will regret the action they have taken. They will always find me a trusty friend."

AQUATICS.

THE BOSTON YACHT CLUB.—The subject of forming a yacht club, under the above style and title, is now being agitated by some of the leading sp rits in aquatic matters in the modern Athens. The object of the organization, as stated in a circular just issued, is "to bring together all the yachtmen of the New England coast, and to include in its numbers, not merely the owners of our numerous fleet of yachts, but all who are interested in the healthful and invigorating recreation afforded by fishing and sailing along our coast. The more practical objects of the club will be to preserve and perpetuate a record of all yachts owned in New England waters, the names of their builders, their owners, the changes of ownership, their measurement both in hull and area of sails, the particularities of each model and rig, and their special sailing qualities, thus making an invigorating pastime furnish its contribution to nautical science and naval architecture." A meeting will soon be held, and all communications relating thereto must be addressed to Thomas Dean, 22 Tremont Row, Boston.

BIGLIN VS. MCGRADY.—The single shell match between these men, who recently pulled together at the Poughkeepsie Regatta, is fixed for Saturday afternoon, Nov. 3, off the Elysian Fields. The remainder of the money, has to be posted on Thursday, Nov. 1.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES.—The third deposit of £25 a side in this match, between Chambers and Saddler, was duly made good on Monday afternoon, Oct. 15. Another installment of like amount fell due on Monday,

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CLAUDE NIGHT;

OR,

A BLACK MASK AND A WHITE FACE.

CHAPTER XXI.

ALL IS NOT LOST—SUCCOR AT HAND—NELL AND HER PRESERVER—THE SECRET PASSAGE—THE ROPE LADDER—THE DESCENT—DISCOVERED—ESCAPE AND PURSUIT OF THE BLACK MASK—THE KING—ESCAPE.

Long as it seemed to poor Nelly Gwynne that she had been lying in this horrible state, it was really less than three hours, when suddenly a grating noise, like the sound of a file moving against rusty iron, broke upon the stillness of the room.

Her sense of hearing was in nowise disturbed by the drug, which bound her motionless, and she heard the noise distinctly. In an instant, hope, blessed hope, so difficult to extinguish in the young and inexperienced, rushed back. Claude Night had found her out! Claude Night was come to the rescue!

Never, for an instant, did she imagine that it could be other than he; and even as she lay in that death-like state her heart seemed to rouse with new life. Meanwhile, the file grated gently on, stopping occasionally, as if the worker were using great precaution not to be overheard.

Then there was a sound of mortar crumbling slowly down. The worker was evidently aware that the task he was employed on was one of no ordinary danger, for he labored with a caution that rendered his proceedings slow in the extreme.

At length, however, there was a daring stroke, followed by a rush of falling matter. Complete silence succeeded for the space of at least a quarter of an hour, so complete that the anxious listener's hope was beginning to waver a little, and a fear that after all the sound might proceed from rats, made her heart sink, when suddenly a faint light flashed through the chamber.

The next instant she felt that some one was bending over her—a warm, soft hand touched hers, and then was passed lightly over her face.

"Icy as death!" said a voice in low tones. "Am I too late? Has he dared to deceive me?"

The agony of Nell's desire to speak—to cry out that she was living, and to entreat succor, was intense—so intense, indeed, that though it could not burst the spell of that deadly drug altogether, so far overcame it as to cause large drops of perspiration to ooze through the death hued skin, and stand visibly on the beautiful brow. Again the hand was passed lightly over her face, and then something touched her lips.

An awful shock seemed to thrill through her whole body; for an instant she endured the most intense agony. It seemed as if red hot knives were piercing her in every direction, and then with a wild leap the life current seemed to rush through her veins, nd she could move!

The spell of that horrible drug was broken at length. But the struggle was almost too much for her, young and strong though she was; and after that first wild toss of her fair arms, she lay back exhausted.

"Now you must drink," said a voice in her ear. "You must drink, and then take courage. I will save you if you will but be brave."

Some strong liquid was being poured between her lips, and she had but to obey. The effect was soon apparent, and drawing a deep sigh, Nell Gwynne raised her head and opened her eyes. It was not Claude Night, however, who stood there in the handsome dress of a cavalier, but with the face concealed by a mask. No; she saw that at a glance, and she shrank back in dismay and [illegible]

However, the stranger seemed in too great haste to notice either, and bending down, he whispered "we have no time to lose. Directly your strength is sufficient to allow you to move, we must hence—enemies are on every side."

"I am strong now—I can go this instant," returned the orange-girl, struggling valiantly to her feet, and, with a blush, striving to cover herself with the few garments that the old Jew had allowed her to retain.

"Ay, but, girl, it requires not a little strength to follow me along the path I am about to lead you; and if you fail 'twould ruin all. Drink again; 'twill help to warm the blood in your veins."

It was a marvelously white hand that held to her lips a silver flask.

"Methinks I have heard your voice ere this, Sir Cavalier?" Nell said, softly, after the draught.

"Ah! But talk not now—drink, child, or your strength will never return; and——Hark!"

There was a sound of rustling behind the tapestry, and, for an instant, both turned in terror towards it. The fear, however, did more towards restoring Nell Gwynne's strength than all the flasks or drugs that could be given her, and, springing up, she clasped her succorer's arm with a grip that witnessed to it.

"Lead on—for heaven's sake, wait not! I am ready!" she cried in an agonized whisper.

"In truth I like not that rustling—so follow," replied the Mask or, as our readers know, of course, the Countess of Castelfort.

As she spoke, she took up the small lamp with which she had come provided, and led the way to the large chimney-piece, where a heap of mortar and loose bricks explained the noise Nell had heard. There was but a very small opening, however, in one of the sides; and, pushing the lamp on first, the cavalier Countess threw herself upon her knees, and with difficulty scrambled through it. Nell followed; and then, to her surprise, found herself in a narrow passage, evidently one of those secret ways which the troubled times of the recent revolution had rendered of such importance. This was apparently, however, very ancient, and had been little used, for though it was a larger one than usual, it was so choked up with the dust and mortar which had fallen, that they were forced to creep along on their hands and knees.

The way was difficult in the extreme, as it wound about, and sometimes became so narrow that even their slight figures could scarcely push through. Neither of them, however, were to be discouraged; and, indeed, to retreat would almost have been impossible.

Their journey only just ended in time to prevent Nell falling from exhaustion, nevertheless; and even the Countess leaned panting against the wall before she attempted to rise from her cramped position, and then assist her companion.

The narrow passage ended in a small, vault-like recess, large enough to contain about four human beings, and Nell looked around in some perplexity as to how they were to get out of it. Lifting up the lamp, however, the disguised Countess quickly discovered a small iron knob, which, pressing with all her force, gave way, and opened a narrow aperture in what appeared to be solid brickwork.

"So far, so good!" she muttered. "Now we must use despatch, and all may yet be well. Keep close to me, and as you value your life, Mistress Gwynne, move quietly."

The injunction was scarcely necessary. The next instant the Countess had glided quietly through the aperture, and as Nell followed her she found herself in a large, handsome room, furnished magnificently, as was apparent even in the feeble light of their small lamp. Not allowing her, however, an instant even to draw her breath, her companion seized her arm, and hurried her across it to an unshuttered window, through which the pale moonlight was streaming in a perfect flood of silvery light. The casement was open, and, as they reached it, the Countess leaned out and looked eagerly round.

"All is quiet now!" she said. "But it doubts me that the Duchess has yet retired, and it might be well to wait patiently awhile."

As she spoke, she drew from behind the velvet hanging a small bundle.

"Take this, Mistress Nell, meanwhile, and cover those fair shoulders a little. I have provided you with a rude disguise as more fitting our position and adventure. Retire and dress, while I keep watch for the right moment for us to venture forth, and trust to our horses' heels for safety. Art very weary, child?"

The last sentence was spoken in those low, musical tones which were the only occasional drawbacks to Ethelind Castelfort's perfect performance of the cavalier; and even Nell Gwynne, chilled a little by the rather commanding manner in which hitherto her companion had directed their movements, looked up in surprise.

"Not so weary," she replied, the tears, in spite of her efforts to repress them, rushing to her sweet blue eyes, "as frightened. But oh, Sir Cavalier, never, indeed, shall I forget this deed of yours!"

"Tut, tut, fair Nell! you have, in truth, little reason for much gratitude. Did not the Black Mask get you into the scrape?"

"The Black Mask! Ay, I thought I recognized that voice and hand."

"Hush, hush! Get thee to dress, Nell! We'll talk after, when out of the domains of this gracious demoness!"

Though it was not harshly said, there was something in the tone that silenced Nell at once, and without a word she withdrew a little with her sorely needed garments. Her toilet took her but a few seconds, and she soon reappeared, making a very gallant little cavalier.

"Not bad, in good sooth, Mistress Gwynne," the Countess whispered. "Let us trust, however, the masquerade will not be discovered. All seems quiet now, and methinks we might venture."

But at that very instant the slamming of a distant door made them start, and, seizing Nell by the arm, the Countess dragged her on to the balcony in front of the window.

"For your life's sake!" she muttered.

And silent as death they both were for the space of at least ten minutes. Scarcely daring to breathe, they listened. All was again silent, however, in the house, whilst, without, the extensive gardens and grounds belonging to Portsmouth House lay bathed in the moonlight, utterly quiet and peaceful.

"We are over timorous," at length murmured the Countess. "We start at shadows!"

As she said this, once more she rose up, and, motioning to Nell to follow her example, she stepped forward daringly towards the iron railing of the balcony.

"All this dallying suits me not! Listen, Mistress Nell, to my counsel, and then, if your heart fails you not, follow me. It is the best plan I can suggest. See you you tall poplars towering above the dark plantation?"

FANNY MORGAN PHELPS. COMEDIENNE. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

"Yes, yes! furthest from the river! I note them!"

"Beneath their branches are two fleet horses; our object must be to gain them, and then ride off as best we can. All seems safe, but there is a treacherous piece of open ground to cross, and in this bright moonlight any one watching would quickly discover us. However, we must risk it, I think."

"And to reach the ground?" exclaimed Nell, a little puzzled.

"Here is a light rope ladder, see you not? But now listen to my last instructions. As soon as we have mounted, our first object must be to clear these grounds, and make our way back to London. So far as I can, Mistress Gwynne, I will aid you; but I tell you frankly, it matters much to me not to be discovered in this adventure. I have set you so far at liberty, and you will have the same chances of escape I do. Methinks I shall do you no great harm if now I look a little to my own safety. In London, I conclude, you need scarcely go far to find shelter and friends?"

"Once in the city, I am safe enough; indeed, even now I fear no longer," Nell answered bravely.

"Come, then; see, there is a fleecy cloud crossing the moon. Let's venture! Follow me!"

With a light spring, clearing the balustrade as she spoke, the strange and daring Countess set her foot in the rope ladder, and began her descent with an agility and courage that made even Nell gaze at her in astonishment. Whoever this strange cavalier might be, at any rate he was one not unaccustomed to adventure of this sort. In spite of the dangerous swaying to and fro of the rope support, the light form made its way down, and in what seemed but a few seconds Nell saw her companion standing with perfect composure on the ground, beckoning her to follow.

The young orange-girl was not deficient in physical courage, and though not accomplishing her task with the same masterly ease as her leader, she soon joined her below.

"Thank all the saints in the calendar!" exclaimed the countess. "Now for the poplars, and then we may cry hurrah! Come!"

She sprang forward, but a cry from Nell stopped her, and then a man's arm suddenly clutched her round the waist, and for an instant held her fast.

Were they discovered?

To her intense horror she saw that a couple of men in the dress of cavaliers had sprung out from behind some bushes, and that one held Nell in the same manner the other detained herself.

"Unmask!" cried a voice, in fierce, low tones. "By the heaven above us, I *will* know who has dared this!"

But without uttering a word Ethelind Castlefort, instead of attempting any defence, with a dexterous wrench wrested herself from the detaining arm, and then, giving one bound, cleared a low shrub, and flew away over the garden, swift as a young deer. The cavalier, however, recovered the shock of her escape immediately, and scarcely less swift than the Countess, turned and pursued.

Through the moonlit gardens on they flew. Neither called out or exclaimed; perfectly silent, but swift as the wind, they wound through the maze-like paths.

They were well matched, for, from first to last of that long race the distance between them neither increased nor diminished, and as the poplars came in sight Ethelind felt that an accident alone could decide who should win. Still she strained every muscle, and she hoped against hope, that, had she but the strength to vault to the saddle without pausing for an instant to gain breath, she might yet distance her pursuers, and get off. Fate, however, was against her.

As she entered the shadows cast by the tall, stately trees, her foot struck against something on the ground, and the next instant, in spite of her frantic efforts to recover her equilibrium, she lay stretched on the ground. Her pursuer, sword in hand, soon bent over her.

"Villain, unmask!" he exclaimed fiercely; "or come what may I will send my sword's point into your heart."

The moonlight was streaming on his face, and as she lay pressed down beneath his powerful hands, Ethelind Castelfort recognized her captor. Those dark, handsome, swarthy features belonged to King Charles! What could she do? There was a fierce, almost savage expression in the King's dark, gleaming eyes, that indicated that all that was evil of the Stuart nature was roused. He evidently believed that some one had been playing him false with the Duchess of Portsmouth, and when he declared that unless she unmasked he would run his sword through her heart, she saw it was no idle threat. But then Charles Stuart was the last man she desired should find her, the hermit Countess, Earl Castelfort's wife, in such a disguise! Only too well she knew it would be putting herself in the power of the most licentious man in England, and one for whom she had an abhorrence.

Long as it takes to write, these thoughts passed like lightning through her mind, as she lay pressed down under the King's strong hands. Her embarrassment was for once extreme. Still, in spite of all her troubles, life was sweet, and she shrank back, cold and shivering, from the sharp steel.

"Your majesty would do a right royal deed to kill a fallen man!" she exclaimed, daringly, knowing that to Charles' keen ear her voice would betray her.

She was right. In an instant the King released her.

"A man!" he exclaimed. Methinks that voice is too soft; but——"

He paused in astonishment, and Ethelind Castlefort uttered an exclamation of dismay. In the scuffle, the fastening of the mask had given way, and, as she raised her head, it fell, revealing in the silvery light her beautiful woman's face.

For an instant the King regarded her in silence; then, all the licentiousness of his nature beaming in his handsome eyes, he threw himself on the soft turf beside her, and burst into a low laugh.

"Odd's fish! Then it is my Lady Portsmouth who should be jealous, and not Charles Stuart, just now!" he exclaimed.

"Methinks neither has much cause," Ethelind replied, coldly, and making an attempt to rise.

"You mistake much, then, fair Lady Castlefort. This is a surprise and a romance after my own heart. I worshipped your beauty as a saint, but as a cavalier I find it a thousandfold more fascinating! Little did I ever dream of finding Castlefort's Countess was a masquerade! 'Tis, however, a secret worth knowing!"

In spite of the admiration gleaming in his eyes, there was a slight sneer in the whole sentence, which galled the proud and haughty spirit of the countess to the quick.

"Scarcely to a King!" she replied, almost fiercely; "and methinks it is one that even a King will find it best to forget!"

"Forget! What, forget that Ethelind Castlefort can throw off the iron restraints of social customs, and seek her own sweet pleasures at will? Odd's fish! not I!"

"And yet I would frankly advise your majesty so to do."

Charles turned sharply at the harsh tone in which this was spoken.

"The advice sounds almost like a threat, fair Ethelind. Is it so meant even on our first meeting?"

"I scarcely knew, my liege. I am not an ordinary woman; and you can get my character from my husband. If report speaks truly, you use him often as a tool to save your own royal hand from dirt, and will, therefore, easily wring from him the truth."

"What, from Castelfort? You are sarcastic, fair one. But come; enough of this! You are too young and beautiful——"

"To remain longer talking with Charles Stuart at midnight. Get you to my Lady Portsmouth, and let me to my business."

As she spoke, she sprang up; and, before the king could interfere or prevent it, had vaulted lightly into the saddle of one of the horses. Loosing the other, which she knew would bound off immediately, so that Charles could not follow her, even if he would, she managed to turn before he could seize her bridle, and, the next moment, was galloping through the grounds. The adventure had succeeded, so far as Nell Gwynne's safety was concerned. Once in the hands of any of the king's usual companions, there was little fear of her again falling into the Duchess of Portsmouth's power. Ethelind Castelfort's own secret, however, was known to Charles, and it might, through him, reach her husband!

CHAPTER XXII.

CLAUDE NIGHT RESUMES HIS PROFESSION—APPROPRIATION OF JEWELRY—THE COUNTRY TAVERN—MEETING OF TWO FRIENDS—THE HIGHWAYMAN'S PLOT.

And all this time what was Claude Night doing? All through the days of the fire he had not wearied in his search for Nell Gwynne, but, of course, it had been unsuccessful. No one even could give him tidings of her; and, at length, even he began to fear that, in the confusion of the awful conflagration, some accident must have happened to the poor girl. Meanwhile, he had received the note of the Countess of Castelfort, and, of course, according to the advice, gave up all idea of at present plotting any vengeance against the treacherous Duchess, or, indeed, of moving at all in his own affairs. In spite of the unexpected communications of the Black Mask, he felt discouraged and depressed; and certainly in all his meditations and hesitations about the career he should now pursue the [illegible] got the upperhand of the gentleman. Claude was desperately in want of money, too. A want which in those days was as trying to high morality as in the present. So pressing, indeed, had been this want that, one dark evening, meeting a gallant in a convenient spot in Holborn, he had been forced to supply himself from his purse; and then, the little adventure happily accomplished, awoke old memories so strongly again, that the gentleman fled altogether, and Claude Night resolved to be a ruffian entirely—at any rate, for a time. Any lingering hesitation that he might have had was quite settled by a communication from the Black Mask, which he received about a fortnight after the first note.

It was to warn him that the Duchess was still against him, and more enraged than ever at having been despoiled of one victim, in the person of Nell Gwynne. The orange girl, the writer proceeded to inform him, had been captured and villainously ill-treated by her, but that she was likely to have it in her power to avenge herself to her most perfect satisfaction; for, in escaping from the Duchess, she had happily fallen into the King's hands; and, from all appearances, simple Nell Gwynne was likely to prove a powerful rival to her.

"So much for woman's faith!" cried Claude, fiercely. "And so, whilst I waste my life here hunting after her, the false-hearted little jade queens it with a king!"

Casting every bitter feeling to the wind, moody and stern, Claude Night returned that same night to his old haunts. Not empty handed either. The wealthy goldsmiths heard, with dismay, the next morning, that a single horseman had stopped two of their guild on Hounslow Heath, and carried off a considerable sum of money, besides some jewelry. One of them declared it was Tom Kingston, but the other swore roundly that he had recognised the voice of the highwayman, Claude Night. The robbery caused much stir, and Claude's absence was, in consequence, soon discovered.

"One might as soon try to wash the blackamoor white, as make an honest man out of a half hanged robber," said the indignant burghers; and, to judge by the manner in which Claude Night happened at that moment to be employed, we are afraid the good citizens were not far wrong.

Seated in the little bar parlor of a very small inn, called the "Castelfort Arms," Claude was making an excellent breakfast of smoked bacon and home-brewed ale; and, in truth, looking far more content and jovial than he had looked for a long time. By his side, ready to be taken up—ay, and used—at a moment's notice, were a couple of horse pistols; and, concealed in his doublet, was the important bag which he had taken from the goldsmiths the night before. To look at him, sitting there with that devil-me-care expression on his dark, handsome face, he certainly did not strike one as a particularly peaceful or amiable character; and the traveler who happened at the moment to stop at the "Castelfort Inn" in search of breakfast may be considered more prudent than cowardly, inasmuch as, after one glance at him, he only stopped to drink a cup of ale and rode on as fast as his stout horse would carry him. Claude Night had assumed the ruffian with a vengeance, and he was ten times more dangerous now than before. He was still eating and drinking with considerable appetite, when a short, stout built man, dressed in the rather faded clothes of apparently the retainer of some family of rank, entered, and seated himself opposite Claude, calling, at the same time, for ale. "A good morning to you, master," said this worthy, after a deliberate survey of our hero. "It seems one need scarce wish you a good appetite, to judge by the way in which that sweet smelling bacon slips down your throat. Might one crave a rasher?"

The request was made in the most jovial tone, and Claude replied by pushing the dish towards him.

"Eat, friend, by all means; no doubt Mistress Firkin can refill the plate when empty, and company at meals is always desirable."

"Ay, if of the right sort; but in these times, good master, one meets queer folk, and then one's digestion is apt to get out of order." And uttering this sentence with a strong nasal twang, the stout stranger turned up his eyes in the fashion of the Puritan saints, still to be found in those days in every corner of England.

Claude Night regarded him curiously for a moment. Puritan piety was not at all in his way, and there was something about the man which seemed so unsuitable to it, that he felt convinced it was as little in his.

"Are you from London, sir?" at length he asked.

"Not direct."

"From the north, then, perhaps?"

"Not direct."

Claude Night turned away impatiently, and tossed off a cup of foaming ale at a draught.

"Ah, well done! Fill again, friend, and I'll give you a toast!" exclaimed the stranger, as, with his twinkling dark eyes he watched Claude's performance. "Here's to Claude Night, the highwayman!"

In an instant Captain Night's powerful hand was on his pistols; but bursting into a loud, uproarious laugh, the stout stranger bent forward over the table, exclaiming: "What, don't you recognise me, even? No wonder Blood didn't then!"

Claude started. In good truth, the disguise had been so perfect, and the voice had been so carefully altered, that even then he found it difficult to believe that it was really an old comrade who sat before him. Tom Kingston had been his early instructor, and his chief friend; and for an instant Claude felt almost humiliated at having failed to see through his disguise. Though not many years the senior of our hero, he was considerably ahead of him in the career of highwaymanship. Even amongst his comrades he was considered a veritable fiend, and the nickname they had given him expressed the full estimation in which he was held. He was called the "Devil's Own;" and if an utter disregard to law—desperate courage—carelessness of others' lives and his own—a very feeble idea of the rights of property or individuals—constituted the right to such a distinction, Tom Kingston certainly might lay claim to it. A more desperate man did not exist. A volume might have been filled with but a tithe of his exploits. Of course, a price was on his head; but unusual luck, or, rather, it was said, his infernal patron protected him; and in spite of innumerable crimes, Tom had only once been taken and condemned, though in boyhood he had had the misfortune to lose one of his ears by the hands of the executioner. He was unusually clever in the art of disguising himself and changing his voice, and perhaps that had contributed to his safety more than any infernal protection.

Claude Night, in his worst days, had been the chosen companion of this man, and to his instigation were mainly owing those evil deeds which Claude's conscience was not yet hardened enough to think of without regret. A more unfortunate moment for such a friend to have met him again, however, could not have presented itself than that when Claude sat in the old inn. Gloomy—enraged against all the world—dissatisfied with himself—it was a moment when the tempter to evil could be received with almost relief. In spite of all his former hesitation, he turned with a fierce smile, and stretching his hand across the table, grasped the highwayman's heartily.

"Zounds, man, surely you needn't have put on all that foolery to come and breakfast with me!" he exclaimed.

Tom smiled.

"Times are queer, Claude, mighty queer, and there's nothing like prudence. I've been doing dangerous work, too!"

"Not a rare case, eh?"

The highwayman smiled complacently.

"By——Hush, though; I must not use wicked words here, for Mistress Firkin would doubtless be offended, as she was the devout Countess' own woman. Come, man, swig off that ale, and let's off! There'll be no harm in a couple of honest folks trotting along on their nags, whiling the way with social converse; and birds can't talk, nor horses either."

He gave a peculiar wink as he spoke, which Claude understood well enough; and so, without more ado, he rose, and strolling leisurely into the bar, called for the reckoning. In a few minutes after they had mounted their horses, and were, so long as the inn remained in sight, trotting quietly along side by side, engaged in what Tom called "social converse."

"Where the fiend hast been hid, Claude, since thou managed to toss off the halter, and disappoint the honest burghers of the sight of a highwayman hanging? I began to think thou'rt mingled thy ashes with St. Paul's!"

"Then you did trouble your head with a thought of me?" Claude answered, turning aside the question.

"Ay, and more than you'd believe, were I to say. I'd have got up a rescue for you, Claude; but the best of the gang were out of reach, and the rest hung fire. Since that, however, I've been seeking for you with the patience of a saint!"

"And for what?" Claude said, rather drily. "I'm not in the humor for much desperate work!"

The highwayman turned sharply, and looked almost fiercely in his face.

"Perhaps that rascal Simmons spoke truth for once!" he exclaimed.

"And what did he say?"

"Why, that the taste of the rope had knocked out your taste for the road? In a word, Claude Night, that you were thinking of turning *honest* man, because you were too great a coward to venture on another struggle?"

"He lied!" Claude answered, fiercely.

"And yet he spoke so surely," continued Kingston, a little defiantly, "that I determined to watch you before I trusted or treated you as one of the brotherhood again!"

"And what satisfied you that I deserved the honor?"

"That little deed of yours last night. 'Slife, it was gallantly done!"

This hearty commendation restored Claude's good humor, which had been not a little disturbed by the tone the conversation was taking.

"Come, come, man; what does all this rigmarole mean? I know Tom Kingston well enough to laugh at the notion of his hunting up a friend for love. You want me, eh?"

"By the infernal powers I'm glad to hear you speak in that strain, Claude! It sounds like business. Want you? Ay, in truth, if I had two or three more like you I should want them too!"

"And what is the job, then? Worthy the men?"

"Right worthy! It is a royal commission!"

"A royal commission! 'Slife! what do you mean?"

"Why, just what the English means. The Merry Monarch has recourse to the merry men, like a sensible King, to aid him in one of his royal whims. This is the story. A certain beautiful lady, of whom his Majesty is deeply enamored, is to pass on her way from London towards her northern castle early to-morrow evening. She will be escorted by a considerable train of servants. Our duty is simply to put the retainers to flight, and carry off the lady to the ruined castle, which has been duly prepared to receive her."

"Not a very difficult task, to be sure. And who is the fair dame? Methought Charles was too madly engrossed in his new flame, Nell Gwynne, to give a glance to any one."

"Ay, but the royal heart is expansive, it seems. But that concerns us not; we shall get our pay. Besides——"

He stopped abruptly, and Claude looked eagerly at him.

"Besides what?"

"Ah, that can wait, man! Let's hasten now a little. There are two or three of the band waiting for us not far from the castle; let's join them and settle our plans a little."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE GORY EARL'S HAUNT—THE HIGHWAYMAN'S RETREAT—ABDUCTION—THE ONSLAUGHT—DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

In those days, so exactly on the borders of Middlesex and Hertfordshire, that to which county it more properly belonged was difficult to decide, stood a ruined castle, known to the surrounding neighborhood by the name of the "Gory Earl's Haunt."

In the first breaking out of the wars between the Stuarts and the Parliament, this castle had belonged to a powerful nobleman belonging to the King's party—a man of stern, iron nature, feared and disliked almost as much by his friends as his enemies. An only son was his. As was often the case in those days of civil discord, the son joined the foes of his father, and absolutely headed the force which was sent to lay siege to the castle. The old Earl was, however, a valiant soldier, and though his small garrison was daily lessening from starvation, and he knew that reinforcements to the enemy were hourly expected, he held out bravely, till he had succeeded in capturing his traitor son.

"Let him die!" was the Brutus-like command, as the soldiers brought him in triumph before the grim Earl. "Let him die the death of a traitor!"

Scarcely, however, were the words spoken, than, wrenching himself free, the prisoner sprang forward, and snatching a sword from one standing near, buried it in his father's heart. The sight appalled even those accustomed to scenes of horror, and in the shock of the moment the parricide was suffered to escape. But from that moment fled for ever the luck of the Elsinores. A curse seemed to descend even on their habitation, and the old castle, whose strong walls had hitherto resisted the enemy, now began to crumble beneath the cannonade like dust. What became of the parricide no one knew. When the Protector rallied his friends and supporters around him, Guy Elsinore never appeared among them, and no claimant ever offered himself for the extensive property which belonged to the family. The castle was left, therefore, a ruin, just as Cromwell's Ironsides had made it. No one lived in it, no one went near it, except, it was shudderingly said, "that gory ghost of the murdered Earl." Night after night, through the one long corridor still remaining, stalked the grim, dead Earl; and woe, said the superstitious country people, to those who encountered the baneful presence of that gory walker. Misfortune was sure to follow. So deeply impressed were all in the neighborhood of the ruined castle with this idea, that not for anything would they have ventured into the few rooms that still remained in the wing least injured by the smart cannonade of the Ironsides. The good people turned their heads aside when they passed within sight of it. Tom Kingston, however, was not troubled with a similar weakness. Indeed, it was not likely that one rejoicing in such a nickname should stand in much awe of ghosts. Demons and spirits were neither constables or judges, he was wont to say, and, consequently, he saw no reason to regard them with distrust; with perfect *sang froid*, therefore, and great satisfaction, he constituted himself the gory Earl's tenant, and took up his abode in the underground chambers of the ruined castle. But so secretly did he do this—with such admirable skill did he manage his ingoings and out-comings, that no one had the slightest idea that there was any human being lodged there. Many a time, indeed, had he evaded the active search of justice by quietly retiring to this hiding place of his; and perhaps the Gory Earl's haunt had as much claim to the glory of keeping the gallant Tom safely out of the hangman's hands, as that dark patron of his to whom we have already referred. The gloom of the dark September evening was falling dismally around the gaunt, grey ruin, as it appeared dim in the distance; and it certainly looked ghostly enough, even to the bold, careless eyes of the two horsemen, who stealthily were making their way by the side of a deep, dark wood, in its direction. They were pursuing their way silently, with more regard to secrecy than haste; and more than once both reined in their horses to gaze anxiously around and listen for any sound of other travelers near.

"Art sure we've not lost the track, Tom?" said Claude Night's voice, in low tones, after one of these reconnoiterings.

"No fear of that—I know every tree of these woods—we're right enough," replied his companion; "but they're all strangely late in lighting the signal. It's that vicious dog, O'Grady, I expect, who's behind."

"O'Grady! Why, me thought he had gone over to France long ago. Truly, Tom, if he's your lieutenant, I don't wonder things don't pull evenly."

"I know he's a lazy beast; but, then, he's safe, and I had orders to choose my men for their secrecy as well as courage. Blood brought the order, too; and, you know, O'Grady is a countryman of his."

"Blood! then he is his Majesty's confidant in this affair! I should have thought, though, that love intrigues were scarcely of the spice to suit his taste."

"Not his taste, perhaps, but his pocket, Claude. But hark!—surely that was a horse's hoof? Look, Night, your eyes see further than mine."

In an instant they had reined in their horses, and almost as quickly as their riders the well trained animals stood motionless. Claude strained his eyes in an anxious glance around.

"Not a soul in sight," at length he said, in his clear, low tones; "but down yonder, not far from the high road, is a red glow—the signal."

"Ha!" was the satisfied exclamation of Tom Kingston. "Let's off, then."

Claude needed no second bidding. The next instant, leaving the skirt of the dark wood, they pressed their horses to a lightning like gallop over the waste land which lay between the wood and the high road. On they rode at a pace which spoke well for the condition of their steeds, and in less than ten minutes reached a spot from which they could see a large bonfire blazing away in front of a very decent looking cottage. With a grim smile Tom Kingston regarded it.

"Not equal to the fire of London, but a goodly sight on a dark night, eh, Claude? Now for our hiding place, and then the sooner my lady makes her appearance the better it will suit my humor and convenience."

"'Slife! the work has hitherto been slow enough. Give me some of our old slap-dash expeditions; this is Court-gallant's work," said Claude, gloomily, touching up his horse, and cantering slowly forward.

The slap-dash part of the expedition, however, was yet to come. In truth, Tom Kingston was not the man to do any Court-gallant's work without giving it a touch of his patron's deviltry as a finale. Quietly as this affair had been planned, it was not destined to be executed without bloodshed, and there was that glimmering in the dark, fierce eye of the crime-stained highwayman that proclaimed no great anxiety that it should. He had taken more precaution in the plotting of the scheme than usual, because the King had expressly desired that no life should be lost in what he intended should be but a love adventure; but Tom Kingston had stopped too many travelers, and, indeed, un-

dertaken too many of these expeditions, to trouble himself much as to the results. His men were all posted in the dark shadows of the wood skirting the highway, and their orders were to disperse the armed retinue, and assist in the kidnapping of the lady, and they were all far too good shots to fire their pistols and shoot no one. Tom knew that well enough. Meanwhile, riding along with less precaution as the dusk increased, they reached the glowing bonfire. As they did so, the door of the cottage opened, and a tall man came out. Kingston started, for, in truth, instead of the comrade he expected to see, it was a person whose name was as well known as his own; and though more reputably, as far as social position went, scarcely more so as regarded mercy or morality. If ever man wore the stamp of villain on his face, Thomas Blood did. It was not an unhandsome face, either, as regarded feature, and as he came forward and stood in the crimson glow of the fire, the first glance Claude gave at his large brown eyes, peering from under massive brows, impressed him with almost a sense of intellectual superiority. He was well formed, and evidently of great muscular power, judging by the breadth of shoulders and short, rather bull-dog neck; indeed, so far as the physique was concerned, Colonel Blood had nought to reproach nature. With the *morale* it was different: clever he might be—but he was a clever villain. A brutal sort of courage was stamped on his brow, and round his thin-lined mouth played a sneering mercilessness that was almost satanic in its expression. He advanced slowly to Tom Kingston's side, and laying his hand on his horse's bridle, exclaimed, "Well, Master Kingston, and how goes it? Are all the actors in this most excellent farce prepared?"

"So far as I know," returned the highwayman. "Those under my command are;" and he gave a glance at the wood near at hand.

"And those with whom I am concerned are," said Blood. "The Gory Earl has a right royal visitor, and it is to be hoped that he will be satisfied enough with the Stuart luck to care to exact the usual penalty of an encounter with him."

Tom turned hastily in the direction of the ruined castle.

"What! is the King there already? he does not join us, then?"

"Join us, man! Zounds! those who pay needn't do the work! 'tis we poor dogs who hunt their game."

He spoke in a stern, savage whisper; and in the glow of the already sinking bonfires, Night noticed that his dark brown eyes glared with the ferocity of some wild beast. He looked almost horrible for the moment.

"Well, well!" Kingston began, but checking himself, he paused, with a sharp, eager "Hark!"

All three started.

"By all the devils, those are horses' hoofs I hear!" Kingston muttered in a low, excited whisper. "Listen, Claude! What say your ears?"

"Horses' hoofs and coach wheels, as I live!" was Night's reply. "To the wood—and lose no time!"

As he spoke he gave his horse a sharp cut; and then, not waiting to see whether his companions followed or not, on he dashed in the direction he had indicated. Along the road, under the clear moonlight, now dispelling the gloom of the summer dusk, came a traveling coach, escorted by some six or eight armed men; but the three schemers had been so quick in their movements that not a glimpse of them had been caught by the travelers, and on they came, apparently perfectly unconscious of any danger. Not a sound broke the night's stillness, save that made by themselves; and, certainly, along that quiet road appeared little to cause uneasiness.

On came the party. There was not a doubt it was the one expected; but, for once in his life, Tom Kingston determined to act with caution. Instead of advancing boldly to meet it, he waited patiently for a nearer approach to assure himself of the fact. Till the first two horsemen, wearing the strange colored badge, reached the wood, he waited; then, giving the signal, out he dashed, followed by the whole band. The attack was so sudden that, for an instant, a kind of panic seemed to seize the party, and the two foremost, spurring on their horses, endeavored to fly. But the men were evidently surprised, not alarmed, and, the next instant, Claude saw that it would not be the easy, bloodless task to effect their object he had first imagined. They were ten to six, but the six were strong fellows, and armed to the teeth. Their volley of shots were amply returned; and then, as the highwaymen dashed forward, striving to clear a passage to the coach, they were met by swords as stoutly wielded as their own. The encounter was desperate, and soon the quiet country road became a scene of confusion and slaughter horrible to look upon. Blood, like some savage animal, joined in the affray, and struck right and left, with a power almost herculean.

"Fools!" he shouted, "surrender, or we will hack you in pieces!"

"On, men—on!" roared Kingston, hewing down the most determined of the foe, who, like a young giant, towered amongst the rest, and defended the door of the coach. Shouts, mingled with shots—cries, with groans—horses rolled on the ground—the dying and the dead lay scattered about—but still the rest fought more like some demons than human beings. Aggravated by the unexpected resistance, Tom Kingston fought mercilessly, slaying without hesitation, and at length he managed to reach the door of the coach. In an instant he had dashed it open; but, as he did so, a ball grazed his shoulder, and a clear female voice cried—

"Attempt to enter and I fire at your head!"

A terrible shriek, however, followed. Blood had also effected a passage to the other door of the coach. The next instant, as Claude Night sprung to Tom's side, he saw a female figure struggling in the powerful Colonel's arms. They had succeeded in their object, at any rate. Blood, assisted by Kingston, sprang, with his victim in his arms, to the horse of one of the band, and, in spite of the gallant efforts of her servants, the lady was borne, struggling still, from off the scene.

"Waste no more lives, my men," shouted Claude, as he saw that so far they were conquerors. "Off to the Shadows!"

Time, indeed, was it to put a stop to the fight. Out of the sixteen men who, but half an hour ago, sprang fresh to the encounter, five lay dead, and five more desperately wounded. The highwaymen had lost three, and O'Grady, the Irishman, lay senseless on the road. The other side had suffered the most severely, but their wounded were not, apparently, so dangerously hurt. Catching up his sword, and giving orders for the removal of their senseless comrade, Claude Night turned his horse in the direction his companions had taken with their captive. Why, he scarcely knew; but, instead of the fierce excitement he usually felt after such encounters, he felt gloomy and dissatisfied. It was the first time he had hired himself out for the commission of sin for another's gratification, and Claude Night, highwayman though he was, had still sufficient nobility of soul to feel the degradation. He felt almost like a murderer as he thought of those men lying dead under the moonlight; far more so, indeed, than the night he so calmly took the life of that man he hated—Hubert Lester.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE RING.

THE COBURN AND JONES' EXHIBITION.

The Brooklyn benefit didn't turn out so good as was expected, only about three hundred people being present at Phenix Hall on the 24th ult. The tariff of $1 kept the masses away, and the election excitement kept the leaders away, so that Brooklyn failed to turn out as it always has done when Joe Coburn was up for favors there. Joe and Aaron made a mistake in charging a dollar all round, but it's too late now to remedy that. Had the fare been a half, Coburn alone could have filled most any hall there, as he should know by this time, and the double attraction failed to induce people to go another half to witness it. As no names were mentioned on the bills, it was going it unsight unseen till they got inside, and then they had to make the best of it. However there were some good sets-to, and the performance gave general satisfaction. Uncle Tovee was at his post, "semper paratus," and for the first time introduced those famous young feather weights, Johnny Keating and Joe Hearne, at one time partners in a hotel, who made a splendid display. They were followed by Young McCarthy and Sanders, but it didn't amount to chucks. Sam Maguire and Darcy had it pretty hot, while the sparring between Dooney Harris and Pat Kelly was superb, William—or Dooney, as he has always been called—walking around Pat mighty lively, although the namesake of Ireland's patron saint performed well with such an out and out master of the art as Dooney. Little Dick Hill and a pard. gave a song and dance, and Harry kept his word by going over and exercising with his Indian clubs. Johnny Gaffney and Young Edwards, the Little Wonder, had a glove fight, but although Gaffney was much the heavier, he didn't make two out of Eowards. Billy Kelly's encounter with Mike Barry was a rough affair, but very enjoyable. For the wind-up, Joe Coburn and Aaron Jones had a tremendous contest, Joe knocking spots out of Aaron and giving him some ugly falls. This created great excitement, as both were in earnest and meant mischief, but Joe was the master of the situation, and Aaron was evidently glad when it was over. We believe they intend to give an entertainment in Philadelphia shortly, if a suitable hall can be got, and Jones was expected to leave for the Quaker City on the 29th.

JOHNNY McGLADE WILL FIGHT SAM COLLYER.

Owing to the principal backer of McGlade being out of the city, he has been unable to respond sooner to Collyer's challenge, but has always expressed the most earnest wish to have the match made for him, and did his utmost toward that end. When the challenge was given out, the money was there ready, and it was thrown out at the time to see if a certain party in the room, or his friend, would accept there and then, since which time his backer has been away, making it rather unfortunate for Johnny, and leading to the article which appears in another part of this paper, printed before McGlade called with his reply, just before going to press on Monday afternoon. However, that makes no difference now, unless Collyer has other business to attend to since we received his acceptance of McGlade's defi. Here is Johnny's pronunciamento:—

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.

MR. QUEEN—Sir:—In you last week's issue I noticed a challenge emanating from Sam Collyer to fight. The terms suit me in every respect. On Saturday, Nov. 3, I will deposit $100 in your office, and if covered by Mr. Collyer it will gratify

Yours respectfully, JOHN McGLADE.

RETURNED FROM WHENCE HE CAME.—Jem Tyson, of London, after a few months' stay in New York, where he met with the greatest kindness from the sporting men of this city, left for home rather unexpectedly about ten days ago in the steamship Celia, bound direct for London, without bidding adieu to those who had befriended him.

PATSY M'KEW AND TOM GORDON.—These Birmingham lads met on the 15th of October, near Birmingham, England, to box at catch weight, for £5 a side. M'Kew is twenty-five years of age, stands 5ft 5½in., and has performed on several occasions: he was backed from Mr. Ansell's, Duddeston row, and scaled about 8st 6lb. Gordon is twenty-two, 5ft 6in., and would pull down 8st 10lb; he was backed from Mr. Suter's, John street. Gordon gained first blood, but after thirteen rounds in thirty-seven minutes, Gordon was completely fought out, and tendered his hand. M'Kew electrified the bystanders by his rapid and scientific deliveries.

CON.—Why is John Morrissey, candidate for representative in Congress from the Fifth District of this goodly city of Gotham like the lamented Daniel Webster? Because—because he's an Ex-Pounder. Smoke?

HICKEY AND TURNER ON A TOUR.—The compactly built little Johnny Hickey and that rising young bruiser, Jim Turner, are starring it through the South, Southwest and West, and at last accounts were in Memphis, Tenn., where it was given out that Hickey was matched for $2000, which isn't a good way unless it is really so. They purpose visiting St. Louis, Chicago, and all the cities and large towns on their winding way, and report says are ready to back themselves with their own money for from $800 to $1000 a side, Hickey to fight anybody at 115lb, Turner at 136lb. They must be making big money to do that, and we give it, as received, for what it is worth.

THE WHITE AND CARR MATCH.—All things are going on smoothly in the $500 match between Bill White (Sam Collyer's novice) and Mike Carr, another $100 a side having been forthcoming at the proper time, Collyer putting up for White. Both are in active training for the event.

A BOXER SICK.—Tom King, a celebrated New Orleans pugilist, is lying ill at his residence in the Crescent City.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3. 1866.

To Correspondents.

H., Cleveland, O.—"A, B, C and D are playing euchre—A and C against B and D. A deals; B orders it up, and goes alone; A says he will play it alone against B, and euchres him. Now how many points does A count?".....Two points only. Had B, who took the risk of the trump, secured five tricks, he would have been entitled to four points. Had A made five tricks he would have been entitled to two points only, the same as if he had made but three tricks.

R. B. L., Cincinnati.—1. If we understand your question rightly A takes the bat. 2. Both works are by the same author, but the last published, viz., Haney's Book of Reference, is the best. 3. A is out, the catch is legitimate. 4. Yes, or it is not a miss. 5. No, mutual agreement on a neutral ground is necessary. The rule is, each furnishes a ball for 1st and 21 games, and both for third game, the new ball being the trophy of the last game.

M. C., Kansas.—You are in error to think so. We have received but two letters from you since you left this city. One was from Memphis, which appeared in the CLIPPER, and now one from Leavenworth. If you have sent any more, or bills, they have failed to come to hand. We notice the movements of Emelie every week we hear from her or you.

F. K. O. F., Fall River.—One hundred games must be played before a decision can be arrived at; and should the party who scored 49 games secure the hundredth game, making them 50 to their opponents' 50, it is a draw, unless another game, to decide the winner, is mutually agreed upon.

"ON THE SQUARE."—We seldom notice the establishment in any sense. We deal on the square ourselves, and like others to do the same; an ineffectual effort on our part to collect a bill due us there is the cause of the house being denied the privilege of an advertisement in our columns.

CRIBBAGE, Vicksburgh, Miss.—"A plays a tray, B pairs him. A plays another tray, making six. B plays a four, making thirteen, and A plays a deuce, making fifteen with the run of three (viz., 3, 4, 2,) in all, five holes. Is this correct or not?".....It is quite correct.

C. W., Philadelphia.—Euchre was not included in the original "Hoyle's Games," hence it is to be presumed that Hoyle was not posted in its history. Euchre is thought to have originated in Pennsylvania, and to have been based on the game of Ecarte. Its origin, however, is involved in mystery.

SEVERAL SUBSCRIBERS, Cincinnati.—A billion is a million millions. According to the French system it is a thousand millions. By the former rule, therefore, the debt would be termed four thousand millions; by the latter, four billions.

STROKE.—We were misinformed in regard to the builders of the winning boats in the late regatta of the Patapsco Navy. The Whisper was constructed by Chas. B. Elliott, of Green Point, L. I., and the Zephyr by a Philadelphia builder.

TREMONT LIBRARY.—1. His run does not count unless the home base was touched by the player running home before the other player is put out on the 3d base. 2. No, only the striker at 1st base. The ball should have been sent to 2d base first.

MOUNT PLEASANT, Iowa.—It depends upon the play. If the stop is a good one and followed by a quick, accurate throw, the fielder deserves the credit. If the throw is fair, then the baseman. We give credit to both on our score book.

BENNINGTON, Washington, D. C.—The name of the nigger rider at Jerome Park was "Old Abe;" he is said to be about forty-five years old; he rode Bayswater, Watson's Idlewild, etc., and is generally engaged to ride for Mr. Alexander's stable.

INQUIRER, Providence.—Pool betting means the prices brought by the respective horses in a race in the pool sales where the privilege of "first choice," or taking any horse in the race you fancy, is put up and sold by auction.

D., Norwich, N. Y.—A driver can take any position he pleases at the half mile pole, provided that he is far enough ahead to do so without interfering with any other horse. If he does so he is guilty of foul driving.

LEOPARD, Newark, N. J.—George Wright is a first class base ball player and a first class cricket player also. He is a son of the veteran Sam Wright, of cricket fame, for so many years professional of the St. George Cricket Club of this city.

SUBSCRIBER, Alexandria.—1. At cribbage, three sixes and a tray count twelve, viz., six for fifteens and six for pair royal. 2. Four fives count twenty—eight by fifteens, and twelve by double pair royal.

C. D. M., Bridgeport, Ct.—Sorry we cannot give you the required information, but a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, with a stamped directed envelope, would no doubt elicit a favorable response.

PITTSBURGH.—The New York City Hall fire bell weighs 22,300 lbs, is 7 feet in diameter and about 6 feet in height. It was manufactured by Hooper, of Massachusetts.

UNION COLLEGE.—We are not in the political arena enough to be able to answer your question precisely. We think 50,000 not a safe bet, however.

G. W. D., Brooklyn.—1. The lady resides in Fifty-eighth street. 2. Professionals are not fond of giving their autographs to strangers.

J. T., Hilton Head, S. C.—If both boats turned the stakeboat, and no objection was raised before starting, the boat which went over the course wins—accidents do not alter the case at all.

SNOWBLOSSOM.—1. A letter sent to the Brooklyn Post Office will reach him. He lives in the suburbs of that city. 2. We believe the play is not published, but can be bought in MSS.

PEABODY, Baltimore.—1. No, as such a game would not count in their averages, no clubs in Baltimore being in the convention. 2. It will most likely be played in Washington.

W. G. H., Sarnia.—A horse winning a heat is better than one not taking a heat; consequently B, although he was second in the last three heats, is beaten by A, who won the first heat.

A READER.—1. Ben Caunt arrived in New York in December, 1841, and returned in March, '42. 2. Dick Hollywood is called the Nonpareil.

H. R., La Porte, Ind.—A having five dollars and producing that amount, gave evidence that he had 20 cents and more too, consequently he (A) won the bet.

J. D. RODNEY, Philadelphia.—You will find report of cricket match, St. George, N.Y., vs. Germantown, in last week's CLIPPER. Thanks for attention, however.

S. M. K.—It was a State affair, and not Federal, consequently the Governor of the State was the only one that had the privilege of pardoning.

JACK, Fresport, Ill.—1. Address Sam Southard, No. 42 Scammel street, this city. For instructions in the sport you had better consult some veteran.

HARRY, Washington.—We have seen a number of them exposed for sale at the different second hand book stores in this city. We should think that the costumers would supply you.

PETE, Hudson, N. Y.—The fall, unless the man was thrown on his back, is no fall at all, and as neither one did that neither has any more claim than the other.

A VOICE FROM THE COCKPIT.—Bill Stevens was born Aug. 22, 1827, stands 5 feet 11½ inches in height, and in rowing condition weighs 160lbs.

SUBSCRIBER, Newmarket.—Tartar is entitled to both first and second money, Billy Button being ruled out and Gladiator distanced in the third heat.

SCULLS.—Gil. Ward was born in Newburgh, Orange Co., N. Y., stands 6 feet 3¼ inches in height and in condition weighs 155lbs.

GARRICK, Parkersburg.—By the brass band, we should think, for Pat Malloy couldn't very well do it himself.

NAVY, Brooklyn.—See our dramatic summary for the lady's whereabouts.

PATRICK SULLIVAN *alias* YANK, Cincinnati.—A deposit should have accompanied your 100lb. challenge.

CONSTANT READER, Pit Hole, Pa.—The Assembly Buildings were destroyed by fire Dec. 2, 1854, and Feb. 15, 1866.

BEN LAW, Edinburgh, Ind.—A wins, because it is B's look-out to see that he had the proper number of cards.

JOHN G., Brooklyn.—The Derby course in England is a mile and a half, and the Leger a mile and three-quarters.

M. MCENERNY, New Orleans, La.—Will be pleased to hear from you when convenient.

BOSTON.—We have not, as yet, seen the result published, so are unable to give you the information. Write to the projectors.

A. R., Lansingburgh, N. Y.—The hen that lays the egg is legally entitled to the claim of maternity.

LITTLE FALLS.—It is general, and not confined to one State. Should it be rejected it may be brought in again.

CHICAGO.—We know nothing of the parties except that they pay for their advertisements. Write to them again.

J. F. P., Washington.—Yes, it is. See Beadle's Dime Book of Base Ball; the history of it is there given.

H. H.—It weighs the same, of course, but frequently measures less in circumference.

W. C. F., Brownsville, Pa.—A letter directed to Holborn Theatre, London, Eng., will reach Mr. Sefton Parry.

PIANISSIMO.—The first piano forte was made by Father Wood, at Rome, about 1711, for Mr. Crisp, author of "Virginia."

W. AND B., Philadelphia.—It is so stated by some, but we doubt it.

A READER OF THE CLIPPER.—We have refused to answer any more such questions.

W. J. E., Mount Pleasant, Va.—We believe that the parties you allude to are "on the square."

CLARENCE, Cincinnati.—We believe Fredricks of this city have them for sale.

CONTINENTAL, Cambridge.—We published a biography of Miss Myers in the CLIPPER of April 28, 1866.

INTERESTED PARTY, Salem.—Burgess & La Rue's Minstrels are traveling in the West.

NAVY, Brooklyn.—The lady is somewhere in the West, but at present writing we cannot locate her.

C. R. LENEOLEN, Boston.—The season closes on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 29th.

J. H. F., Boston, Mass.—George Wilkes' best time to wagon was 2:25.

PASTIME, Richmond, Va.—1. Any such feint is a baulk. 2. He cannot, according to the rules of the association.

CONSTANT READERS, Brooklyn.—A straight beats two pair and is beaten by three of a kind.

NAT., Cincinnati.—Cannot inform you where the lady is at present.

J. H. W., Philadelphia.—We have not the authority by us at present, but our impression is that a cut must be made.

W. P., Chicago.—Colored men in this State, possessing real estate of the value of $250, are entitled to vote.

W. S., Boston.—We are credibly informed that she is now used as a school yacht at New London.

R. B. C., Dayton, O.—C wins, as low Jack goes out before high game.

G. W. R., St. Louis.—Items would be acceptable.

J. A. C., Wilmington, D. C.—Sixteen did win, and C lost.

BILL CLARKE.—A California letter for you.

SHORT STOP, Bridesburg.—No, the run does not count.

S. P., Boxburg.—He is at present in this city, doing nothing.

YOUNG LORD.—We never heard of an actress by that name.

J. R. B.—The lady was born in this city in 1841.

H. H.—You ask too much.

HANOVER, Cleveland.—He is not a Jew.

H. F., New York.—Flora Temple was never in England.

H. A. PENNY.—Your letter was forwarded to Grenville, Tenn.

C. C.—Apply at the company's office, Bowling Green.

J. C. D., Cleveland.—See answer to "H."

PHILADELPHIA.—The lady never was lessee of a Boston theatre.

JOCK.—Saul and Howlett were executed Jan. 28, 1853.

T. A. S., Boston.—If a man breaks his hold, he loses.

CHAMPIONSNIP BASE BALL MATCHES.

We scarcely know what to make of our championship base ball matches of late, for they resemble very much those hippodrome affairs which our turfmen are in the habit of indulging in for money-making purposes. The Atlantics, of Brooklyn, have been the champions for some time. Well, they go to Newark to play the Eurekas, by whom they are defeated. The Athletics, of Philadelphia, also play a match with the Eurekas, and beat them badly; they also play a match with the Unions, of Morrisania, and beat them, too. They next play the Atlantics, of Bedford, and meet with a reverse. Then the Atlantics go to Philadelphia to play a second game with the Athletics, and this time the Atlantics are beaten almost out of sight. Right on the top of this, the Unions, of Morrisania, play a second match with the Athletics, and the Athletics are vanquished by a score of 42 to 29. We confess that we cannot understand it. Do all these clubs play as good as they can play in each and every match, or do they purposely "throw off" for betting purposes? We are afraid that "money" has much to do with this base ball muddle, and that sundry "little arrangements"—if not made by clubs—are "acquiesced" in by individual members. The Athletics have each scored a game thus far in their series of home and home matches, but hereupon comes a dead lock, as it were, and the third, or deciding game, is not played. Why? Owing to a supposed difficulty in the way of a division of the "spoils" of the late match at Philadelphia. The Athletics, the better to guard against the outside pressure, placed a new fence around their grounds. In dividing the proceeds of the match of Oct. 22d, the expense incurred in putting up this fence was deducted by the Athletics before coming to "sharing terms." To this the Atlantics, very properly, we think, objected, in so far as the fence enclosed the Athletics' ground, in which the Atlantics had no interest. The Atlantics refused to accept any of the money if this extra expense was put on them mutually with the Athletics—hence the dead lock as to the third game. It should be remarked, however, that while the Athletics paid the expenses of the Atlantics to Philadelphia, the Atlantics did *not* pay the Athletics' expenses to New York, as they should have done. Be this as it may, a third match will have to be played before the public will believe that the whole affair is anything else than a "hippodrome arrangement." We may revert to this subject again.

MATCHED.—Articles of agreement have been signed for a match between John Morrissey and another aspirant for Congressional honors, to be decided in a double "ring" in this city on the first Tuesday in November. A large amount of money is pending the issue of this contest, with the odds in favor of the man of muscle. Seriously, John Morrissey has been regularly nominated for Congress to represent the fifth district. There is much dissatisfaction at this nomination, even among some of those whose candidate he is, and a vigorous effort will no doubt be made to bring about Morrissey's defeat; but it will require undivided action on the part of his opponents to ensure that end. While we do not favor the nomination and election of men incompetent for an impartial discharge of such important duties as should be exacted from Congressmen and others to whom the honor and interests of our people are entrusted, we nevertheless see no just reason for the wholesale denunciation which has been heaped upon John Morrissey since his name was first mentioned in connection with the position. There have been many worse men than John Morrissey sent to Congress, men who have done the nation far more injury than ever John Morrissey can do. What he is, we all know; and the worst that can be said of him at present is, that he is a gambler. There are plenty like him in that respect already in Congress, but who do not possess the good traits which Mr. Morrissey possesses. Years ago John Morrissey, by the force of circumstances, was what is termed a "rough." At that time he *had* to rough it through the world, and fight the battle of life as best he could, for there was no kind friend to advise and counsel him in the unequal strife. Alone, he has made rapid progress, and has secured a far better social position than that occupied by him ten years ago; for this he should be applauded rather than condemned. We are prone to remember the bad acts of a man rather than the good. What if he is a gambler? Is not Wall street filled with them? Is there any difference between gambling in stocks and gold and gambling in cards? Mind, we do not advocate gambling in any sense; but we do object to these assaults on John Morrissey when thousands of men, to whom (owing to their high social standing in society) we should look for better things, are applauded for their shrewdness in stock "operations" on "the street." Should John Morrissey succeed in his Congressional aspirations, we have no fear that his record will be stained with treason, or that the interests of New York will be disregarded. Give the man a chance.

"BOOK OF AMERICAN PASTIMES."—Mr. Charles A. Peverelley who has had considerable experience in outdoor games and recreations, is about to publish a volume bearing the above title, and which will contain, we are told, a complete history of the rowing, yachting, base ball and cricket clubs of the United States. If properly prepared, as we presume the work under consideration will be, it will certainly prove a valuable addition to our sporting literature, which, considering the material at hand, is now very meagre both in quality and quantity. Mr. Peverelley proposes to place his "American Pastimes" before the public some time during the month of November.

JOHN SCOTT MUSKETEERS.—This fine body of men go on their ninth annual target excursion on Thursday, Nov. 8, proceeding to East New York (Mr. Bennett's Hotel) for target practice. The company start from "No. 15," over the way from us, at 8 A. M., and if we are up that early, Him or Me may accompany them, having, together with the Skipper, received invitations to that end. That they may have a pleasant time and a fine day is the united wish of both the press and public, including Our Jim. S. V. Priestly is Captain and Jas. Scott Secretary.

MEXICAN MUDDLE.—The reason why Napoleon's Mexican Emperor is so loth to leave that distracted country is, because Maximilian makes a million every year he stays there.

GOT AN APPROPRIATE PLACE.—Owing to the retiring habits of Gen. Benedek, commander of the Austrian army, he has been placed on the retired list.

VERY LIKE A WHALE.—It is said that a mass of the best Cannel coal, of the size of a whale, contains more oil than there is in the fish. This is no fish story.

SHORT METRE.—Boston complains of insufficient gas. New York might spare them its overplus, such as it is.

BLACK ROCK DAM SHOOTING CLUB.—The nineteenth annual shoot of this Buffalo, N.Y., organization took place on the 23d ult., and was a very enjoyable affair. According to the rules of the club the shoot occupied one day, from 12 o'clock noon until 12 o'clock at night, the game to be brought to the Niagara House (the headquarters of the club), by 12 M., the succeeding day or no count would be allowed. The sides were chosen as follows:—

SIDE 1.	SIDE 2.
George Duff, Captain,	Peter Nettles, Captain,
John Leonard,	C. L. Dayton,
L. P. Dayton,	Levant Ransom,
John Quackenbush,	Milo Sloat,
N. B. Hoyt,	David G. Bell,
F. P. Hoyer,	Joseph Frew,
Elijah Ambrose,	H. A. Safford,
H. A. Swarth,	C. E. Felton,
Theodore Vosburgh.	J. Delancy.

The result was as follows:—Nettles' side 1,116 points; Duff's side, 642 points; the former winning by 474. The game killed embraced duck, squirrel, woodcock, rabbits, coons, quails, snipe, partridges, mud-hens and rails. The sport was wound up by a grand banquet gotten up by the worthy "Cup Bearer," Joseph Frew, at the Niagara House, on the evening of the 25th ult., which was partaken of by over fifty members of the club and invited guests.

JENNINGS WILL LEAVE HIS $500 FOR THIRTY DAYS.—Not to be put off from his object, Harry Jennings is out with another card, open for the United States, which certainly seems to show that he does want business, even though he neglected posting money until after Jake Roome drew his. Harry says:—"I don't feel justified sending $500 to anybody, and I have three dogs anxious for a fight; and as I want to conclude my dog fighting career not by blowing, but by fighting, I wish you to retain the $500, and leave my challenge open to the United States for thirty days; but I much prefer fighting Jake Roome, and wish him to cover my $500, and forward me on articles, and, if I approve of them, I will sign them; or, I will fight my 19lb dog against his 18lb, 19lb and 20lb dogs, for $500 or $1,000 a battle, if he lets me choose the place of fighting. HARRY JENNINGS."

"SOLOMON'S SONGS."—Biblicals must not think by this side heading that we are going into a *critique* of the Songs of Solomon, the man of many wives and concubines, because we are not. There are more Solomons than the wisest man that ever lived, and the Solomons we refer to is Moses, sometimes called Mose by way of endearment, a vocalist of considerable ability in this city, who has been tendered a complimentary at the House of Commons, 25 West Houston street, on Thursday evening, Nov. 1st, when all the warblers, comic and sentimental singers, in the habit of going to these reunions will be there, with the sylph like Izzy Lazarus (he only weighs 300) in the chair. That's all.

MORRISSEYANA.

A Jerseyman's Opinion of the Ex-Pounder.

"OUR FUTURE CONGRESSMAN."

TWO SPEECHES FROM THE HON. (TO BE) JOHN MORRISSEY.

As many people outside this city can hardly believe that John Morrissey is really a candidate for a seat in the next Congress, as well as many in the city, we will put them in the way of knowing that he is such, and from present indications it would appear that the race between the ex-champion and his military rival will be almost a walk over for the Congressional Spartacus, the district from which he runs being thoroughly democratic in every sense of the word, and able to elect one after their own heart, even though all the factions were represented.

Morrissey, should he become an Honorable M. C., will have the satisfaction of knowing that the "respectable press" have done their utmost to choke him off, squelch and annihilate him. They have, as usual, revamped old stories and manufactured new ones to suit the times, and it would appear by their statements that he is

"A monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated must be seen,"

some diabolical culprit, ticket of leave man, or something of that sort. They forget that they themselves are gentlemen, or else have no pretensions that way, and while actually knowing nothing about the man they abuse, perhaps never having even seen "the dreaded foe," concoct and hatch out such a mess of balderdash, that even the most unsophisticated reader puts it down for nothing but escaped gas or bile. They overdo the thing completely,

Vaulting ambition doth o'erleap itself
And fall t'other side,

and thus destroy what little effect a milder course might have. They certainly don't hurt Morrissey, if that is what they're after, and its all "poppycock" to think that people are led out of their usual path one straw by the personal abuse of this or that paper without showing cause. On the contrary, it works just the other way—persecution has a more salutary effect than their praise would, and the conqueror of Thompson, Sullivan and Heenan would have really felt annoyed if they had not pitched into him with pen and ink only, remember. "Why, bless your soul," as the old women say, its pie for Morrissey, "this slathern av him," to use a Milesian phrase, and he enjoys it amazingly. For you who do not have the same opportunity of seeing all the good things printed about this modern Hotspur as ourselves, we will reproduce a couple of specimens, because every reader of the CLIPPER feels as if he knew the gladiator from "auld lang syne." No matter in what position placed, since he left the green sward of Old Erin, and that's thirty-three years ago, we have nothing to fear of his not being able to take care of himself, or not knowing what he is about. But we promised a couple of classic selections from the pens of college bred gentry aimed at the self-made, rough and ready ex-pugilist, and here's one of them. It is from a Jersey paper, and that alone is enough—we can say no more.

The Newark *Advertiser* says: "John Morrissey, the noted prize-fighter and gambler, has received the indorsement of Tammany Hall as the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Fifth District of New York. In this act, Tammany and the Democracy have touched the lowest depths of degradation. In all the crime and wickedness of New York, in all that is demoralizing and vile, John Morrissey is the acknowledged chief. His history is one of violence and fraud. He began life as a vagrant, graduated as prize-fighter (his nose is flattened in by the blow of a fist) and for years was pre-eminent in the prize ring. He next became skillful in gambling, and grew to be an adept in all the tricks of cards, by which foolish men are robbed and ruined. He now keeps a 'hell' on Twenty-fourth street, just opposite the Fifth avenue Hotel, where fashionable gamblers congregate to be fleeced and cheated."

This is "a New Jersey view of John Morrissey." Affectionate, isn't it? "Where fashionable gamblers congregate to be fleeced and cheated" is good—the Jerseyman has got things down fine, hasn't he? Admitting, for argument's sake, that Morrissey does keep a "club room," the uninitiated should know that in this "hell," as the flowery "young man from New Jarsey" calls it, none of the tricks resorted to at most places of the kind, but on a smaller scale, are practiced—that no disadvantage is taken—no "ropers in," no bait to catch strangers—and furthermore, that it is perfectly voluntary on the part of those who go there; therefore, as long as they have no fault to find, we don't see whose else business it is. They go there expecting to win the banker's money, and if he has not the same sight in return to win theirs, if he can, we should like to know. As the business is conducted at this establishment, it isn't a particle worse than the speculations of our leading merchants in Wall street, if as bad, because all have some kind of show around the "field of green," whereas one or two capitalists among the bulls and bears can make sad havoc occasionally among the newly fledged speculators. We don't uphold this, mind you, and would be glad to hear of Morrissey's giving it up. At the same time, there may be no harm in telling that most of our leading men in Congress, who have an almost saint-like reputation among their party clique, spend a great portion of time in gambling, and we know it! Names are unnecessary, as we are not inclined to abuse any man, or body of men, who, in their public career, commit no overt act or crime, or indulge in any forbidden fruit as public men. The private history of some of the greatest statesmen who ever lived, if written up, would cause many a pang to those left behind—to the friends and relatives of the departed dead. It is even so among many of the living statesmen whose oratory will carry the masses as though it was an inspiration, for the time being, but whose private life were better left untold.

This is the other choice morsel from a local paper, whose proprietor is a self-made man, who rose from a poor boy to own one of the leading papers of the day, but who evidently forgets "a' that and a' that" in joining in the hue and cry against "the man of the hour:"—

"Tammany has 'gone back' on General Nelson Taylor in the Fifth District, whom it elected to Congress two years ago, and has endorsed the Mozart nominee, John Morrissey. In this action, Tammany Hall placed itself upon a lower political level than we ever thought it could reach. We never supposed that the once dignified and honorable body would stoop so low as to nominate a notorious shoulder hitter as their candidate for Congress. Alas, poor Tammany! But the people of the Fifth District must not allow this disgrace to be fastened upon them by electing Morrissey. General Taylor has made them a good representative, and he is again before them for support. We hope that every man in the Fifth District, who has a spark of pride in his composition, will scorn to vote for John Morrissey."

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and this is why the journalist eased his mind of a great burthen. In the midst of the oasis of good things, we shall be excused for one extract, coming from a source well posted as to the man they speak of:—

"Morrissey is a man of clear head, practical sense, and great energy of character. As a friend, no man is more devoted and untiring, and as a benevolent dispenser of his means to the poor, the suffering and the afflicted, none can claim precedence over him. To the laboring men of his district he has been a constant and most valuable friend in the periods when assistance was timely and grateful. No one can deny that he has troops of the most ardent, enthusiastic and devoted friends. It is certain that he will always be found at his post of duty in Congress, that he will vote right upon every question that will be presented, and that no considerations, but those of duty and conviction, will ever sway his action."

Now for something direct from the thunder toned Spartacus, after reading which, those who thought he couldn't make a speech will alter their opinion a little; and if in his maiden attempts he does not spin it out as long as Horace Greeley (also a candidate for Congress), there is a meaning in every word. The first was delivered on Oct. 26, at the Seventh Ward Hotel. He said that

"He was very much gratified to meet so many of his supporters. He supposed that they were aware that it was his first appearance as a candidate for their suffrages. He was fully aware of the responsibilities which the position of representative in Congress would impose on him. It was not for the emolument of office, nor for any selfish desire of place and power, that he was their candidate. He had nothing to gain but honor. If elected he would faithfully labor for the interests of the workingmen. But, whether elected or defeated, he would never be unmindful of his constituents. Those friends who might support him should be the recipients of any favors which he might be able to dispense. He only asked the suffrages of independent voters, and he was confident, from the appearance of the assemblage before him, that he should not ask in vain."

The second, and like unto it, was spoken on the following evening at the Anson House, when he was endorsed by all the various branches of the Democracy in his district. In answer to an address from the President, Morrissey spoke as follows:—

"It is gratifying to me to receive these manifestations of the confidence of the different organizations that are represented here to-night, and although much has been said which ought not to have been said, I stand here, gentlemen, as one of the humble exponents of the principles of the democratic party. That it is necessary for men in high position to fill our offices of honor, I do not believe; other men, who have heart and have the disposition to place themselves before the great tribunal of a public vote, have the right, and I am one of those men. With all due respect for my opponents, I do not think that my democratic friends will regret the action they have taken. They will always find me a trusty friend."

AQUATICS.

THE BOSTON YACHT CLUB.—The subject of forming a yacht club, under the above style and title, is now being agitated by some of the leading sprits in aquatic matters in the modern Athens. The object of the organization, as stated in a circular just issued, is "to bring together all the yachtmen of the New England coast, and to include in its numbers, not merely the owners of our numerous fleet of yachts, but all who are interested in the healthful and invigorating recreation afforded by fishing and sailing along our coast. The more practical objects of the club will be to preserve and perpetuate a record of all yachts owned in New England waters, the names of their builders, their owners, the changes of ownership, their measurement both in hull and area of sails, the particularities of each model and rig, and their special sailing qualities, thus making an invigorating pastime furnish its contribution to nautical science and naval architecture." A meeting will soon be held, and all communications relating thereto must be addressed to Thomas Dean, 22 Tremont Row, Boston.

BIGLIN VS. MCGRADY.—The single shell match between these men, who recently pulled together at the Poughkeepsie Regatta, is fixed for Saturday afternoon, Nov. 3, off the Elysian Fields. The remainder of the money, has to be posted on Thursday, Nov. 1.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES.—The third deposit of £25 a side in this match, between Chambers and Saddler, was duly made good on Monday afternoon, Oct. 15. Another installment of like amount fell

and second, both Gaskill and Wilkins were halted in their career. The score will give further particulars.

Union.	H.	L.	B.	Athletic.	H.	L.	B.
Smith, c f	1		7	Kleinfelder, 1st b	1		5
Hannigan, r f	1		5	McBride, p	1		4
Pabor, p	6		2	Resch, 2d b	3		3
Martin, 2d b	2		5	Wilkins, s s	4		3
Eskin, l f	3		5	Gaskill, c f	4		2
Birdsall, s s	4		4	Dockney, c	3		2
Wright, c	1		4	Sensenderfer, r f	2		3
Ketchum, 3d b	3		5	Fisler, l f	4		3
Goldie, 1st b	3		5	Pike, 3d b	2		4
Total	42			Total			29

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	
Union	4	1	8	5	17	0	2	5	42
Athletic	6	0	0	5	6	4	3	5	29

Umpire—C. Anspach. Scorers—Hannigan and Bell. Time of game—3 hours 35 minutes. Home runs—Smith, Geo. Wright and Pike. Passed balls—Birdsall, 9; Dockney, 6; Pike, 6.

PALISADE vs. AGILE.

The Agile club, of Harlem, paid a visit to Yonkers on the 25th ult, for the purpose of playing the second game in the home and home match with the Palisades of the latter place. Both clubs played well, but the A's were not agile enough to surmount the obstacles presented by the Palisades, and the latter scored a handsome victory by twenty-three runs. We append the score:—

Palisade.	H.	L.	B.	Agile.	B.	L.	B.
Guernsey, 1st b	2		4	Force, c	3		1
Hubbell, 2d b	3		4	DeForrest, 1st b	1		3
Cole, 3d b	4		4	Helms, c f	2		1
Boland, p	3		4	Smith, p	3		1
Myers, c	2		4	Boice, 2d b	3		1
Munn, r f	3		3	Shaw, 3d b	2		2
Wells, c f	1		5	Crooker, s s	0		2
Corsa, l f	2		3	Nafew, r f	4		0
Cornell, s s	1		3	Hyler, l f	3		0
Total	34			Total			11

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	
Palisades	7	3	0	4	0	8	12	34
Agile	2	1	4	1	1	2	0	11

Umpire—Charles Randall, of Greenburgh Club. Scorers—J. G. P. Holden, for Palisade, and L. Walsh for Agile. Fly Balls—Palisade, 6; Agile, 4. Bases made on called balls—Palisades, 2. Time of game—Two hours and five minutes.

BASE BALL IN VIRGINIA.

THE TOUR OF THE NATIONAL CLUB.

A friendly game of base ball took place on the afternoon of Wednesday, Oct. 24th, between the National club, of Washington, and the Monticello, of the University of Va., on the grounds of the latter. The Nationals reached the depot at two o'clock P. M., where they were met by a committee from the Monticello appointed for their reception, were then immediately taken to a dining hall, from whence, after eating a somewhat hasty meal, they were conveyed to the field in omnibuses. The scene was enlivened by the attendance of a large number of spectators, both male and female. The game commenced at ten minutes of three, and for the first four innings was quite exciting, but the Nationals soon showed that practice makes perfect, and far distanced the Monticellos. After the eighth innings the game was closed, at five o'clock and twenty minutes, on account of the darkness. The totals stood 34 to 7. The game was social throughout, the umpire giving entire satisfaction. After finishing the game the Nationals were entertained separately until 8:30 P. M., when all proceeded to a supper room, where a supper, as best the place could afford, was prepared. During the evening several short but appropriate speeches were made, and numerous toasts were drank. "All went as merry as a marriage bell." On the following morning (Thursday) at 10, the Nationals left for Richmond, being waited on to the depot by a committee from the Monticello. Appended is the score of the game:—

National.	H.	L.	B.	Monticello.	H.	L.	B.
Parker, 2d b	2		5	Baird, c	4		0
Fox, 3d b	2		5	Sweeney, 1st b	3		1
McLean, c	5		2	Brown, p	1		2
Berthrong, c f	2		4	Worthington, l f	3		1
Smith, s s	1		5	Armstrong, c f	3		1
Hodges, 1st b	4		3	Maupin, 3d b	1		2
Cronin, r f	3		3	Rogers, 2d b	3		0
Studley, l f	1		4	Paul, r f	4		0
Williams, p	4		3	Johnson, s s	2		0
Total	34			Total			7

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	
National	0	2	2	0	16	8	0	6	34
Monticello	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	4	7

Umpire—Col. Jones, of the National club. Scorers—H. A. Kennon, National; J. Rayner, for Monticello. Time of game 5 hours. Flycatches—Williams, 1; Berthrong, 1; Fox, 1; Smith, 1; Rogers, 1. Baird, 3; Worthington, 1; Paul, 1; National, 4; Monticello, 6. Foul bound catches—Berthrong, 1; Baird, 6; Brown, 1. National, 4; Monticello, 7. Left on bases—Brown, 1; Johnson, 1; Maupin, 1; Rogers, 1; McLean, 1; Berthrong, 1; Studley, 1; Smith, 1. Monticello, 4; National, 4. Outs on bases—National, 12 times; Monticello, 15 times. Outs on foul balls—National, 8 times; Monticello, 5 times. Struck out—Johnson, 2; Williams, 1. Monticello, 2; National, 1. Missed catches—National, 2; Monticello, 6. Passed balls—McLean, 3; Berthrong, 6; Baird, 14. National, 9; Monticello, 14.

On Friday, Oct. 26, the Nationals played the Unions, at Richmond, and won by a score of 143 to 11, Fox making no less than *nine* home runs in the game. On Saturday they polished off the Pastimes to the tune of 78 to 10. The Monticello, having made the best score against the National, is now the champion club of Virginia.

A MATCH AT BURLINGTON, N. J.

A fine match game of base ball was played on Saturday between the Burlington, of Burlington, N. J., and the Holmesburg, of Holmesburg, Pa., on the grounds of the latter. Below we give the score:—

Burlington.	H.	L.	B.	Holmesburg.	H.	L.	B.
Holmes, c	0		2	J. Clift, c f	3		5
Hornblower, s s	4		0	Brown, 2d b	2		5
Lewis, p	3		1	Shalleross, 3d b	3		4
Purdy, l f	4		0	Hogeland, l f	2		5
Torr, 2d b	1		1	Crispin, s s	2		5
Rose, r f	1		1	Cowley, 1st b	1		6
Garwin, 3d b	4		0	Glenn, p	0		5
Barclay, 1st b	1		2	Toy, r f	3		4
Burling, c f	0		2	Conrad, c	2		5
Total	9			Total			44

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	
Holmesburg	5	1	14	7	9	8	44
Burlington	1	3	4	0	1	0	9

Umpire—Mr. Keeler, Alvin B. B. C. Scorers—Burlington, H. Moffitt; Holmesburg, H. J. Glenn. Home runs—Hogeland, 2; Brown, 1.

ORIENTAL vs. M. M. VANDYKE.—A very interesting game between the second nines of the above clubs was played on the Oriental's grounds at Greenpoint, October 18th, 1866. The Van Dykes played the game with eight men to the Oriental's nine, yet with one man short they succeeded, in a game of eight innings, in giving the Orientals a pretty fair rub. The score on the eighth innings stood, M. M. VanDyke, 35; Orientals, 26. Mr. Mara Jefferson, Umpire.

A "GENTLEMANLY" BEAT.—The National Club, of Washington, played a game of base ball with the Pastimes, of Richmond, Va., on the 27th October, when the Nationals made fearful havoc among the Pastimes, scoring *seventy-eight* to the latter's *ten*. The "Southern gentlemen" will have to practice a little more.

ATHLETIC vs. KEYSTONE.—These two Philadelphia clubs play a match on the grounds of the latter on Friday, Oct. 30. The Keystones are pretty strong players.

ELECTION.—At the annual meeting of the Oceanic B. B. Club, of Mystic Bridge, Conn., held Oct. 18th, the following officers were chosen to serve the ensuing year:—James Campbell, President; S. A. Groves, Vice President; John T. Batty, Secretary; Eben. A. Williams, Treasurer; Thos. W. Noyes, Chauncey Gleason, Chas. H. Cottrell, Directors.

MICHIGANDERS DEFEAT THE BUCKEYES.—The Detroit and Forest City clubs played a game at Cleveland, O., on the 16th ult., when the Michigan boys came off victors by scoring 36 to their opponents' 18.

A JUNIOR GAME.—The Live Oak club, of Albany, after having doffed their batting gear for the required period of thirty days, out of respect to the memory of their late President, made their appearance on the field again on the 18th inst., their opponents being the Champions, of West Troy, whom they defeated by a score of 20 to 10.

NEW CLUB.—On the 10th inst. a new club, styled the Albion, was organized in Gotham by the election of the following officers:—President, Jas. McNulty; V. Prest., David Scott; Treas., R. M. Bill; Sec., W. J. Heron; Captain, J. D. Robertson.

EXCELSIOR vs. RESOLUTE.—These Monumental City clubs had a scrimmage on the 20th inst., which the former won by a score of 49 to 17.

BALL TOSSERS FINED.—Dickey and J. Pearse, together with several other members of the Atlantic Club, were recently fined $20 for "breaking things" on their return from Philadelphia in the cars on Oct. 22d.

CALIFORNIA CARICATURED.—Mr. E. Jump, the celebrated California caricaturist and lithographer, has forwarded us a copy of a fine piece of work, entitled "San Francisco at the Fair," a large sized lithograph containing over 200 portraits of prominent characters in Frisco at the time of the State Fair held there in '64. In the group we recognize a number of faces familiar to New Yorkers, and from this have a right to pronounce the picture a correct one in all particulars, not having yet "took in" California in our travels. Billy Birch, Charley Backus, Bernard, Dave Scannell, Wm. Clark, Frank Mayo, Tom Maguire, and other old faces stand out speaking likenesses. The whole thing is a good one, and Mr. Jump, the artist, who has been in the habit of getting up caricatures on almost everything and occasion, has serious intentions of visiting New York, where a field is open for just such as he to do well, from the never-ending lack of sensations and events happening in this city, and lack of enterprise in the very department in which the Californian shines. There are sporting events continually occurring, which, if attended to on the jump and by the jump, would sell right lively, and his presence here will probably inaugurate a new era in pictorial caricaturing.

THE MARSHALL AND MCLAREN CONTROVERSY.—In reply to the challenge of John Marshall, of Nashville, to find a man to pitch McLaren, I would state that McLaren never proposed to pitch with three pound quoits, neither has he confined his opponents to any weight of quoit, but will pitch Mr. John Marshall, or any other man he can produce, two games, and allow him one hundred dollars for expenses, to pitch in Newark or New York, within thirty days from date, each man finding his own quoits. Stiff clay ends, hobs not more than 1½ or 2 inches above the clay, and made immoveable. Nearest the top of the pin to take the shot. Stakes $300 a side each game. Money to be staked for both matches at least three days before the final match comes off. Address me at Paterson for particulars.
Paterson, N. J., Oct. 25. J. R. SMITH.

DENNY HORRIGAN IN ALBANY.—This comical looking, but well tried boxer, the favorite second of Sam Collyer when he defeated Young Barney Aaron, is up for a benefit at Veteran's Hall, 76 Herkimer street, Albany, on the 3d, and as it is the day before election he will no doubt have a rouser.

GIL WARD AND BILL STEVENS MATCHED.—These distinguished oarsmen, who pulled together at Poughkeepsie last Tuesday, when Stevens beat Ward in the regatta, have been matched to row five miles, for $800 a side, to take place at Poughkeepsie on Tuesday, Nov. 13th.

THE TURF.

THE CINCINNATI FALL RACES.

The annual fall meeting of the Buckeye club commenced at the Buckeye Course, on the 22d inst., and continued until the 27th inclusive. The attendance, owing to the chilly, disagreeable weather, was not as extensive as during former years. We herewith summarise the proceedings:—

FIRST DAY.

BUCKEYE COURSE, CINCINNATI, O., OCT. 22, 1866.—Premium of $500, mile heats, three in five, for all ages.

James Ford entered b h Grant, 5 years old, by Lexington dam Amanda Moorehead	1	1	1
E. A. Smith entered s h Ringmaster, 5 years old, dam Minnie Mansfield	3	2	2
T. W. Waters entered ch h Lexicon, 5 years old, by Lexington, dam by Glencoe	2	dis.	

Time, 1:58¼; 1:58; 1:59½.

SAME DAY.—The Buckeye Stake, $50 entrance, p p, the club to add $500, mile heats, three in five, for three year olds.

R. A. Alexander's b c Lancaster by Lexington, dam Blue Bonnet by Hedgeford	1	1	
Jas. Shy's ch f Fannie Brown by Lightning, dam Laura Bruce by Star Davis	2	2	
A. Keene Richards' b c Gen. McMahone by Lexington, dam Magenta by imp. Yorkshire	3	3	
H. Van Liew's s c Caledonia by Bonnie Scotland, dam Lady Lancaster by imp. Monarch	4	4	

Time, 1:53½; 1:53¼.

SECOND DAY, OCT. 23, 1866.

Purse of $300, dash of one mile, for all ages.

R. Underwood entered br c Luxemburg, 4 yrs old, by imp. Sovereign, dam by Lexington			1
E. A. Smith entered b g Jack Armstrong, 5 yrs old, by Bob Johnson, dam by Brawner's Eclipse			2
R. K. Cox, Jr., entered b c General Sheridan, 4 yrs old, by Revenue, dam by Boston			3
J. H. Smith entered Count Bismark, 4 yrs old, by Lexington, dam by Glencoe			4

Time, 1:50¼.

SAME DAY.—Premium of $1000, three mile heats, for all ages

C. H. Wallace entered b c Harry of the West by Lexington, dam Laura by Leviathan	2	1	1
R. A. Alexander entered b c Asterick by Ringgold, dam Nebula by Glencoe	1	2	2
E. A. Smith entered ch c by Endorser, dam by Glencoe	3	d.s.	

Time, 5:33; 5:45½; 5:51.

THIRD DAY, OCTOBER 24, 1866.

Cincinnati Stake, $50 entrance, p p, club to add $300, one mile dash, for two year olds. Closed with twelve entries, only two of which came to the post.

J. A. Grinsted entered blk c Head Centre by imp. Mickey Free, dam Rosette by Yorkshire			1
A. Keene Richards entered b c by Lexington, dam the dam of Bettie Ward by Whalebone g d by Hedgetord			2

Time, 1:50¾.

SAME DAY.—Premium of $700, two mile heats, for all ages.

Mr. —— entered b c Lee Paul by Lexington, dam Nannie C, by Glencoe, 3 yrs old			1
Mr. Alexander entered ch c Merrill by Lexington, dam Miriam by Glencoe, 3 yrs old	2		2
Mr. —— entered b c by Lexington, dam Maid of Edgecomb	3		3
E. A. Smith entered ch f Lady Fashion by Bonnie Scotland, dam Young Fashion by Monarch, 4 yrs old	4		4

Time, 3:44; 3:43.

SAME DAY.—Dash of a mile and a half, for a purse, for three year olds.

Mr. —— entered b c Mack by imp. Eclipse, dam by Weatherbit	1		
E. A. Smith entered b f Mollie Austin by Scythian, dam Ann Adams by Glencoe	2		
R. A. Alexander entered ch c Watson by Lexington, dam Ann Watson by Glencoe	3		
Mr. —— entered Tom Porter	4		

Time, 2:44¼.

FOURTH DAY—OCTOBER 25.

Two mile dash, for all ages, purse $400.

R. A. Alexander entered b c Bayswater, 3 years old, by Lexington, dam Bay Leaf, by Yorkshire			1
D. J. Crouse entered b c Mack, 3 years old, by imp. Eclipse, dam by imp. Weatherbit			2
E. A. Smith entered b f Mollie Austin, 3 years old, by imp. Scythian, dam by Glencoe			3
J. R. Whaley entered g c Tom Porter, 3 years old, by Lightning, dam by Glencoe			4

Time, 3:33¾.

SAME DAY.—Mile heats, best three in five, for all ages, purse $700, the winner of the first race on the first day to carry five pounds extra.

Messrs. McConnell & Harness entered br c Luxemburg, 4 years old, by Sovereign, dam by Lexington	1	1	1
E. A. Smith entered b g Jack Armstrong, by Bob Johnson, dam by imp. Eclipse	2	2	2
R. K. Cox, jr., entered b c General Sheridan, 4 years old, by Revenue, dam by Boston	dis.		

Time, 1:48¾; 1:47½; 1:50¼.

FIFTH DAY—OCTOBER 26.

Selling race for all ages, dash of a mile and a quarter, for a purse of $300.

R. K. Cox, jr., entered b c by Knight of St. George, 4 yrs old	1		
R. Underwood entered Ivanhoe	2		
E. A. Smith entered b g Jack Armstrong, by Bob Johnson, 4 yrs old, dam by Brawner's Eclipse	3		
T. J. Smith entered Margaret	4		
John Bugher entered ch c Lexicon, by Lexington	5		
E. A. Smith entered ch h Ringmaster, by Ringgold	6		
J. H. Smith entered b c Jockrisse, by Vandal	7		

Time, 2:22 1-5.

SAME DAY—Ohio stakes, two mile heats, for three year olds, $50 entrance, play or pay, the club to add $500; closed with twelve entries, four of which came to the post.

R. A. Alexander entered b c Lancaster, by Lexington, dam Blue Bonnet, by Hedgeford	1	1	
James Shy entered ch f Fannie Brown, by Lightning, dam Laura Bruce by Star Davis	2	2	
A. Keene Richards entered b c Larkin, by Lexington, dam Magenta, by imp. Yorkshire			dis
H. Van Liew entered ch c Liverpool, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Young Fashion, by imp. Monarch			dis

Time, 3:45 3-5; 3:47.

SIXTH DAY, OCTOBER 27.

Purse $400, mile heats, for all ages.

Mr. —— entered b c Malcolm, 4 yrs old, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Lady Lancaster	1	4	1
D. J. Crouse entered b c Mack, 4 yrs old, by imp. Eclipse dam by imp. Weatherbit	2	1	2
James Shy entered General Sheridan, 4 yrs old, by Revenue, dam by Boston	4	3	3
E. A. Smith entered ch f Lady Fashion by Bonnie Scotland, dam Young Fashion by imp. Monarch	5	5	4
R. A. Alexander entered b c by Lexington, dam Alice Jones by Glencoe	3	2	5
C. H. Wallace entered b c Count Bismarck, 4 yrs old, by Lexington, dam by Glencoe		dis.	

Time, 1:47½; 1:47; 1:49½.

SAME DAY.—Purse $1000, four mile dash, for all ages.

C. H. Wallace entered b c Harry of the West by Lexington, dam Laura by Leviathan			1
R. Underwood entered b c Ivanhoe, 3 yrs old, by Lexington, dam by Wagner			2
R. A. Alexander entered b c Asterisk, 4 yrs old, by Ringgold, dam Nebula by Glencoe			3
J. H. Smith entered b c Jockrisse, 4 yrs old, by Vandal, dam by Traveler			4

Time, 7:47½.

TROTTING ON FASHION COURSE, L. I.

THURSDAY, October 25.—Match $2000, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagons.

D. Pfifer named b m Lady Thorn, by Mambrino Chief, dam by Gano	1	2	2 1
H. Woodruff named ch m Lady Emma, by Dr. Rich's Jupiter, by dam Abdallah	2	1	1 2

Time.	*Qr.*	*Half.*	*Mile.*	*Time.*	*Qr.*	*Half.*	*Mile.*
1st heat	0:36½	1:13½	2:27¼	4th heat	0:37½	1:16	2:27¼
2d heat	0:36¾	1:14	2:28¼	5th heat	0:37	1:15	2:28¼
3d heat	0:37½	1:16	2:30¼				

Between the heats of the above trot, George Wilkes attempted to beat 2:25 to wagon in three trials, his owner staking $500 to $1000. He made the first quarter in 0:34; the half in 1:10; but was 2:26 in completing the first mile, John Crooks holding the ribbons. He was accompanied by a running horse, ridden by John Murphy. Dan Mace was placed behind him in the second trial, but it was not a good change, as he made the first half in 1:16, the last in 1:12½, and the mile in 2:28½. His owner then gave up the stakes, as it was evident the stallion could not win.

FASHION COURSE, L. I., Saturday, Oct. 27—Sweepstakes $300, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

Asa Whitson entered ch g Saco	1	1	1
J. H. Whitson entered r m Mary Louise	2	3	2
Mr. Roback entered b m Lady Culbert	3	2	3

Time, 2:35; 2:53; 2:54.

TROTTING ON THE UNION COURSE, L. I.

MONDAY, Oct. 22.—Match $2,000, mile heats, best three in five.

A. Patterson named blk g John T. Hoffman, to wagon	1	1	1
Wm. McMann named b m Kate O'Brien, in harness	2	2	2

Time.	*Quarter.*	*Half.*	*Mile.*	*Time.*	*Quarter.*	*Half.*	*Mile.*
1st heat	0:40	1:20	2:44½	3d heat	0:39	1:16½	2:36¾
2d heat	0:40	1:19	2:39				

SAME DAY.—Match $500, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons.

Hiram Howe named b g Ginger	Received forfeit.		
Owner named Brooklyn Maid	Paid forfeit.		

TROTTING NEAR BOSTON, MASS.

MYSTIC PARK, Oct. 22.—Match for $1,000, mile heats, best three in five.

Wm. Woodruff named b g Colonel, to saddle	1	1	1
H. H. Smith named ch g John Morgan, to saddle	2	2	2

Time, 2:36; 2:29½; 2:35.

MYSTIC PARK, Oct, 23.—Match $500, mile heats, best two in three, p p.

S. E. Stowell named blk g Kangaroo	1	1	1
I. Copp named s g John Bartlett	2	2	2

Time, 2:49; 2:46½; 2:45½.

MYSTIC PARK, BOSTON, Oct. 26.—Sweepstakes $600, mile heats, best three in five.

H. Brock entered s g Sweat Briar, to harness	1	1	2	0
J. J. Brown entered b g Captain, to wagon	3	2	1	0
A. Walton entered br m Fanchon, to harness	2	3	dis.	

Time, 2:41; 2:39; 2:37½; 2:41.

The race was not concluded on account of darkness coming on, the last being decided a dead heat.

HORSE FAIR NEAR PITTSBURGH, PA.

A national horse fair was inaugurated at Oakland Park, a few miles distant from the Iron City, on the 15th ult., and continued daily throughout the week. Prizes amounting in all to $10,500 were offered, and the sport was witnessed by an attendance quite as large as anticipated. We give a summary of the two principal events:—

Oakland Park, Oct. 16, 1866.—Premium of $3000, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

T. Fawcett entered b g Dexter	1	1	1
J. Hendrickson entered br s Geo. M. Patchen, Jr	2	2	2

Time, 2:31¼; 2:28; 2:30¾.

Oakland Park, Friday, Oct. 19, 1866.—Premiums for trotting horses, $1,500 to the best, $700 to the second best, $300 to the third best. To go in harness, mile heats, best three in five, to rule. Magoozler to pace, in harness.

T. Fawcett entered b g Dexter	2	1	1
J. Watson entered g g Magoozler	1	2	3
J. Hendrickson entered b g Patchen, Jr	3	3	2

Time, 2:24¾; 2:21¾; 2:23¾; 2:32.

Magoozler, who won the first heat and took the second prize, is a pacer of great repute in that locality, and his chances against Dexter were looked upon with great favor by his admirers. He was raised in Kentucky, is eight years old, weighs eleven hundred and fifty pounds, and stands sixteen hands and one inch high. He is owned by Messrs. John Watson and Samuel Keys, of Pittsburgh.

TROTTING IN MASSACHUSETTS.—An exciting trot for a sweepstakes premium of $200, mile heats, best three in five, took place at Worcester, Mass., last week, the competitors being J. S. Hill's Tobey, to a 200lb wagon; J. Blankenhorn's Lady Blanche, to a 100lb wagon, and Moses Dollen's Madame Justice, to harness. Five heats were trotted, Lady Blanche taking the first and fourth and the Madame the other three and race. Time, 2:48; 2:44; 2:46; 2:45½; 2:47.

RACING FOR CHARITY'S SAKE.—A day's racing is to take place at Jerome Park on the 8th inst., under the auspices of the American Jockey Club. "Charity covers a multitude of sins" says the good book, and we are glad to see such a spirit manifested by the Jerome Parkites.

BILLIARDS.

THE AMERICAN BILLIARD PLAYERS' ASSOCIATION.

ITS FIRST ANNUAL TOURNAMENT.

As now, for the first time announced, the programme for the first annual tournament of the American Billiard Players' Association is embodied in the subjoined prospectus, that likewise gives the objects and composition of the organization. The only persons eligible to active membership in this association are professional billiard players, billiard room keepers and employees, and such amateurs as are or have been the representative players of States or Counties; in other words, none but billiard players shall control the affairs of billiard players. The initiation fee is $5, and the annual dues the same. The object and plan of the association, as herein set forth, is calculated to elicit the approval of all professional billiard players.

"It is hereby announced, in behalf of the American Billiard Players' Association, organized at Rochester, N. Y., on the 7th of September, 1865, and which, besides proposing to be benevolent in its action, has for its objects the supervision of the interests of billiards, the encouragement and advancement of players, and the general welfare of the billiard profession at large, that the first annual tournament of the experts thus associated is proposed to be held during the ensuing year, at such dates and in such leading city as, in the opinion of a majority of members, shall seem advantageous to the best interests of the billiard fraternity and the success of the meeting.

"While thus announcing its purposes, the Association, the active members of which are either professional billiard men or such amateurs as by their skill have attained to a leading position in their several localities, desires it to be placed on record that it does not propose to control the actions of, or interfere in any way with, the numerous State Billiard Associations, or any Billiard Association, present or prospective, whose existence is declared or presumed to be for the advancement of a game which offers at present a livelihood to 12,000 persons, and which has been adopted by two millions of the American people, male and female, as their favorite or occasional amusement.

"With the view of further developing the ability of our recognized first-class billiard players, and also of inciting younger and less skillful players to aim at greater proficiency in their art, and with the additional view, as manifested in class No. 2, below, of encouraging the practice of a style of game which calls for more brilliant, though perhaps not more difficult play, the American Billiard Players' Association, by and through the concurrence and co-operation of its members and the great mass of billiard patrons, proposes to offer at its forthcoming first annual meeting the following named prizes, in award of successful competition:

FIRST CLASS.

No. 1.—ROOMKEEPERS' PREMIUM. The gift of proprietors of billiard rooms throughout the country. Should the gift amount to $500, the Association will add 30 per cent.; to $750, 25 per cent. will be added; to $1000, 20 per cent. To go to winner of greatest number of games.

No. 2.—ASSOCIATION PREMIUM. Six hundred dollars. To go to winner of second greatest number of games.

No. 3.—ASSOCIATION COMPENSATION PURSE. One hundred dollars. To go to winner of third greatest number of games.

First class players only eligible. Five to constitute a field. Entrance fee, five per cent. of Premium No. 1.

SECOND CLASS.

No. 1.—AMATEURS' PREMIUM. The gift of gentlemen amateurs and patrons of billiards throughout the United States and Canadas. The Association to add 30 per cent. conditional that amount of gift is $400; if $650, 25 per cent.; if $900, 20 per cent.

No. 2.—ASSOCIATION PREMIUM. Two hundred and fifty dollars. To go to winner of second greatest number of games.

Game, four-ball carom, pushing shots barred. Open to players of any class except third. Three to constitute a field. Entrance fee, five per cent. of Purse No. 1.

THIRD CLASS.

No. 1.—ASSOCIATION PREMIUM FOR SECOND CLASS PLAYERS. Five hundred dollars. To go to winner of greatest number of games.

No. 2.—SUPPLEMENTARY ASSOCIATION PREMIUM FOR SECOND CLASS PLAYERS. Two hundred and twenty-five dollars. To go to winner of second greatest number of games.

Open to players who do not enter in the first or second class. Six to fill. Entrance, five per cent. of Purse No. 1.

In addition there will be two purses, as follows:

No. 1.—ASSOCIATION CONSOLATION PURSE. Two Hundred dollars. Open to all players who did not win a prize in either class. The competitors to play a specified and equal number of innings, the player making the greatest number of points to receive the purse. In order to preclude favoritism, the order of playing to be determined by chance at every innings. Four to fill. To name immediately after the closing of the tournament in which the entries may have been engaged. Entrance, five per cent.

No. 2.—ASSOCIATION CONSOLATION PRIZE FOR SECOND-CLASS PLAYERS ONLY. One hundred and twenty-five dollars. Open to all players in the third class who did not win a prize. Same conditions as in No. 1.

It is desirable that none but members of the Association shall compete. Players who enter in first or second class not eligible for third. In the selection of the size, style, and make of tables, the members of the Association shall be guided wholly by their individual preferences, the majority to govern. The undersigned are the more prominent active members of the Association as at present constituted: Joseph Dion and Cyrille Dion, of Montreal; Philip Tieman and John Deery, of Cincinnati; Gershom B. Hubbell, ex-champion of Connecticut; Louis Fox, of Rochester; Michael Phelan, Pierre Carme, John McDevitt, C. O'Connor and Edward Cahill of New York; Henry Griffin, of Utica; William Jakes, ex-champion of Canada West; John Secreiter, of Detroit; Robert T. Ryall, ex-champion of Pennsylvania; Isidore Gayraud, Washington; Edward Daniels, ex-champion of Massachusetts, and Thomas Foley, of Chicago.

BILLIARDS IN BOSTON.

GOLDTHWAITE vs. DANIELS.

A match game of billiards for a purse of $500, caroms, came off at Bumstead Hall, Boston, Mass., on the evening of the 26th ult., between E. Daniels, ex-champion of the Old Bay State, and William Goldthwaite, Daniels receiving 500 points in a game of 1500. Albert S. Hall, of New York, acted as umpire for Goldthwaite, Benjamin Mason, of Providence, R. I., for Daniels, while K. P. Gleason officiated as referee. The game was extraordinary, both in the closeness of the play and the skill displayed by the players. On the 73 innings Daniels ran 24, which gave him a total of 974, leaving him but 26 to make game. By careful playing he made 25, and then, alas for his hopes! he missed on the veriest verge of victory. Goldthwaite now indeed had a very uncertain task before him to score 133 points and secure the prize. But by very easy though cautious "nursing" he did it, running the game out on the next and 75th innings. We give the score.

GOLDTHWAITE'S—0, 11, 2, 45, 4, 35, 42, 42, 0, 12, 32, 32, 0, 0, 0, 3, 2, 7, 3, 2, 3, 30, 5, 16, 0, 3, 0, 9, 218, 0, 17, 38, 6, 6, 6, 1, 2, 0, 0, 131, 19, 39, 3, 13, 61, 0, 24, 0, 44, 52, 5, 8, 29, 90, 3, 7, 2, 38, 0, 0, 3, 10, 12, 57, 19, 2, 25, 5, 12, 4, 0, 0, 4, 12, 133. Total, 1500.

DANIELS'—6, 32, 0, 0, 3, 8, 0, 115, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 6, 19, 4, 0, 3, 46, 13, 0, 8, 1, 2, 0, 3, 5, 8, 34, 3, 195, 2, 0, 2, 1, 14, 2, 3, 2, 33, 34, 19, 3, 1, 0, 2, 6, 41, 8, 29, 3, 2, 37, 27, 41, 8, 18, 3, 12, 3, 0, 38, 6, 3, 0, 8, 2, 2, 0, 23, 2, 2, 24, 20. Total, 990.

SUMMARY.

BUMSTEAD HALL, Oct. 26th.—Match for a purse of $500, between Wm. Goldthwaite and E. Daniels, American four ball carom game. Phelan & Collender four pocket table, 1500 points, caroms, Daniels receiving 500 odds.

Total points scored—Daniels, 999; Goldthwaite, 1500.
Innings—Daniels, 74; Goldthwaite, 75.
Average—Daniels, 13-5; Goldthwaite, 20.
Highest runs—Daniels, 32, 115, 46, 34, 195, 33, 34, 41, 38, 29, 24, 25.
Goldthwaite, 45, 25, 42, 42, 32, 32, 218, 38, 131, 39, 61, 44, 52, 90, 38, 57, 133.
Playing time, 3 hours and 57 minutes.

MATCH AT MCDEVITT'S BETWEEN THE PROPRIETOR AND WILLIAM WICKS.—Several of our first class professional billiard players have tried to discount that first class amateur, William Wicks. During the past eighteen months, William Goldthwait, Melvin Foster and John McDevitt have severally undertaken the big job, Goldthwait giving Wicks the odds, in single games, of 100 points, best eight in fifteen, won quite easily, his opponent being in no condition for play. Foster, on the same terms, was badly beaten, winning two games only, and last week, McDevitt, attempting to capture him at the much greater odds of discount in a game of 500 points, also came to grief. The match was for $50, and was played in the large hall attached to McDevitt's establishment in Sixth avenue. There were about one hundred spectators, admission being free. Wicks took the lead and was never headed, winning by 159 points, and also making the best run—105. McDevitt played so poorly that before the game was three-fourths over he had become fairly disgusted with himself. He was unable, although having the balls well together three or four times, to get in any of his stunning "licks," and his best runs over 50, were 102, 100, 97 and 60. His total number of points was 781, and his average 26-13. Wick's average was 10-10. Among the prominent billiardists present, were Messrs. M. Phelan, G. E. Phelan, O'Connor, Nolan, Bryant, Colender, Boyle and Cahill.

BILLIARDS IN BROOKLYN.—On Tuesday evening last, at the invitation of Mr. William Wainwright, proprietor of the Opera Billiard Saloon, Messrs. Phelan and McDevitt, accompanied by C. O'Connor, H. W. Collender, G. E. Phelan, and other prominent metropolitan billiardists, visited Williamsburgh, and gave an exhibition of their skill with the cue. The attendance was extremely large and the playing unusually fine. Mr. Wainwright has recently added three tables,

AQUATICS.

James McKay,
BOAT BUILDER AND SPOON OAR MAKER.
Builder of all Hamill's boats, also Ward's celebrated four-oared boats, also Harvard and Yale University boats. Sail, Fishing and Pleasure boats built to order. Red House, 106th st., East River, N. Y.
20-3m*

Race Boats and Spoon Oars, Shells, Sailing, Club and Fishing Boats of all descriptions, made to order and on hand. Also, Metallic Life Boats on hand and made to order, at the old Boat Shop foot of One Hundred and Fourteenth street and Harlem River, and No. 368 South street. 50 Boats on hand. STEPHEN ROBERTS.
30-8t

SINGLE SHE..L REGATTA AT PO'KEEPSIE.

JOHN MCKIEL, GIL WARD, BILL STEVENS, JOHN BIGLIN AND JOHN MCGRADY, THE CONTESTANTS.

MEKIEL, WINKER OF THE 1st PRIZE.

STEVENS, THE 2ND.

THE FIVE MILES MADE IN 37:35.

While almost everybody had given up all idea of any more regattas coming off in this section of country, it was left for a few old residents of an up-river town to quietly go to work and improvise just one more carnival before the ides of November set in, and the wintry blasts whistle among the trees, rendering out door sports not exactly the thing for those who have merely to look on, to do which they must needs stand shivering and shaking in the cold hour upon hour, waiting to be in at the death, or by staying in doors or around hotels and saloons stand a very good chance of missing the fun. After the Springfield regatta, the admirers of rowing in the Empire State were extremely anxious to see a match made, either between Brown and McKiel, or Brown and Hamill, or to find some body of men with soul and money enough to hold out sufficient pecuniary inducement to draw together the crack rowers from the different States, for it can hardly be expected for men to travel four or five hundred miles, leave their business and such like, to enter for a prize less than $500, and it is this which prevents, and probably will always prevent, such experts as Jimmy Hamill or Walter Brown from taking part in regattas. Had these two been entered for the Poughkeepsie regatta, with the others, and pulled, then we should have witnessed an excitement such as has never yet been seen either here or elsewhere. The wonderful propelling powers of John McKiel have got to be looked upon by his partizans with such vim, that, we have no doubt, had Walter and Jimmy been in the race, the Cold Spring division would have backed him at evens to come first or second, and, with all three in condition, either one's chances were good for a prize. As this was not brought about, the more's the pity, we must confine ourselves to what did occur.

As previously noticed in these columns, the regatta of Oct. 23 was for single shells only, and the prizes were three in number, to wit: $125, $75, and $50, in all $250 given away for competition, said to be the largest amount ever given on the Hudson for similar purposes. The conditions of the regatta were that four must enter and pull to win anything, the entrance being free—the distance two and a half miles up the river to a stake boat, then returning to the place of starting, in all said to be five miles. The getting up of the regatta originated in the fertile brain of Herr Rodman Dobbs, an old Knickerbocker, and Herr Amaar, of the Exchange Hotel, near the river, at whose house (the latter's), all entries were to be made by the 22d ultimo. Here are the entries and the names of boats:—

The Ella, rowed by John McKiel, of Cold Spring, N. Y.
Radical, by Wm. Stevens, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Josie, by Gilbert Ward, of Cornwall, N. Y.
John T. Hoffman, by John McGrady, of New York city.
Reuben E. Fenton, by John A. Biglin, of New York city.
What Is It, by Homer Wooden, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Know Nothing, by Charles McKiel, of Cold Spring, N. Y.
Clipper, by James Rensley, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Stave, by Charles Inklehart, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Of these but six backed up to the line, viz., the Josie, built by Tim Donoghue; thirty feet long; dress, red shirt, white handkerchief; Ella, built by George W. Shaw; thirty-one feet two inches long; dress, white shirt and white handkerchief; Radical, built by McKay; thirty-two feet long; dress, pink; Reuben E. Fenton, built by Stephen Roberts; thirty feet long; colors, blue and white; John T. Hoffman, built by Shaw; thirty-one feet four inches long; colors, white shirt and pink handkerchief; Know Nothing, twenty-nine feet six inches long; colors, white and red.

The weather, thanks to the rain the night before, was magnificent, and as a natural consequence the shores of the Hudson, opposite Poughkeepsie, for a long distance, were lined with spectators. Kaal Rock, so admirably adapted from its commanding situation, as usual on all such occasions, was swarmed, and from there previous to the race the scene on the river, dotted, as it was, by all the variety of craft to be found for miles around, from the fragile single shell to the Mammoth steamboat, together with sailing boats innumerable, was a very pretty and picturesque one. On the piers and elsewhere the attendance was large, and conspicuously noticeable for the absence of the rough element, not a single case of rowdyism being reported through the day.

Towards 3 o'clock P. M. preparations were made on the judges' boat for commencing the sport, the following gentlemen officiating:—D. J. Marshall and W. Filkins, in the upper stake boat; J. H. Wood and W. Jackson on the lower one, together with the referee, A. J. Valentine. There was the usual amount of manœuvering to get the best of the send off, but finally the line of battle was formed, the signal given, and away they started, Gil Ward getting off with the lead, McGrady close up to him, McKiel third, and the others a short distance to the rear; but this temporary advantage availed the leader "not much," as the Cold Spring representative, settling down to his work, rowed Ward and McGrady down before they'd gone fifty yards, passed them, and before they had gone half a mile he had a decided lead of them all, with Stevens, who was not long in passing the Cornwallian and Gothamite after McKiel, second in the race, pulling like a drum major, and the longshoremen (and women, too) cheering wildly at the prospect of one of their own townsmen, of the once noted Stranger crew, getting either first or second prize. This encouraged William, and the way the long fellow pulled about this time was a caution to others besides Marines, but the wiry McKiel couldn't be caught, it seemed this day, and there's no telling how things would have been had Hamill and Brown been in the race in going for the upper stakeboat. When the front man had gone over two miles of the distance he had gradually widened the gap between himself and Stevens so far that, barring accident, the race was now his own. At this point there was but little difference between Stevens and Ward, but it didn't seem as though they were pulling as hard as at the first mile. About eight lengths behind them, however, a magnificent race was going on between Biglin and McGrady, who for a mile and a half seemed to strain every nerve to test each other's powers and fleetness so as to get an idea of their respective chances for victory in their forthcoming single shell match off the Elysian Fields, on the 3d inst. They kept alongside of each other nearly all this distance, and if they pull anything like this on Saturday, it will be hard indeed to name the winner. McGrady once or twice seemed on the point of passing Biglin, but owing to the latter's crowding him in shore, he couldn't fetch it at first, but finally did succeed, and at the point when he passed Biglin the excitement on shore was intense. At this point Gil. Ward began to think McGrady might hurry him up a little too much for his benefit, and he put on additional steam and found that he could hold his own. We forgot to mention that Charley McKiel withdrew before the first mile, thinking his chances rather forlorn. After rounding the upper stakeboat, McKiel gained so much that he had a comparatively easy thing coming home, with Stevens second, Ward third, McGrady fourth and Biglin last. When about half way to the home stretch, Biglin drew out, and in the positions above named they arrived at the winning post, McKiel in 37:35 (so given out by the timekeeper, but as he hadn't a stopwatch, this will always be disputed, as it is equal to Hamill's best time to a second); Stevens in 38:22; Ward in 38:37. The time to the upper stakeboat was not taken, we regret to say, but it must have been good. Taken altogether, it was one of the finest, if not the finest regatta which ever took place on the Hudson, and has raised McKiel to the top of the ladder.

INTERESTING OCEAN YACHT RACE

BETWEEN THE

VESTA AND HENRIETTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

THE VESTA CARRIES OFF THE PRIZE.

Ocean yacht racing, introduced on American waters little more than a twelvemonth since, has become a very popular species of amusement among those of our citizens who are fortunate enough to have the means and leisure at their command to enable them to gratify their inclinations in the pursuit of happiness in this rather expensive path. Quite a number of such events have transpired during the two past seasons, but none have given rise to as more interest or excitement than that which delighted the hearts of the amateur sailors who displayed their nautical abilities in New York Bay on the 23d ult. We allude to the grand ocean race between the yachts Vesta and the Halcyon, belonging to the New York squadron, which for weeks past has constituted the principal theme of conversation and conjecture in yachting circles, and been looked forward to with more than ordinary interest. The trophy at stake was a piece of plate of $250 value, and the course sailed over was from Sand's Point to the New London light ship and back, a distance of seventy-six and a quarter nautical miles each way, or eighty-eight and a half statute miles. The Vesta, owing to her greater tonnage, allowed the Halcyon forty-seven minutes and fifteen seconds, and it was arranged that the first vessel coming between the Sand's Point and Execution lights, allowing for time, should be declared the winner.

The Vesta is the property of P. Lorrillard, and though launched in June last, has figured frequently in contests during the past season, the last being her trial with the Henrietta round the Cape May Lightship, always exhibiting admirable seagoing qualities, and proving herself one of the most formidable of the New York fleet. She is of 201 tons burden, with a centreboard, and is schooner rigged. The Halcyon is likewise a new boat, having first touched salt water during the spring of the present year, and is owned by J. C. Hubbard. She is schooner rigged, and her modelling reflects great credit on her builder, J. J. Harris, of Port Jefferson. She is eighty-one feet long, twenty-three feet beam and carries 122 tons. The prospect of an exciting contest and the surety of having an enjoyable trip, had the effect of drawing together a large concourse of stylish aquatic sports at Glen Cove, who whiled away the hours of the night preceding the event, in a jovial fashion, at Kinnard's. The dismal rainy eve betokened an unpropitious day, and the yachtsmen retired to rest with gloomy forebodings of the morrow. Luckily, however, the morning broke clear and beautiful, and, at an early hour all were astir, with "hearts light and gay, and sprits eager for the fray."

THE START.

When the contending yachts were nearly abreast Sand's Point, it was agreed that the Jeannette should blow her whistle three times, the start to be made and the time taken at the third sounding. The vessels being abreast in a line just off the Point, the whistle sounded, the steamers cast off the towing ropes, and at four and three-quarter minutes to twelve o'clock the two yachts entered on their interesting contest, with scarcely a breath of wind stirring—what little there was being from about southeast. The Halcyon soon managed to gain a slight lead, with the following canvas set:—Mainsail and maintopsail, staysail, foresail and foretopsail, jib, flying jib and jib topsail.

The following is the log of the Vesta:—"11.55:15 A. M.—Cast off from the steamer Jeannette, which had towed us from City Island to the starting place off Sand's Point. The Halcyon, at the same time, on a given signal, was cast off from the little steamer of Mr. Kennard. The third whistle of the Jeannette now assured us that the contest between the two vessels had fairly begun. There is a light easterly breeze; tide making. Sound ebb. Lighthouse bearing south-sou'east. 3 P. M., set watersail under mainboom. At 5 P. M., the wind is south-southwest, the Halcyon bearing about east. She is yet a long distance ahead; we are certainly gaining on her fast. Eaton's Neck now bears south by west.

11.48.—The lightship, an object of especial interest, is now descried straight over our bows. We gain on the Halcyon rapidly. The stay sail is set. We are passing numerous crafts of different sizes. At this time we were perceptibly closing up the space between the two vessels. The Vesta did her work well. "Shall we beat her to the lightship?" is now the question on every hand.

12.06 A. M., 24th inst.—Turned lightship. The Halcyon was only a few seconds before us. We both rounded the lightship from southward and eastward. The Halcyon fired her gun first, owing to some delay, and did not report herself till about a minute after.

12.11 A. M.—We passed the Halcyon beautifully; each vessel crowding all available sail. On the first tack we greatly distanced her.

12.30 A. M.—A loud thump was heard forward. It was thought for a moment that the centre board had touched bottom; but it was soon discovered that the noise was caused by the breaking of one of the iron bobstays from the stem, and that the wreck was dragging twenty feet under the bow, greatly impeding the progress of the vessel. The ship stood one hour and a half in the same tack in order to assist in the raising of the jib. This mishap, probably, by keeping us in the race tide, took us to leeward between two and three miles.

1.15 A. M.—We are now close-hauled, and going at a spanking rate.

8 A. M.—Halcyon is astern about five miles, following to leeward of our wake. We now make about eleven knots.

10.20.—Coal Spring Harbor is bearing south-southeast. Both vessels tacked at the same time. The Halcyon is now about three and a half miles dead astern.

11.27.—Mallinacock Point bearing south. Halcyon off Oak Neck, about four miles astern.

12.38:30.—Sands' Point Lighthouse bore south, and, so far as our vessel was concerned, the race was at an end. A gun was fired, and as our victory was evident, all hands congratulated each other.

The Vesta gained the lighthouse and fired her gun at twenty-one and a half minutes to one o'clock, which, with the allowance of time to the Halcyon of 40:30, makes the Vesta the winner with fourteen minutes to spare.

YALE COLLEGE REGATTA.

THE annual six-oared contest between the two rival crews of the navy of "Old Yale"—Glyuna and Varuna—came off over the usual course on New Haven Bay on the 20th ult. The charming Indian summer weather combined with the attractions presented by the aquatic jubilee to bring out the fair damsels and manly youths of the City of Elms in strong force, the thousands of spectators lining the shore, the beautiful autumnal scenery, and the innumerable craft of all dimensions and descriptions studding the water, rendering the scene an animated and picturesque one. The course was from the Commodore's boat, moored off the old Pavilion Hotel, one and three-eighth miles down the bay to a buoy and return. The crews of the contesting boats were as follows:—

Glyuna—L. L. Palmer, '67 stroke; W. A. Copp, '69; C. W. Bingham, '68; H. W. Payne, '67; B. A. Fowler, '68; G. A. Adee, '67 (bow.)

Varuna—S. Pany, '68 (stroke); B. Vincent, '67; J. C. Hall, '68; C. T. Collins, '67; W. H. Ferry, '68; J. Coffin, '68 (bow.)

At fifteen minutes past five the Commodore gave the word and away went the rivals, amid the shouts of the assembled multitude, the Glyuna having a little the best of the start. The latter turned the buoy three seconds ahead, both crews pulling splendidly, and the difference being so slight as to be imperceptible to the spectators. The race home was one of the finest ever witnessed, and the enthusiasm intense, the partisans of the respective boats making the air resound with cries of encouragement to their favorite crews. As they neared the stake boat the Glyuna boys bent to their spruces with renewed vigor and shot across the mark just two seconds ahead in 17:33, which is the best time ever made in a similar race between crews of the Yale Navy. Last year the Glyunas accomplished the distance, two and three quarter miles, in 18:04.

A MODEL OF INGENUITY.—In our last issue we called attention to a most wonderful piece of mechanism in the shape of a miniature barge, executed by Mr. George G. Cadmus, of this city, and for the information of the curious we now give some little particulars as to its manufacture, which will interest almost everybody. The dimensions of the model in question are as follows: Length, 26 inches; breadth, 3½ inches; depth, 1½ inches; composed of 195 distinct pieces of wood—reckoning certain parts, such as gratings (which were cut from solid wood), as *one* piece, although occupying infinitely more time and care than though formed of different pieces. There are 244 fastenings *visible*, besides many that are covered and which cannot be enumerated with certainty. The wood used in its composition comprises holly (white and stained), mahogany, rosewood, black walnut and pine, the hull of the barge being made of the latter. Mr. Cadmus did not work steadily at it, and was more than six months in its completion, but from careful estimate he is satisfied that he could not do the work in ten weeks, at ten hours per day. The tools used in its construction consisted of a pocket knife, two awls, file and nippers, with sand paper *ad libitum*.

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ATLANTIC vs. EUREKA.

The third of the series of contests between these clubs for the championship took place on the Union grounds, Brooklyn, E. D., on Oct. 25th, in the presence of about fifteen hundred people, the extra charge for admission, the cold weather, and the counter attraction of a grand military parade, all having the effect to diminish the attendance. The extra charge resulted from the fact that two-thirds of the receipts went to the two clubs, it being the second match this season in which the gate money has been a primary object the contesting nines played for. The match itself proved to be as one sided an affair as the Athletic and Atlantic match, the Atlantics *this time* winning with ease by a score of 38 to 13 in a game of seven innings, being stopped at the close of the 7th innings by mutual consent. We append the score:—

ATLANTIC.	H.L.	R.	EUREKA.	H.L.	R.
Pearce, s s	3	4	Calloway, 1 f	3	1
Smith, 3d b	2	4	Mills, 1st b	2	2
Start, 1st b	2	5	Brientnall, 3d b	0	4
Crane, 2d b	3	4	Thomas, s s	1	1
Chapman, 1 f	2	6	Osborne, c	3	1
Pratt, p	2	4	Lex, p	3	1
Galvin, c f	2	4	Terrell, 2d b	3	1
Mills, c	3	2	Bomeisler, r f	3	1
Ferguson, r f	2	5	Littlewood, c f	2	1
Total	38		Total	13	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	
Atlantic	3	1	4	11	5	7	7	—38
Eureka	3	0	5	1	2	1	1	—13

Umpire—Mr. Shaffen, of the Eagle club. Scorers—Messrs. O'Flynn and Holder. Time of game—Two hours and fifteen minutes. Fly catches—Atlantic, 8: Eureka, 11. Home run—Terrell, 1. Foul bound catches—Mills, 8; Osborne, 2; Outs on bases—Atlantic, six times; Eureka, eight times. Outs on foul balls—Atlantic, four times; Eureka, five times. Struck out—Galvin, 1; Mills, 1; Terrell, 3. Missed catches—Mills, 1; Crane, 1; Smith, 1; Ferguson, 1; Calloway, 2; Mills, 2; Brientnall, 1. Passed balls—Osborne, 10; Brientnall, 2; Mills, 1; Pearce, 1.

ECKFORD vs. ORIENTAL.

These clubs played their return match on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, E. D., on October 20th which resulted in another victory for the Eckfords, who of late, have been running up their average pretty well. We give the score:—

ECKFORD.	H.L.	R.	ORIENTAL.	H.L.	R.
Klein, 1st b	2	4	L. Holmes, 3d b	2	2
Beach, c	1	5	English, 1 f	3	1
Grum, c f	4	2	Russell, 1st b	2	2
Swandel, p	3	3	Butler, 3d b	1	2
Wood, 2d b	2	4	Hatch, c f	3	0
G. Grum, 3d b	3	1	Morrison, p	3	1
Wilson, s s	3	2	Openheimer, r f	4	0
Ryan, 1 f	3	3	Davis, s s	3	1
Southworth, r f	3	3	E. Holmes, c	3	0
Total	27		Total	9	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	
Eckford	4	2	1	5	4	7	1	3	—27
Oriental	1	3	2	0	1	0	2	0	—9

Umpire—Mr. Hagan, of the Van Dyke Scorers, Messrs. Tice and Free. Time of game—2 hours 30 minutes. Fly Catches—Eckford, 4; Oriental, 7. Outs on Fouls—Eckford, 10 times; Oriental, 5 times.

ENTERPRISE vs. PACIFIC.

The return game between these clubs took place on the Capitoline Grounds on Oct. 24th, resulting in the signal defeat of the Pacifics. The weather was cold, and playing ball, still less looking on, was anything but a pleasant occupation. The Enterprise led off with a score of 25 to 2, thus settling the question of a victory at the very start. The very weak play of Berry contributed greatly to the defeat of the Pacifics. The following is the score:—

ENTERPRISE.	H.L.	R.	PACIFIC.	H.L.	R.
Murtha, r f	3	6	Rau, 2d b	2	3
Patterson, 2d b	2	6	Brown, s s	1	3
Edwards, s s	2	6	Moore, 1 f	2	2
Cook, 1 f	2	6	Weir, c f	2	2
Jewell, c f	0	7	Berry, 1st b	1	2
Pinkham, p	1	7	Lake, p	2	2
Moody, c	3	4	Wardell, r f	0	3
Richards, 3d b	2	4	Ryder, c	1	2
Hall, 1st b	1	6	Slater, 3d b	4	0
Total	52		Total	19	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	
Enterprise	25	3	5	4	15	—52
Pacific	2	0	1	7	9	—19

Umpire—H. S. Jewell, Excelsior. Scorers—Messrs. Johnson and Currie.

BRADISH'S MUFFINS vs. HASSETT'S MUFFS.

An interesting, because it was quaint and odd, game of—some called it base ball, but if base playing can be so called, it was so—ball was pulled off (playing is played in this instance), on the afternoon of the 25th ult., on the outside of the grounds of the Mutuals, at Hoboken, N. J., between two nines, selected for their non-acquaintance with the national pastime, men who had never played, not even on the avenues, the choice being to get the most inexperienced it was possible to get from among the acquaintance of Capt. J. A. Bradish, and those of John Hassett, a couple of well known down town merchants, fond of fun and exercise, free thinking, liberal handed, double-jointed citizens of this republic. Messrs. Bradish and Hassett had no easy matter to collect their nines, for who doesn't belong to or play ball nowadays? They eventually succeeded, however, in getting eighteen of the best kind of Muffs, Hassett's third base being particularly dis, or extinguishable by gallantly making four outs and one solitary run, together with his second base, pitcher and left field—all, all were wonderful (?) in their respective positions. Of Bradish's nine, the Captain at first base was an example for the rest, while his second and third base, catcher, and right fielder were all "a sight for a father." Too much praise cannot be awarded to the defeated party, and whether the winners will be contented to remain winners, is yet to be seen. By all means read the score:—

BRADISHITES.	H.L.	R.	HASSETTITES.	H.L.	R.
Bradish, 1st b	3	3	Hassett, c f	0	5
Seaman, 2d b	2	3	Howser, s s	1	4
Gallagher, 3d b	2	4	Reider, c	1	4
G. Whitton, c	3	3	Reilley, 3d b	4	1
J. Whitton, s s	1	3	Kearney, 2d b	2	3
Kelly, c f	0	4	McGonegal, r f	1	3
Young, r f	2	3	Shay, p	2	3
Vail, 1 f	1	4	McGlennon, 1 f	3	1
Purtel, p	1	4	Pitman, 1st b	1	3
Total	31		Total	27	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	
Bradishites	2	10	10	3	6	—31
Hassettites	2	10	3	3	9	—27

Umpire—Mr. J. H. Redmond.

ACTORS AS BASE BALLERS.

No matter how well our dramatic friends may bawl upon the stage, their playing of ball in the open field will not bear very close criticism. A number of actors connected with the Philadelphia theatres played a match with the Athletic Club, on the grounds of the latter, on the 19th inst. It was a very amusing match, and was witnessed with evident pleasure by a large number of spectators. Another game will shortly be played by the same players, and "may we be there to see." We append the score:—

ATHLETIC.	H.L.	R.	ACTORS.	H.L.	R.
Kleinfelder, r f	5	9	Mordaunt, 1st b	2	2
McBride, p	0	14	Marlowe, 1 f	3	1
Reach, 2d b	2	11	Rivers, p	4	0
Dockney, c	1	12	Griffiths, 3d b	2	2
Hayhurst, c f	4	10	Crosbie, s s	0	3
Fisler, 1st b	2	11	S. Hayhurst, c	2	1
Simmons, s s	2	11	McSorley, 2d b	4	0
Sensenderfer, 1 f	1	11	Clarke, c f	2	1
Pike, 3d b	4	8	Bradford, r f	2	1
Total	97		Total	11	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	
Athletic	9	29	15	5	24	6	9	—97
Actors	0	2	3	1	1	0	4	—11

BATTING IN THE CRESCENT CITY.

The third and deciding game of the series between the Lone Star and Magnolia Clubs, who hail from the locality made famous by the handsome style in which "Old Hickory" warmed the Britishers there once upon a time, took place on the Delachaise Grounds on Oct. 5th, and terminated in the Lone Stars scoring another victory, thus gaining the coveted title of Champions of the Lower Mississippi. We append the score:

LONE STAR.	R.	MAGNOLIA.	R.
Cook, c f	5	Hubbell, 1 f	2
Murphy, 1 f	5	Dormity, 3d b	3
Hurley, Jr., 2d b	5	J. Kelly, s s	3
Feheny, p	2	G. Mestier, c f	3
McManus, c	5	Cendevere, 1st b	4
McEnermy, r f	6	Smith, c	2
Wilson, s s	6	P. Kelly, 2d b	3
Tracy, 3d b	5	Garvey, r f	2
Amar, 1st b	3	C. Mestier, p	4
Total	42	Total	27

Umpire—Mr. Feeney, of the Pelican Club. Scorers—Messrs. Waters and Swanson.

ALBION vs. IVANHOE.

These junior organizations, the former of the metropolis, and the latter of the City of Churches, indulged in a lively encounter on the classic grounds at Hoboken on the 22d ult., when the Ivanhoes were obliged to cry peccavi by the appended score:

ALBION.	H.L.	R.	IVANHOE.	H.L.	R.
Waton, p	2	3	Monroe, c	4	0
Scott, 2d b	3	4	Davis, s s	3	1
Bills, c f	1	2	Carr, 1 f	2	2
McNulty, s s	0	4	Kelly, 1st b	5	0
Robertson, c	2	5	Fink, c f	2	3
Wynyanto, r f	5	2	Charles, 3d b	4	0
McFarland, 1 f	4	3	Morgan, 2d b	2	1
Fenner, 1st b	6	0	Litgen, 2d b	3	4
Kinkle, 3d b	4	1	Ward, p	2	5
Total	24		Total	16	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Albion	0	3	7	3	2	3	2	3	1	—24
Ivanhoe	0	0	0	4	6	0	2	3	1	—16

Umpire—Mr. Conly, of the Resolute, Jr. Scorers—Messrs. Heron and Burns. Time of game—Two hours and five minutes.

ORIENTAL vs. FRANKLIN.

These first class junior clubs of New York and Brooklyn had a fine game together on Thursday, 18th, the result of which was as follows:—

ORIENTAL.	H.	L.	R.	FRANKLIN.	H.	L.	R.
Brown, p		1	4	Lennon, c		2	5
Stamford, r f		3	2	Johnson, 1 f		5	2
J. Miller, c		1	3	Berrey, 2d b		2	5
McCord, s s		3	1	McCrea, p		2	4
Pennington, 1st b		2	0	Bennett, r f		2	5
Smith, c f		4	1	Noonan, s s		3	1
Harvey, 2d b		3	2	Tracy, 2d b		3	3
C. Wilcox, 1 f		3	1	Hendrickson, 1st b		3	2
Heyman, 3d b		3	1	Evans, c f		2	2
Total		15		Total		29	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	
Oriental	2	4	0	2	6	0	1	0	—15
Franklin	6	3	6	4	2	2	2	4	—29

Umpire—Mr. McLeod, Unknown B. B. C. Fly Catches—Oriental, 10; Franklin, 6. Home Runs—McCrea, 1. Double plays—Tracy and Hendrickson, 3. Time of game—2 hours 15 min.

EARLY RISERS vs. FAIR STAR.

The above named clubs met in battle array at the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, on the 19th inst., and, after a full game, the Stars came home with flying colors. Score:—

EARLY RISERS.	H.L.	R.	FAIR STAR.	H.L.	R.
Flood, 1st b	4	1	Balmer, c	4	2
McCann, c f	5	0	Pratt, p	4	2
Colston, p	2	1	E. F. Nolan, 1st b	2	4
Harris, s s	4	1	Ready, 2d b	3	2
Tilghman, 1 f	3	1	Conners, 3d b	5	2
Wright, 3d b	2	2	Prendergast, s s	1	2
Fleming, c	4	0	Sullivan, 1 f	3	2
Conkin, r f	1	1	Churchill, c f	3	2
Holmes, 2d b	2	1	Slatery, r f	2	3
Total	8		Total	21	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Early Risers	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	—8
Fair Star	0	0	0	1	2	5	8	2	1	—21

EAGLE vs. NATIONAL.

The above clubs played a return game on the grounds of the Gotham, Hoboken, on the 26th ult. Seven innings were contested, the Eagles coming off triumphant by sixteen runs. The Nationals had but eight men engaged. The score was as follows:—

EAGLE.	H.L.	R.	NATIONAL.	H.L.	R.
W. B. Shafer, s s	2	4	Bacot, s s	1	4
Stephens, p	2	4	Ransom, 3d b	3	1
Coursen, 3d b	2	3	Gough, c	3	2
Norton, 1st b	1	4	Denmead, p	3	1
Kane, 2d b	2	4	Clarke, 1st b	4	0
W. B. Shafer, 1 f	4	2	Wellis, c f	1	3
Snyder, r f	4	2	Edwards, 2d b	3	0
Hicks, c	1	4	McMann, 1 f	3	2
Jones, c f	3	2			
Total	29		Total	13	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	
Eagle	2	0	3	8	10	5	1	—29
National	7	0	0	1	2	3	0	—13

Umpire—Mr. Thorn, of the Mutuals. Scorers—Messrs. Bellows and King. Fly Catches—Eagle, 12; National 2. Home Runs—Hicks, 1; W. B. Shafer, 1

A LIVELY TUSSLE.

A closely contested and interesting game was played on the 20th ult., between the Norristown Club, of Norristown, Pa., and the Pottstown Club, of Pottstown, on the grounds of the latter. The score:—

POTTSTOWN.	H.L.	R.	HARRISTOWN.	H.L.	R.
Fenniman, c	1	6	Brown, p	4	3
Hobart, r f	4	3	E. Schall, 1st b	4	3
Clark, 1 f	3	2	Newbold, c	3	4
Evans, s s	6	1	G. Schall, r f	3	3
King, c f	4	2	Atkinson, 2d b	3	3
Buel, 3d b	4	4	Weiss, 3d b	2	3
Moore, p	3	4	Patterson, 1 f	3	2
Malsberger, 1st b	2	3	Lehman, s s	3	2
Davies, 2d b	3	3	Cook, c f	5	1
Total	28		Total	24	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	
Pottstown	1	5	1	0	3	0	9	2	0	7	—28
Norristown	2	7	6	0	1	1	0	4	0	3	—24

TOLEDO AGAINST FORT WAYNE.—The Kehionga Club, of Fort Wayne, were compelled to succumb to the superior skill of nine players chosen from the clubs of Toledo, Ohio, on the 20th ult., the score being 23 to 10. After the game, Mr. Price, of the Toledians, was presented by the ladies of Fort Wayne with a beautiful bouquet, as a reward of merit for his fine display in the position of 1st base. The utmost courtesy and good feeling marked the intercourse of the competitors, the day winding up with a collation at the Rockhill House, where the Captain of the losing club presented the Captain of the Toledo players with a handsome rosewood bat and an elegant ball.

A BAD BEAT.—The Jeffersons, of Washington, D. C., knocked smithereens out of the Mount Vernons, of Alexandria, Va., on the 24th ult., scoring 81 to 12 in a game of only five innings.

"STUGENTS" AT THE BAT.—The Senior Class Nine and an equal number chosen from the remaining members of Williston Seminary, indulged in a skirmish at East Hampton on the 17th inst., when the Seniors were beaten by a tally of 20 to 12.

CHALLENGE.—The first nine of the Hiawatha Club, of Albany, will play the first nine of the Volunteer Club, of Poughkeepsie, or any other organization that may have the silver ball in their possession, for the junior championship of the State at any time and place they may determine upon. Responses to be addressed to C. D. Sherman, Corresponding Secretary, Hiawatha B. B. C., Box 281, Albany, N. Y.

BUFFALONIANS AS BATTERS AND FIELDERS.—The Niagara blasted the hopes of the Cliftons by beating them 37 to 23 on the 16th inst. The second nine of the Clifton Club weren't well enough posted to compete successfully with the first nine of the True Blues on the same day, the score standing 33 to 29.

MONTICELLO VS WALKILL.—These clubs played the third and deciding game in a home and home series on the 16th ult., when the M's won by a tally of 34 to 31.

CRICKET.

NEW YORK vs. MANHATTAN.

Although Tuesday, Oct. 23d, was as lovely a day as any cricketer would have desired, the Manhattan club failed to muster more than a dozen members to enter upon the return game—"sixteen vs. eleven"—with the New York club, but at about 11 o'clock on Tuesday they began to play at the bat, against a strong New York eleven in the field, and in less than two hours the twelve Manhattan players were disposed of for the remarkably small score of 9, Livesey's 5 being the best score. The New York eleven then went to the bat, and 28 had been placed

THE GAME OF CHESS.

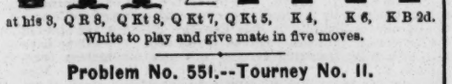
BREVITY AND BRILLIANCY IN CHESS.—We do not often repeat the good things directly said of us, our brethren quillcal do a great deal of that; but it is not in human nature to resist repeating what a good friend and staunch correspondent wrote us last week, especially covering, as it does, the points on which we most labored to merit commendation. He says: "The further I proceed the better I like it. It furnishes more real pleasure than any investment of so little amount I ever made. If I could not get another, a $10 greenback would be no inducement to part with it.....I am not the easiest man in the world to suit in Chess matters. I do not take everything for a certainty because an author says it is all right; but look for myself to see if it is so, and why it is so, and if it can be done in any other way. This is the way I examined your work, and find it *all* you represented—and more beside. The principal objection to very many printed games is the typographical errors. It is very annoying to have a splendid game spoiled in that way—as is so often the case. But in 'B. and B.' we find nothing of the sort, everything is just as nice as it can be."—Thank you!

Enigma No. 551.

From the Chess Players' Magazine.

BY T. SMITH, ESQ.

at Q B 6, Q B 2, K Kt 5, K R 5, K B 2, Q Kt 3, K B 6, K Kt 4th.



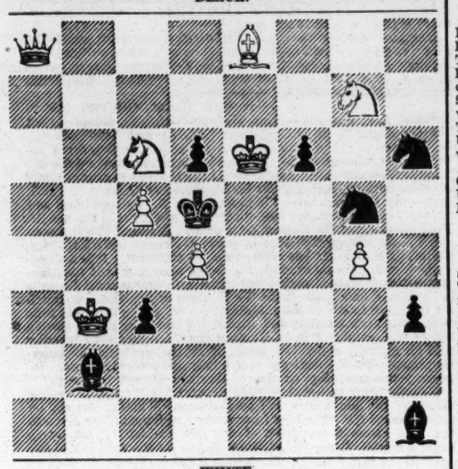
at his 3, Q R 8, Q Kt 8, Q Kt 7, Q Kt 5, K 4, K 6, K B 2d.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

Problem No. 551.--Tourney No. II.

"PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 551.

The eighth *partie* of the Steinitz-Anderssen match.—*Era.*

SALVIO GAMBIT.

Attack, Steinitz.	Defence, Anderssen.	Attack, Steinitz.	Defence, Anderssen.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..K Kt × P	Q × K Kt
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	14..Q B-B 4	Q-K Kt 2
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	15..Q Kt-his 5	K B-Q 3
4..K B-B 4	P-K Kt 5	16..Q-K sq +	K-Q sq
5..K Kt-K 5	Q-R 5 +	17..Q B × B	B P × B
6..K-his B sq	K Kt-R 3	18..Q-her Kt 4	K Kt-B 4
7..P-Q 4	P-Q 3 (*a*)	19..K B-Q 3	Q Kt-R 3
8..K Kt-Q 3	P-K B 6	20..Q-her R 3	Q Kt-B 4
9..P-K Kt 3	Q-K 2	21..B × K Kt	Q-K R 3 (*d*)
10..Q Kt-B 3	Q B-K 3	22..K B-Q 3	K R-K sq
11..P-Q 5 (*b*)	Q B-home	23..P-K R 4	Q-her 7
12..P-K 5 (*c*)	Q P × P	24..R-K Kt sq	K R-K 7, and

Professor Anderssen wins.

(*a*) It seems characteristic of Prof. A. that when he sets out upon a line of play he sticks to it till he proves it utterly untenable, or wins a game or two from it to reward his pains and show it has some merit.

(*b*) From this point we prefer the game of the Attack. The Defence is grievously cramped, and his one dead Pawn is a poor equivalent for the attack of his adversary.

(*c*) In this, as in the previous game, Herr Steinitz plays much below his strength. The combination depending on this move is quite unsound.

(*d*) An excellent stroke of play, which leaves his adversary without any good reply.

Mr. Thorold, Sheffield, gives the odds of Q R.

KING'S KT'S GAMBIT.

Mr. Thorold.	Amateur.	Mr. Thorold.	Amateur.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	7..P to Q 4	P to K R 3
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	8..P-K Kt 5	B 2d P × P
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	9..B × B P +	K × K B
4..K B-B 4	K B-Kt 2	10..Kt-K 5 +	K-his 2
5..Castles	P-Q 3	11..R-K B 7 +	K-home
6..P-Q B 3	Q Kt-B 3	12..Q-K R 5	K B × Kt,

and the Attack mates in two moves.

CHEQUERS.

Take Notice.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS

Are not to be had for a few days. Due notice will be given as soon as copies of the new edition are ready for delivery. 21-tf

To Correspondents.

D. SEERETTER, Quincy, Ill.—Certainly they will be expected.

CORNELIUS ADAMS, Minneapolis, Minn.—The price is 50 cents. What are your wishes in the matter?

Game No. 27.---Vol. XIV.

Contested between Messrs. Ryan and Wilbur.

SUTER.

Black. Mr. Ryan.		White. Mr. Wilbur.		Black. Mr. Ryan.		White. Mr. Wilbur.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	11..18	to 17	32	to 23
2..9	14	22	17	12..10	14(*c*)	19	10
3..6	9	17	13	13..6	15	13	9
4..2	6	25	22	14..7	11	23	19
5..8	11	29	25(*a*)	15..15	18	22	15
6..4	8	24	20(*b*)	16..11	18	19	15
7..15	24	28	19	17..18	22	25	18
8..11	15	27	24	18..14	23	31	26
9..14	17	21	14	19..5	14	26	19
10..9	18	26	23	20..14	18	15	11

Drawn.

(*a*) 22 to 17 also draws. (*b*) 22 to 17 or 26 to 23 answers the same purpose. (*c*) If 5 to 9, the game is drawn after correct play; if 15 to 18, White wins.

Solution of Position No. 47.--Vol. XIV.

BY J. NEILSON.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..29 to 25	22 to 29	5..11 to 7	17 to 21
2..31 22	14 17	6..30 26	29 25
3..19 23	17 26	7..7 3	25 29
4..23 30	13 17	8..3 8, and wins.	

Solution of Position No. 48.--Vol. XIV.

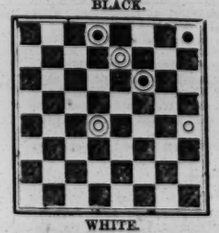
BY J. DRUMMOND.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..13 to 9	18 to 27	4..2 to 7	3 to 10
2..26 22	17 26	5..6 22, and wins.	
3..20 16	12 19		

Position No. 49, Vol. XIV.

BY A NEW BEGINNER.

BLACK.



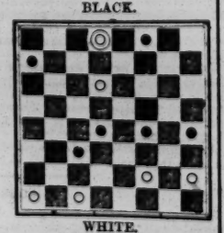
WHITE.

Black to move and win.

Position No. 50, Vol. XIV.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

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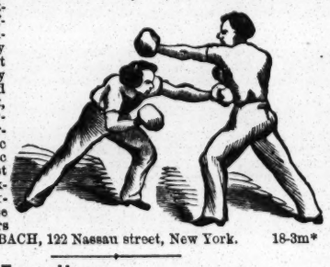

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City Summary.

MONDAY, OCT. 29, 1866.

IF IT HAS not escaped your vivid recollection, it is not worth while for us to attempt to impress upon you the fact that the present month, like many of our friends, is drawing to its latter end, for what does the calculating poet say in "swinging round the circle" for an observation? Hear him:

The fourth, eleventh, ninth and sixth, have *thirty* days to each affixed—
But all the rest have thirty-*one*, except the second month, alone, etc.

By this, our learned friends will perceive that the month we are at present occupying contains a full quota of thirty-one days, *de facto*, and must, *par excellence*, [we *believe* that's correct.—ED. CLIP.] complete its existing duration on Wednesday night, Oct 31st, according to arithmetical calculation and geometrical progression. So far so good. November follows in the natural course of events, as may be seen by referring to any of the cheap almanacs hawked about the streets, and sold at the same price as we ask for the NEW YORK CLIPPER, a much better paper, by the way, and which is recognized as the great theatrical and sporting authority of this country. (*"That's so," and enthusiastic applause.*) Having thus satisfactorily demonstrated the undisputed fact that November, *per se*, follows as naturally in the *wake* of October as we follow in the morning *'wake*, or as a batch of hen-hatched ducks follow the author of their coming to light, let us proceed to show you in what particular the incoming month, notwithstanding its loss of a day at the other end, is of far more importance to the bone and sinew and christian musclemen of this mighty city than the month which is about to *leave* us forever; for in that month, the sere and yellow *leafy* month, elections do abound, and money passes round and round, like the Zodiacal circle. But *n' importe*, as our Greek chums used to say in school at Mons. MacKelvee's. Already the fire is ablaze, the political pot is boiling. Before diverging from this subject, permit us to say that we are about to make a few remarks concerning "the situation," office-seekingly speaking; and, as we have had many complaints of late from "Constant Readers" and "Subscribers of Ten Years Standing" that they cannot tell whether our jokes *are* jokes or not, owing to the superfluity of verbiage, etcetera, in which they are clothed, we shall in deference to the wish s of our long standing, short standing, out standing, misunderstanding and deeply rooted friends, endeavour to make our teachings and witticisms plain and easy of access and digestion to the most dyspeptic of our patient patients. To this end, where a point is to be made, a laugh evoked, or a smile drawn from your lively imagination, we shall italicize those words on which we depend for success, and where this is insufficient to make the matter clear and pointed, we shall add a few side notes. *Why* we have not done this before is, because we have had such confidence in our readers' penetration, and our own superiority as wielders of the pen, and slingers of the ink, that we deemed all such extraneous commentarics and Italicizations superfluous. Nevertheless, we are not so vain as to believe that the most beautiful and delicate of our pen paintings, as prepared for the present generation, are susceptible of *ready* solution without a *little* explanation and assistance from the author; we therefore "stoop to conquer," as a far-seeing Goldsmith once remarked. Now look *sharp* you *dull* readers. Election day is close at *hand*, and *all hands* are on the *watch* for the call of *time*; good *works* are *stopped*, and many a *screw is loose* which the *timekeepers* hoped to keep in *running order* until the *Maine spring* elections should *wind up* the campaign without any *adjustment* being necessary other than that furnished by the observatory at Washington. But *nous verrons*—[This is no pun, the words being of foreign extraction, and Italicised as such. "French and Latin Without a Master" will give you the definition.—ED. CLIP.]—as we said previously, the fire is a-blaze, and the pot is a-boiling. For the ensuing two weeks everybody and everything will be in a *stew* or a *broil*, and candidates will be kept in continual *hot water*. Many a *porter house steake* is pending the *cooking* of some political *goose*, and days must yet elapse, and divers things *turn up*, ere we can *cut* out a *piece* that shall gird up the *tender loins* of our scattered constitution. *Austere men [oyster men* is here intended.—ED. CLIP.] now *opening their mouths* for crumbs of comfort, and casting their nets for *prime place*, will be laid out as that as a *flounder*, and left in a *scaly* fix when the tides of November shall have come and gone. Hot, hot, boils the pot, and everybody is dipping into the political cauldron for a *merry thought*, or a choice *bit bit* from the common *veal*. Many who are endeavoring to save their *bacon* by *turning over* twice or thrice, will find their efforts only *gammon*, but "what can't be *cured* must be endured." [This is an extract from the ancient poet, and has reference probably to the ignorance then prevailing in regard to the putting up, salting down, and otherwise *curing* of hams and porcine *pro tempore*—this is another French term, and is italicized to show its foreign derivation only.—ED. CLIP.] To some who have contributed so much *fuel* toward keeping the *fire* a-burning, the end must be all *smoke*; for the *chicken*-hearted, who, fearful of seizing the tempting prize themselves, use cats'-paws to *pull it* out of the fire, will *meet* with disappointment *rare*, for such *foul* proceedings never can be *fair*. There are full and plenty of well-*bred* men to *sift* the matter thoroughly, men who are *much needed* in the work, and who, by a careful analysis of the component parts of the upper and lower *crusts* of *pie*-ty, and so sigh at *tea*, can do much to show that the public *cake* is not all *dough*. Hot, hot, piping hot, and steaming is the chowder. To *make cool* [*McCool*, Tammany candidate for attending the *Register* in cool weather.—ED. CLIP.] the mess, yet still more *savory* render it, the Sachems of Tammany have *mustered* in their *strength*, and though invited to go on a trip to *Salt* river, they have declined the kind invite, and intend to *cut* and *carve* to suit themselves, all in the proper *season*, and make this *Indian meal* a-mazingly choice, and thus a-*meal*-lor-ate their own condition. The heads of some of our newspapers are making *game* of divers *candy dates*, which the latter cannot *bear*, and intimate that the aforesaid beans would better subserve the public wants if they were made to adorn a *horse*, not confined to editorial *tines* or to newspaperial *re gu. lear, dear*, they take such things too much to *heart*, and *quail* without a *cause*. Hot, hot, *all* hot. And some there be whose *pedigree* is of rather *fast auspices*—they're *trotted* out, and *saddled* with many heavy *penalties* for the honors of a *place* that their unbridled passions would not let them *win* were not a *purse* thrown in to turn the *scale*, and rub the old *score* off; in a *tight race*, they let all such have a *loose rein*. An attempt is being made to *Rag* in a professor of the *manly art* and possessor of a *manly heart* for Congressional honors (?); opponents of muscular christianity deny him the right of entering the Congressional *Ring*; but, as a friend of ours good humoredly remarked to us the other day, "the *more I see* of the man, the more I like him." Just so; and the *more he sees* his adversaries, the less better are they in their opposition to him. By the *time* he *squares the circle* all *round*, and *rages* in his traducers through the *tactics* of his *seconds* and *bottle holders*, we shall see what a pretty *lay out* there is before him; but as I *say fairo*, when the *die* is *cast* it will be found that the man of muscle *lives*, that he *overthrew* all opposition, and that even against white men not well *read*, *black* does not *always* win the game. This is all of this pretty talk we can now favor you with, for our histrionic friends *call* upon us to *cast* aside our political caster, and cast *a horoscope* for them, for if we'd have *acted horrors cope* with what *is real*, judicious praise must *play a part* for them apart from politics, and urge them on to *action* or they will dish *us* when next we call them to appraise our *fare feast* of *fast dishes*. What can be said that is not *real*—*money* it were to *steal* a thought from the *iron mould* of Monkus, and *mould* it to our purpose when in the *deep* so many sleep, and Evening Stars lie buried; to *play* upon such a *deep* and *hidden* subject, 'tweuld be *deep play* indeed; and not *is word* alone, for oh *inward thought* comes *akin* and the mind and harrows up a *scene* we'd never *seen* before. *Oh! shun* we must such *ocean* retrospections. May the waters *roll* calmly over the loved and lost who were *cast* in the deep; may their *last debts* have found them prepared to enter upon the *stage* of life eternal, where *peace* and *harmony* go hand in hand, and *odors* never *discord*..... *Broadway* is the *narrow way* that *leads* many to perdition, for he who will *follow* its *winding* ways will *fall line* in wending up his own *black crook-ed ways*, which justice *weighs*, yet oftimes finds a *balance* wanting. The *line* of that great thoroughfare is *lined* with *underground resorts*, to which *steps* in the *village ground under* by the *heel* of *base meant* men, who have no *soul*. These *dives*—into which *dives* many a *rich* man who *lays dice* as in the world of wealth, and falls many a *Lazarus* in such *liar house*—remind us very much of Wall street, when *sellers* rule, for in these underground saloons it is always *cellar's option*; and *buyer's cash*. Here *wines* are *drunk* without permit, yet no *drunken whines* permitted; here *painted canvas* leads you to the *pit*; and, once inside, the *painted canvass* your resources, and drive you off to *tears*. And yet in these abodes of *sin*, where *sin forbodes* your coming and *praying* ne'er is thought of, the private closet too is found, where there is nightly *preying*. Although there is no *sense* in such places, yet the *senses* are ever alive therein, and ever, too, are active. The *youth* goes there to *see* and *hear*, the *aged* to *touch* and *feel*, but all alike remain to *taste* the joys of stolen pleasures..... And now, with your permission kind, we'll *begin* at the *ending*, and bring our *budget* of *sharp points* to a *dull stop*, although were it not for the want of space we'd not *budge yet awhile* from inditing these *rile* puns.

"WAR TO THE KNIFE," a new comedy by H. J. Byron, is to be produced at the New York Theatre this evening, with the full strength of the company in the cast. Last week Fanny Young reappeared at this establishment in a variety of characters. We witnessed her Mrs. Trictrac in the "Married Rake," and it was a satisfactory performance. Mrs. Gomersall, who appeared in the comedietta of "Lola Montez," was capital. This lady is one of the most useful actresses at present on the stage. Mr. Mark Smith appeared as Lady Audley in the burlesque of "Lady Audley's Secret," and created considerable humor by his ridiculous make up and excellent acting. Miss Sallie Hinckley will shortly appear at this theatre in a new piece which she has lately brought from Paris.

THE "SHADOW PANTOMIME," as produced at the San Francisco Minstrels last week, is one of the most laughable acts we have witnessed for a long time. It keeps the audience roaring with laughter and sends them home in the best of good humor. The "Black Cook" burlesque still keeps the bills and receives its due share of applause. Lew Brimmer has made a favorable impression in his bango solo acts, receiving each evening last week three or four *encores*. Business keeps big with this company.

"MIGHT AND RIGHT, OR THE DAYS OF 1776," is the title of a new patriotic drama of John F. Poole's production, announced for representation this evening and all the week at Tony Pastor's Opera House. Considerable pains have been taken, it is said, to put this piece upon the stage, and its representation will be marked by new scenery, elegant costumes and paraphernalia. Eugene Martinie, whose impalement act was well received last week, remains.

KITTY O'NEIL sails for San Francisco on November 1st, under engagement to Gilbert & Bert, of the Olympic.

ALREADY have a number of Van Amburgh's animals been added to the vast collection of curiosities to be seen at the Museum. On the 24th inst., quite a change took place in the building lately added to the Museum. The whole building was thrown open for the reception of fresh curiosities. The Gordon Cumming's collection was taken from the cages in the front room, and distributed along the passage ways and in the back room. Eight cages of animals were put into dens in the front room, as well as in the back room. Among these are a Bengal tiger, white bear, lions, tigers, leopards, bears, wolves, tapir, deer, and a double humped bactrian camel. There is also a baby elephant. In a few weeks twenty-four more cages of animals and two elephants, including Tippo Saib, will be added to the list. As soon as the animals all arrive, the ring will be fixed so that the stage can be taken up after the dramatic performance, for the elephants, ponies and wild animal entertainment. The cages of performing animals will be wheeled into the ring from the adjoining building. The most extensive alterations and improvements have already been made for the reception of Van Amburgh's entire collection of animals, and Barnum's promises to be a great institution this winter.

"GEORGE AND YE DRAGON, OR THE MAID AND THE MONSTER," is the title of an original extravaganza, written by E. Warden, and produced at Budworth's Minstrel Hall on Oct. 22d. It is a very clever production, and reflects credit upon the author. It has been gotten up in good style by the management, is capitally cast, and its action calls forth thunders of applause and hearty laughter. It is kept on the bills this week. Rollin Howard has been engaged at this house, and appear this evening.

GOOD HOUSES continue to reward the efforts of Kelly & Leon's Minstrels. Last week several new faces were added to the forces in the musical department, which is now very good. Frank Moran reappeared on the end, and, with Johnny Allen, afforded lots of fun in the first part as well as in the olio business. George Christy continues to appear in the olio business in a number of his best acts. The programme is changed every week, and a succession of the latest novelties produced. The bill for this week is a good one. Frank Moran has severed his connection with this party, and goes to Philadelphia. Garratagul, the cornet soloist, puts in an appearance this week.

"LADY AUDLEY" continues to be the great attraction at the Winter Garden, with Mrs. Bowers in the title *role*. This is the third week of this lady's engagement, during which time she has appeared only in this character, to which she has devoted considerable study. It is one of the most natural performances we have seen for some time, and we are pleased to see that so artistic a performance is nightly witnessed by a large and appreciative audience, as it has been each evening during Mrs. Bowers' engagement.

MR. J. W. CHARLES, lately arrrived from Europe, sailed for Australia on the 26th inst.

THE CHINA PARTY OF MINSTRELS sailed on Oct. 21st. T. McNally went with them.

MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON closed his engagement at the Olympic, on Oct. 27th, with a farewell benefit, when a large attendance was present. He commenced the week with two very flimsy pieces, named "Woodcock's Little Game" and the "Spitfire." The first piece was spun out to two acts, but had it been condensed into one, would have been better received. As it was it fell like a wet blanket upon the audience. Taken altogether, Mr. Jefferson's engagement was by no means a great success. He did a pretty good business with "Rip Van Winkle" for three weeks, but after that piece was withdrawn the attendance has only been fair. The production of "Our American Cousin" and "Dot" were failures.

"£100,000," a comedy, by H. J. Byron, was produced at Wallack's on Oct. 22d. It is claimed as an original comedy, but a greater plagiarism we have not witnessed for a long time. The whole of the second act is taken bodily from the comedy of "Money," the incidents and situations being the same. The character of Gerald Goodwin is a duplicate of Alfred Evelyn. In Mr. Fluker we have another Meddle, and so on through the entire cast, can we find old stagers who have figured in other plays. The piece was well put upon the stage and carefully acted, but the attendance was only fair.

MAGGIE MITCHELL closes her persent engagement at the Broadway this week. Last week she appeared in "Fanchon" and attracted very crowded houses every night. This week she plays "Little Barefoot." Taken altogether this has proved, both pecuniarily and artistically, the best engagement Maggie has ever played in this city. In the first place Nblo's was too large for her to show off to advantage, and many of her best points were lost, owing to the great distance of her auditors; also, much that was said there could not be heard. But at the Broadway it was different, as the theatre is so well arranged that all can see every motion of the little Cricket and hear every word that she utters. Maggie was aware of this, and we never saw her act better than she has done during the past three weeks.

GEORGE EDSON, after an absence of six weeks, took hold again at Charley White's as stage manager on Oct. 22d, also appearing in some of his popular acts. Business keeps first rate at this house, the hall being crowded very uncomfortably every evening by the time the curtain is rung up. Neise Seymour, Josh Hart, Frank Kerns and Charley White continue to represent the Ethiopian's little weaknesses to the delight of all.

JAMES MELVILLE AND JAMES E. COOKE, two well known circus men, are matched to run 125 yards, at Finlay's Track, on the 2d inst. For further particulars see another department.

"THE LONG STRIKE," one of Boucicault's latest dramas, and said to be his best, is to be produced at the Olympic on Tuesday evening, Oct. 30th. Manager Grover has been to considerable expense, we are told, in bringing it out, and its production will be marked by new scenery and costumes, and very novel effects. Charles Wheatleigh and McKee Rankin have been engaged expressly for this piece. The following is the cast:

Noah Learoyd, the Ringleader of "The Strike," ..... Chas. Wheatleigh
and delegate from the United Workingmen
First appearance in New York in three years.

Shorrock	Mr. Harmon
John O'Dick	Mr. Strasse
James Staley	Mr. Parshall
Richard Radley	Wm. Barron
Mr. Aspinall	Mr. Kenway
Mr. Armitage	T. Hind
Mr. Brooke	Mr. Burke
Jem Starkie	C. Vandenhoff
Sir John Fairfield	Mr. Thomas
Moneypenny	Mr. Stoddart
Mr. Wigley	Mr. J. Moore
Mr. Spurrier	Mr. Preston
Johnny Reilly	McKee Rankin
Crankshaw	James Ward
Slack	Mr. A. Beck
Captain Wolfe	Mr. Gillett
THE GENTLEMAN FROM HEADQUARTERS, Delegated to support the Strike	E. T. Sinclair
Jack O'Bob	Mr. Daly
Tom O'Bill	Mr. Peterson
Jane Learoyd	Kate Newton
Maggie	Georgie Telbin
Susan	Alice Harrison
Betsey	Miss T. Wood

THE NEW BOWERY is constantly giving its patrons novelty. Nearly every week witnesses the production of a new drama. Last week "The Dream of Destiny" was brought out and attracted pretty fair houses. This week Manager Lingard brings out a new sensational drama, by John F. Poole, entitled "Captain Heron, the Highwayman of Epping Forest." Mr. Lingard has also bought a copy of the "Long Strike," which he intends playing next week.

JAMES ROBINSON does his steeple chase act this week at the Fourteenth Street Circus. Mad. De Berg rides her daring act, and James Cooke repeats his great scene act of "Pickwickian." The entire gymnastic and acrobatic *corps* will also appear in a variety of acts. Matinees are given on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and are very largely attended.

MR. J. W. LANIGAN, manager of the St. John, N. B., Theatre, has been engaged by Manager Wood to support Mr. Charles Dillon at the Broadway.

STEINWAY HALL is to be inaugurated on Oct. 31st by a concert troupe.

"OUR AMERICAN COUSIN" is produced at the Olympic for this evening only, with Charles Wheatleigh as Asa Trenchard, as the drama of "The Long Strike" is not quite ready.

RISTORI closed her first engagement in this city on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 27th, with "Macbeth." She reappears here on Nov. 12th, for six performances, occupying two weeks.

LEE HUDSON arrived in this city on Oct. 22d, and left for Baltimore on the 26th.

THE LATEST GAG.—Barney Williams telegraphed to James T. Brady, last week, that if he would go to Canada and defend the Fenians, that he (Barney) would foot the bill. This was a pretty good theatrical gag, but Barney ought to have known (if he did not) that it had been previously decided that no American counsel would be allowed to appear in their behalf.

BEHIND THE SCENES.—The dramatic curtain was lifted last week in the Court of Common Pleas, and many of the little secrets behind the drop curtain made known to the public. The case referred to is that of Frederick Pennstaedt, a *maitre de ballet*, and Carl Anschutz, of operatic renown. The ballet master sues Anschutz for $625 salary due, and testified as follows:—It is the business of the ballet master to select the *corps de ballet* and ballet girls, but not to engage them; we had about five ladies in the *corps de ballet*; I selected them; Mr. Herbert engaged them for Mr. Anschutz; I was the one who told Mr. Herbert which ones I wanted; I took the five girls to Baltimore with the troupe; kept them there not quite four weeks; I did not tell Mr. Anschutz those girls were good for nothing, but that they did not always come to their rehearsals, and then Mr. Anschutz grumbled about them, and said to me if they did not behave he would have to send them away himself; I did not send them away; Mr. Herbert came and discharged them; I was willing, and consented to their discharge, because they never came in time to rehearsals; in some operas they were of service, but there came new dances in operas, which belonged to such operas, and those I could not get them to learn; there was never a failure; they always performed the ballet to my satisfaction and to Mr. Anschutz's, notwithstanding the difficulty; Mr. Anschutz never told me that he was not satisfied with them; I did not keep them because they did not come to rehearsals. The difficulty was that I could not find them; some of them I found sick or drunk in bed; they were discharged because they did not attend to their business; their performance gave satisfaction in the evening; I did not try their capacity; I looked at their feet to see if they had straight feet and that they had straight legs; I give lessons in dancing; that is a part of a regular ballet master's business; I never spoke to Mr. Anschutz for four months following the time I was ordered out of Mr. Himmer's room or the theatre; on that evening I had the ballet engaged for Faust, and performed Faust on that evening; the agreement for $16 a week was made in the street, in Fourth avenue, near Cooper Institute; The *corps de ballet* consisted of five girls, two were experienced; Mr. Herbert engaged the girls for Mr. Anschutz; I only examined them as to their appearance, as to whether, in my judgment, they could make dancers; I did not endeavor to hire experienced girls; at first Mr. Herbert and I tried to get regular ballet girls, but could not succeed; the girls I did get were with the approval of Mr. Anschutz. He said:—"When you cannot get regular ballet girls get nice, pretty girls, and do as well as you can—if they cannot dance we will put them on the stage to fill up;" the first evening at Brooklyn we had there five girls; I could not get regular ballet girls in Baltimore; had to take these girls; I complained to Mr. Anschutz about not being able to get these girls to the rehearsals; he complained of the rudeness of the girls. Mr. Anschutz was placed upon the stand. He testified that Dennstaedt was a lazy, negligent fellow, that he did not get good girls, and was altogether too free with those he did get. The case was not yet concluded at the time of our going to press.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL, after a discouraging season at Irving Hall, brought their performances to a close on Oct. 27th. It is to be regretted that they were not successful; but their slow style of entertainments is not calculated to please the fast people of America, and as they failed to draw in New York it is not likely that they will do any better elsewhere.

BARRAS' drama of the "Black Crook" continues to fill Niblo's. As an offset to the *Herald's* article against this house, Manager Wheatley has had placed over the bill board, close to the entrance to Niblo's, a board three feet long and two and a half deep, upon which is a poster, with the following inscription in large letters: *"This establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald."* The people enjoy it hugely.

A SOLEMN REQUIEM MASS was offered up on Thursday morning, Oct 25th, at the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, in Twenty-third street, for the repose of the souls of the unfortunate members of the French Opera Company lost on board of the Evening Star. Rev. Father Lafont officiated as celebrant, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. The church was draped in mourning, and a gloomy looking catafalque was placed in the centre aisle. The vocalists were Madame De Lussan, Mlle. Bonconsiglio, M. M. Wilhelm, Armand De Surmount and Scribot, with a chorus of forty voices. Mlle. Camille Urso played a violin solo at the offertory.

IN COURT.—Mary Fern, who has been performing in public with Mons. De Lave, the tight rope walker, has sued De Lave for $2000, alleged to be due for services rendered.

ARRIVED.—John and Pete Conklin arrived in this city last week from Mexico. The circus is laid up at Brownville, and the menagerie is at the city of Mexico.

VAN ORDEN arrived in this city last week from England, having gone there on business for Messrs. Spaulding and Bidwell. During his passage home he broke his leg for the second time. At present he is at New Baltimore, on his father's farm, formerly Dan Rice's plantation.

HARRY BURCHARD, ventriloquist, puts in an appearance this evening at Charley White's.

JOHN E. OWENS commences his engagement at the Broadway, on Dec. 17th.

Dramatic.

LOTTA performed in Lowell, Mass., last week, with a dramatic company from Boston. A correspondent says:—"Lotta is playing here since Oct. 22d to wretched houses. The party is good, though very weak in numbers, there being only four 'regulars,' (gentlemen) as follows: Wyatt, Weaver, Nolan and France, and three ladies—Mesdames Ketchum, Marshall and Lawrence. The rest are all novices, and when they come to play such pieces as 'Pocahontas' and 'Ireland as It Is,' the performance is painful. I notice you give the agent a dig, and he deserves it, for such a want of attention to business I never saw before. They really do not advertise at all. Their programmes are as scarce as angel's visits. I would really advise Miss Lotta, the next time she visits Lowell, to strengthen her company, and get a live agent; for if she had been properly advertised, her lively acting and capital dancing would have attracted full houses. It is the only party that has done badly since the theatre was built..... The Boston Theatre company open here on Oct. 29th in the 'Three Guardsmen,' and the town is already splendidly billed. I predict fine business for them. Lotta closes here on Oct. 27th."

THE BOSTON THEATRE COMPANY were to play at the Academy of Music, Providence, on Oct. 29th.

CITY MUSEUM THEATRE.—The following is a complete list of the company engaged for this Philadelphia establishment, which was opened on Oct. 27th:—Messrs. J. Delafield, from the London and provincial theatres, his first appearance in this country; F. Wren, Chipp, Rikeman, D. Reilley, P. Byrne, J. Durivage, Brelsford, St. Clair, Lewis, Roberts, Smith, and Robert Jones; Miss Imogene Tracey, Miss Viola Plunkett, Mrs. H. P. Grattan, Miss Fannie Thompson, Miss Nellie Vale, Miss J. Durivage, and a corps de ballet, consisting of Misses Kate Hamilton, Hattie Henderson, Clark, Asten, Wesner, Gallagher, Harris &c.; orchestra under the direction of Mr. A. Scherzer; scenic artist, Mr. A. Wiser; machinist, Mr. W. R. Murphy; property man, Mr. Nugent; prompter, Mr. Roberts; gas engineer, Mr. P. Hess. Prices of admission—15, 30, 50 and 75 cents. J. K. Murphy is lessee; Robert Jones, stage manager, and J. C. McCormack, business manager. Annie Howe is the present star attraction, and we hope there will be large audiences to welcome the new star, any how.

WE STATED in our last that the "Long Strike" would be presented at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, on the 26th; but it wasn't. Our authority for the statement was J. E. McDonough, who holds the right to present the play in that city.

NEW ORLEANS THEATRICALS were rather dull during the week ending Oct. 20th, so we are informed by "Lacrtes," who, writing at that date, says:—"Business at our various places of amusement, this week, has been rather dull. The majority of our theatre going public are still abroad, and until they return houses crowded from pit to dome need not be looked for. 'Richard III' was produced at the Varieties on the 14th inst. Tragedy, however, is not the *forte* of the company, and the performance of the play cannot, by any means, be pronounced a success. On the 15th and 16th inst. 'The Ticket of Leave Man' was performed with better success. 'Still Water Runs Deep,' and the farce of the 'Eton Boy,' kept the boards on the 17th. On the 18th we had 'Romeo and Juliet,' which was well performed, and the musical farce entitled 'Le Chalet.' Last night the 'Irish Heiress' drew a fair house. To-night 'Money' will be performed. The management announce that 'Our American Cousin' is in rehearsal..... Ben De Bar closed his engagement at the St. Charles on the 14th inst., in his specialities of 'Toodles' and 'Blueskin.' On the 15th E. Eddy commenced an engagement, supported by Henrietta Irving, in the character of Hamlet. On the 16th he appeared as Shylock; on the 17th as the Stranger, and on the 18th as Macbeth. Henrietta Irving being indisposed on this occasion, Alice Placide was called upon to undertake the *role* of Lady Macbeth, and distinguished herself by her excellent performance of it. It was, indeed, a great success, and she may well feel proud of it. Last night Mr. Eddy took his benefit, and appeared to advantage as King Lear and Petruchio. To-night he appears as Chiffonier in 'The Rag Picker of Paris'..... The Orleans Theatre continues to draw crowded houses, and Manager Labrunee has good reason to congratulate himself on his success. They give three performances a week, to wit:—On Saturdays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays. On the 14th they treated us to a fine performance of 'La Tour de Loudres,' and the vaudeville of 'Le Tiger de Bengal.' Mad. Larner, the heroine in the first piece, was perfection itself. The balance of the company, which, by the way, is an excellent one, also did very well. On the 16th we had three comedy-vaudevilles, 'La Tasse de The,' 'La Partie de Piquet' and 'Les Deux Timides.' Between the second and third pieces, a chansonette comique entitled 'Les Habits de Dimanches' was given. On the 18th inst, a new extravaganza-vaudeville, in five acts, called 'La Coquette, or the Provincials in Paris,' was played to a crowded house..... Mr. and Mrs. H. Watkins have closed the Olympic, and gone to Mobile to play a star engagement at the Odd Fellows' Hall, under Fred. Maeder's management. It is supposed here that they will return to this city next summer and re-open their favorite place of amusement..... Billy Reeve, the comedian, was added to the list of attractions at the Academy of Music on the 15th inst. On the 16th, the new protean farce, 'Thrice Married,' was produced, with Emeline Zavistowski and T. L. Connor in the principal characters. This was followed by any quantity of singing and dancing, and the evening's performance concluded with the 'Dumb Girl of Genoa,' with Christine Zavistowski as Julietta. On the 18th the 'Jealous Wife' was produced, with Billy Reeve as Thomas, T. L. Connor as Mons. Dupis, and Miss Fanny Pearson as Mad. Dupis. The usual amount of singing, dancing and Ethiopian eccentricities followed, and to cap the climax, Christine Zavistowski appeared as Narramattah, in 'Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish,' supported by T. L. Connor as Conanchet, and Billy Reeve as Satisfaction Skunk. But by far the greatest feature of the whole performance was the 'Drunkard's Child' as portrayed by Little Alice, which is really worth seeing. The same bill will be repeated to-night. On Oct. 22d a host of new faces will make their first appearance, prominent among whom are: Bob Hart, the Clinetop Sisters, Lizzie Wallby, the Miaco Brothers, Johnny Thompson, William Carleton, stage manager, Thomas Poland, and Mons. La Thorne..... At the request of Mons. Paul Allsaiza, a grand mass for the repose of the souls of his relatives and friends who perished in the late gale, was celebrated at the Cathedral on the 21st inst. Peace to their ashes."

SHERRY'S COMPANY continued in Lockport, N. Y., last week. Our correspondent, "Howard," says:—"On Oct. 22d 'Little Barefoot' was played, with Mrs. Jennie Carroll as Amry. On the 23d 'Madeline, the Belle of the Faubourg' and 'Rough Diamond' were on the bills. Mrs. Carroll as Madeline was very good. On the 24th 'Our American Cousin' was produced at Ringueberg Hall, the company having gone there on account of the Arcade being previously engaged. Messrs. Montford's Binney, Sherry's Meredith, and Carroll's Coyle, were finely rendered, as was Mrs. Carroll's Florence and Annie Steven's Mary Meredith. To-night (25th) 'Colleen Bawn' and 'The Ghost' are announced. Miss Bella Wallace makes her first appearance with this company as Sheelah, Bowers playing Miles; Sherry, Creagan; Carroll, Danny Mann, and Mrs. Carroll, Lily O'Connor. The company open in Mecina on Oct. 29th."

A THEATRICAL WARDROBE is advertised for sale cheap in this issue.

THE SAVANNAH THEATRE has been leased by Geo. W. Miller & Co., who propose opening it with a first class company on or about November 15th, and to that end they advertise in the CLIPPER for talent, both stock and star.

CARNER'S DRAMATIC COMPANY were at Oswego, N. Y., last week, and are this week at William-port, Pa., for six nights. A correspondent, says:—"The company opened in Oswego in 'Camille' and 'Jenny Lind' to a packed house, with Maude St. Leon as Camille and Geo. Kames as Armand Duval. The pieces following were 'Hidden Hand,' 'Leah,' 'School for Scandal,' etc.

THOMAS J. HEMPHILL, manager of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, has just met with another bereavement in the death of his only daughter, Miss Sarah A. Hemphill, which took place on the 24th Oct. Deceased was in the 18th year of her age. It is only about two months ago that a son of Mr. Hemphill died in California. Truly misfortunes never come singly.

LOTTA, at the close of her present Boston engagement, goes to New Orleans.

KATE FISHER, one of the "Mazeppa" heroines, has been doing a profitable business at the New American Theatre, in Philadelphia, it would seem, as, in addition to the original engagement of two weeks, she has been engaged for two weeks longer. This is also corroborated by the Quaker City press, from two of which we make the annexed quotations: "There is no diminution in the vast throng of people who nightly clamor for admission to that popular place of amusement, the new American Theatre, to witness the immense attraction there, consisting of 'Mazeppa,' in which the great melo-dramatic actress, Miss Kate Fisher, and the celebrated thorough-bred 'Wonder' appear." "'Mazeppa' at the New American is, in Philadelphia, what the 'Black Crook' is at Niblo's, in New York, i.e., the great dramatic sensation of the day. As soon as the doors of the New American are opened a continuous stream of ladies and gentlemen pour into this popular establishment, which does not cease until every available spot in the theatre is occupied. Hundreds cannot get seats, but retire, determined to try it on again. Miss Kate Fisher, as Mazeppa, performs admirably, and the horse 'Wonder' is what his name indicates. 'Mazeppa' is a perfect success, and will draw for months to come." Kate can be engaged by responsible managers after Nov. 12th, as will be seen by an advertisement in another column.

JOHN S. CLARKE closed his Boston engagement on Oct. 27th. For his benefit, on Oct. 26th, he appeared as Beetle in "Babes in the Wood." Bob Tyke was his closing performance.

JOHN E. OWENS commenced a three weeks' engagement in Cincinnati on the 12th inst. He goes thence to Buffalo for two weeks.

MISS FANNY B. PRICE is the attraction at Fort Wayne, Ind., during the present week.

RISTORI is at the Boston Theatre this week.

MAX MARETZEK commences an operatic season in Boston on Nov. 12th, at the Boston Theatre.

"HARD TIMES," a domestic drama by Boucicault, was revived at the Boston Museum last week. L. R. Shewell's benefit on Oct. 26th was well attended. This week "The Favorite of Fortune" is produced.

ZOE continues the attraction at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati,

WASHINGTON was lively in the dramatic world last week. Our correspondent, "Novice," says: "The engagement of Mrs. Lander was brought to a close on the evening of October 22d. The lady received a benefit and produced on the occasion the 'Hunchback,' in which she gave a beautiful portrayal of the part of Julia, admirably supported by J. H. Taylor, as Master Walter; F. C. Bangs, as Sir Thomas; and J. R. Spackman, as Fathom. On the 23d F. S. Chanfrau appeared in his speciality 'Sam,' to a great house. Sam is the same eccentric individual whose troubles we were wont to be amused at last winter at the Broadway, still stepping on the corns of General Roslyn, and still making the same general blunders. The support given Mr. Chanfrau is worthy of notice. Everyone does capitally, even down to the utility. In the third act Mr. Jeffries fairly shares the applause with Sam. I append the cast; Laura Roslyn, Mrs. Williams; Miss Euphemia, Mrs. Muzzy; Emily Cropley, Mrs. Lenney; Blanche Normanfield, Miss Plunkett; Lady Cropley, Mrs. J. R. Scott; James Plushley, Mr. Page; Bill Crockett, Mr. Lewis; Dick Jenkinson, Mr. Jeffries; General Roslyn, Mr. Webster; Geo. Cropley, Mr. Gossin, and Arthur Shaften, Mr. Stevens. On the 26th and 27th, the last two nights of Mr. Chanfrau's engagement, 'The Ticket of Leave Man' will be given, when Mr. Chanfrau will do the part of Brierly. On Saturday afternoon (the 27th) 'The Drunkard' will be given. On the 29th the Richings Opera Troupe commence an engagement, remaining but six nights, at the conclusion of which J. W. Wallack commences an engagement. The operas to be given by the Richings troupe are as follows:—Oct. 29th, 'Maritana;' 30th, 'Bohemian Girl;' 31st, 'Doctor of Alcantara;' Nov. 1st, 'Daughter of the Regiment;' 2d, 'Rose of Castile,' and Nov. 3d, 'Fra Diavolo.' The success which has thus far attended the efforts of the management has surprised the warmest friends of Messrs. Spalding and Rapley. It was thought by many that, until Congress assembled, theatricals would be on the wane. The reverse has been the result..... The deplorable effects of posting lightly has been the result of queer business at Wall's Opera House during the present week. The cosy little place was inaugurated dramatically on Oct. 22d by the managers of the Richmond Theatre, Messrs. Duffield and Waldron. Unfortunately for them, the printers here were on a 'strike' just when they wanted to get out their matter, and they just succeeded in getting out posters a few hours previous to opening. Would it not have been better, Messrs. Managers, to have ordered in Baltimore, as the printers are quiet there? The bill for the opening night presented the Thespian Family, composed of the Misses Laura, Fanny and Julia Waldron, and their brother, Andrew. The Misses Waldron, styled the 'Queen Sisters,

porter and Warwick in sufficient time to promptly announce Warwick as blameworthy to the proprietor of the house, who had at last appeared upon the scene. Warwick, who was drunk, at once made an assault upon Mr. Eaton with a dirk knife, inflicting five stabs, from which he only survived a little more than thirty minutes. Mr. Eaton was for a number of years business agent for circus establishments, and very well known. He was a son of the venerable Orasmus Eaton, one of the wealthy citizens of Troy, and until recently the senior member of the great car building firm located there.

LAKE'S HIPPO-OLYMPIAD CIRCUS closed the season at Columbus, Ind., on Oct. 24th, and winters at Manchester, Ind. Wm. Dutton and Louis B. Carr left this company on the 19th, and join the Yankee Robinson Circus at Chicago, Ill.

STONE, ROBSON & CO'S. CIRCUS perform in Lynchburg, Va., on Oct. 30th and 31st, and Nov. 1st, and go thence to Richmond for a short time, commencing there on Nov. 5th.

SETH B. HOWES' CIRCUS closed its season at Jersey City on Oct. 26th.

DAN RICE closed his sacred lecturing tour at Norristown, N. J., on Oct. 27th.

Negro Minstrelsy.

"THE SHADOW PANTOMIME" has made a hit at Hooley's, in Brooklyn, and keeps the boards this week. There will be an entire change in the tricks which promise to afford as much fun to the auditors as those of last week. This act is certainly one of the most laughable of any that can be put on the stage in these days, and no regularly established, or even a traveling troupe, ought to be without it.

REESE & BLAIR'S MINSTRELS, having been successfully received through the West, are returning North.

HAPPY CAL. WAGNER, Ethiopian comedian, is located at Syracuse, N. Y. For address, etc., see advertisement in another column.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS performed at Jackson, Mich., on the 19th and 20th ult. Latest advices from this troupe report affairs as prosperous. Since the death of Sam Pond, Mr. Slocum has acted as advance agent, altogether to the satisfaction of the proprietors.

A BONE PLAYING CHALLENGE to any man in the United States, from MOSE Humphrey, of Poughkeepsie, appears in our advertising columns. Toe the scratch, bone players.

THE JOE MURPHY alluded to in our last, in an article on an "old programme," is not Joe Murphy of Cotton & Murphy's Minstrels, but Jos. D. Murphy, now acting manager of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and who, at the date of the programme referred to, was manager of the troupe. He was a very popular ballad singer twelve or fifteen years ago. California Joe, we are told, has not been in the business twelve years.

NEWCOMB AND ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS are billed for Providence on Nov. 5th, 6th and 7th.

A FIRST CLASS TENOR is wanted for Carncross and Dixey's minstrels. See advertisement.

COTTON AND MURPHY'S MINSTRELS show in Binghampton, N. Y., on Nov. 3d.

HARRY NORTON AND JUSTIN ROBINSON, Ethiopian performers, are now traveling through the Western States, making themselves great favorites in their double song and dance, entitled, "Oh Heer Am I and Ther My Gal;" words and music composed by Harry Norton. These artists are new in that business. Justin Robinson is well known to the profession as a burlesque dancer, late of Buckley's Minstrels.

BURGESS AND LARUE'S MINSTRELS had two large houses at Masonic Hall, Indianapolis, Ind., on Oct. 26th and 27th.

A GOOD VIOLINIST is wanted to travel with a minstrel party.

NEWCOMB & ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS gave, it is said, great satisfaction at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Oct. 23d and 24th, Billy Emerson and Hernandez proving strong cards.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS showed at Detroit, Mich., on the 24th ult., and from thence were to go to Pontiac, 25th; Flint, 26th and 27th, and East Saginaw, 29th and 30th.

Music Halls.

FROM TREMBLE'S VARIETIES, Pittsburgh, Pa., we have advices to the effect that a good business is being done there, the variety troupe performing there proving very attractive to the Iron Cityites. The names of the individuals in the company will be found in an advertisement in another column; also, an announcement that first class performers can get desirable engagements there.

"THE MAGIC FILLS" has proved so attractive a pantomime at the Theatre Comique, Boston, that it is announced for the present week. Wm. Ashton and Sons have met with a favorable reception.

THE GENTLEMAN to whom we alluded in a previous issue as having become fascinated with one of the Fowler Sisters, and who was on board the steamer Evening Star when she went down, was Mr. William M. Dawson, of Philadelphia, and who, we are informed by the surviving sister, Miss Emma Fowler, was the husband of Miss Millie Fowler.

WM. WRAY, who was lost on the Evening Star, made his last appearance in public, we are informed, at the establishment of Mr. Enochs, the Metropolitan, in Chestnut street above Sixth, Philadelphia. Mr. Wray and M'lle Delphine played a two weeks' engagement at the Metropolitan, *after* Mr. Wray concluded his engagement with Mr. Sanford in New York. Mr. Enochs says they were attractive cards, and he made Mr. W. an offer of an engagement until the first of January, which was declined.

AT THE VARIETIES, Detroit, the company were performing the "Idiot Witness" last week, with Harry Clifford as Gilbert, the Idiot; James S. Edwards, as Arnaud; Jennie Allen as Walter Arlington, and Fannie Archer as Dame Tugscull. The following is a list of the company engaged here: J. S. Edwards, Harry Clifford, Master Barney, Billy Watson, John Hart, J. J. Dougherty, J. H. Carle, Chas. Wells, Fred. Siegel, F. C. Stevens, &c.; Misses Fannie Archer, Jennie Allen, Frank Christie, Celestine Carle, Emilie Siegel, Annie Morton, May Foster and Kate Leslie. The "Streets of Detroit" and "Pocahontas" were underlined, and will be produced shortly.

MISS ELLA LA RUE, recently arrived from California, is a clog dancer and farce actress, and not a tight ropeist, as previously stated.

MISS KITTY KRAFT, vocalist, is at present in St. Louis, very sick. She is the wife of Sig. Monteverde, the contortionist, and as she has not heard from him for several months, she inquires through the columns of the CLIPPER for his whereabouts.

AN ATTEMPT was made, one day last week, to burn the American Theatre, Baltimore, but the flames, which were under the stage, were quickly extinguished. A person who had been connected with the establishment, and discharged on the previous evening by Mr. White, was arrested, charged with having set the place on fire. After a partial examination, he was held for a further hearing.

A GOOD DANSEUSE and female ballad singer are wanted to go to Binghampton. See manager's advertisement.

MILLIE E. CREED put in an appearance at the Metropolitan, Washington, D. C., last week.

LIZZIE WESTBURY continues one of the attractions at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh. Last week she appeared as Tom and Fanny in the farce of the "Eton Boy." M'lle De Vere, Susie Summerfield, Lucy Clifton, Julia Price, Jennie Banker, Annie St. Clair, Pony Smith, O. D. Kress, H. W. Williams, H. M. Fitzgerald, Willie De Vere and Chas. Whitton were in the company last week.

FATTIE STEWART and Victoria Howard are the main features of Harry Enochs' company at the Metropolitan, Philadelphia.

CARD.—Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 22.—MR. QUEEN—In reading of the terrible disaster and loss of life by the Evening Star, you mention that W. A. Wray was the husband of M'lle Delphine. *I am his wife*, and was married to him six years ago by W. C. Smith, Congregational Minister, East Saginaw, Mich., to whom any one can apply. M'lle Delphine was a girl from St. Louis; through her he deserted a wife and step child who will ever revere his memory.—Yours respectfully, LOUISE PAYNE WRAY.

THE BROADWAY VARIETIES, at Nashville, is said to be doing a flourishing biz with Blanchard and his dogs. Last week, Johnny Cole was in his second week; also, Wentworth, the contortionist.

AT THE AMERICAN, Buffalo, the following people will put in an appearance this week:—Jennie Mortimer, *danseuse;* Emma King, vocalist; Jack Bunsby, comedian; and Mortimer Williams, jiggist. The burlesque opera of "An Hour at the Academy of Music" was on the bills last week.

Miscellaneous.

MAGICAL APPARATUS of every description can be purchased of Anderson and Stone, 209 Centre street, this city, as will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere.

THE FRIENDS of the late Edward Kendall, batter known as "Ned Kendall," the leading American bugler, and for several years leader of Kendall's Boston Brass Band, who died in 1865, held a preliminary meeting at the Tremont House, Boston, on Oct. 20th, for the purpose of making arrangements to purchase a lot in Forrest Hill or some other cemetery, and erecting a proper monument over the remains of the deceased. A number of prominent citizens were present and fully endorsed the praiseworthy objects of the meeting. It is understood that a grand concert, in which all the bands in the city will volunteer their services, will take place Nov. 3d, at the Boston Theatre, the proceeds of the same to be devoted to erecting the proposed monument over the grave of the lamented Kendall.

NORWOOD, the Fakir, opens for one week, commencing in Ottawa, C. W., on the 29th.

THE SPAULDING BROTHERS, Bell Ringers and Vocalists, were at Fort Wayne, Ind., on the 22d, 23d and 24th, and opened at Crosby's Opera House, Chicago, on the 25th, for three nights. The party then make a tour through Illinois and Wisconsin.

M. JOHN DENIER is attracting crowds to witness his tight rope performances in the small towns of Ohio.

THE HANLON BROTHERS—Thomas, Edward and Frederick—have been meeting with great success in Canada. A correspondent writing from Ottawa, C. W., on Oct. 20th, says:—"The Hanlon Brothers opened here on the 18th. They are too well known and have too great a reputation to require me to add anything to it; but I may say, their pecuniary success is second only to the wondrous daring of their feats. They played to a $450 house on the opening night, and turned over 600 people away from the theatre doors, while last night was merely a repetition of the former. Carrie Austin's Zouave Drill is a particular feature of their entertainment. They give a *matinee* this afternoon, and their last performance to-night, when they leave by special train for Toronto."

A NEW HALL IN PHILADELPHIA.—The New Horticultural and Music Hall, now in course of erection on Broad street, next to the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, will cover the entire lot of seventy-five by two hundred feet, and have a thirty feet street on the south and fifteen feet of open space on the north for the purposes of light and ventilation. The ground floor will comprise a well lighted room on Broad street, of twenty-nine by seventy feet, with twelve feet ceiling, and a banqueting room in the rear, of seventy by one hundred and twelve feet, and capable of seating about one thousand persons—both well lighted and ventilated. At the west end there will be a handsome rehearsal room, of twenty-five by seventy feet, with sixteen feet ceilings, and with a private entrance from Westmoreland street, and a private stairway leading up to the stage and to the main floor above. The stage will be thirty-one by seventy-one feet, and elevated five feet above the main floor, and will accommodate about two hundred chorus singers, with orchestra, &c. The main hall will be gained from the Broad street front by an easy rise of six feet, opening into a vestibule of twenty by forty-two feet, with ticket-office and dressing rooms of seventeen by twenty-nine feet, on both sides, for ladies and gentlemen. The auditorium will be seventy-one by one hundred and twenty feet, and will contain comfortable and numbered seats for about fifteen hundred persons. Over the dressing rooms, and fronting on Broad street, will be a beautiful and well lighted foyer of twenty-nine by seventy-one feet, with ceiling thirty feet high, and pleasantly arranged for the monthly meetings of the Society, and their library, and for parlor concerts, etc. A narrow gallery, resting on brackets, will extend from the level of the foyer around three sides of the hall, with stairways descending to the main promenade during the horticultural exhibitions, balls, &c., and will be similar to the one in the upper saloon of the old Chinese Museum. Seats will be arranged for about five hundred persons. The stage will be flanked with ornamental columns and proscenium boxes, and the opening for the curtain will be forty-two feet. The ceiling of the main hall will be fifty feet high, and great attention has been paid to its construction with a view to producing the best musical effects. The entire interior will be furnished with a view to having the walls frescoed. The front on Broad street will be of handsomely cut stone, sixty feet high by seventy-five feet wide, with projecting portico and columns of brown stone, the dressings of the windows to be of the same material, and the main body in front to be of pearl gray stone, forming an agreeable contrast, and relieving the sombre appearance of the brown stone. It will probably accommodate about three thousand persons.

JOHN FOSTER AND IRVIN'S VARIETY TROUPE closed up at Fitchburg, Mass., on Oct. 24th.

THAT ACCOMPLISHED SKATER, Miss Carrie Augusta Moore, is now ready to receive proposals of managers of rinks and parks for the forthcoming skating carnival; or she would like to engage parks on reasonable terms. See the lady's advertisement in another column.

ELLINGER AND FOOTE'S troupe, with W. B. Harrison, the poet, and others, was to show in Davenport, Iowa, on October 29th and 30th, and goes thence to Iowa City, Iowa, Oct. 31st and Nov. 1st; Rock Island, Ill., Nov. 2d and 3d; Geneseo, Ill., 5th; Prinston, Iowa, 6th; Galesburgh, Ill., 7th and 8th; Burlington, Iowa, 9th and 10th; Keokuk, 12th and 13th; Quincey, 14th and 15th, and Hanibal, Mo., 16th and 17th.

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLKS were at Providence, R. I., on Oct. 26th, and Pawtucket 27th.

THE MILTONIAN TABLEAUX (the Warren party,) was at Bristol, R. I., on Oct. 22d, 23d and 24th, and Fall River, Mass., on the 26th, 26th and 27th.

MAD. CHARLOTTE VARIAN HOFFMAN, assisted by J. R. Thomas, Sig. Tomanski, the Polish violinist, and F. F. Tingley, pianist, gave a concert at Roger Williams Hall, Providence, Oct. 24th. A "small but select audience" was in attendance.

THE AMERICAN OPERA TROUPE are announced to produce the "Doctor of Alcantara" at City Hall, Providence, R. I., on Oct. 30th and 31st, and Nov. 1st.

CORRY THEATRE, lately known as the Academy of Music, of Corry, Pa., has the repute of being a very convenient building for theatrical displays. It is offered for rent by the night or season, in an advertisement in another column, by Eugene Wright.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL was at New Bedford, Mass., on Oct. 22d and 23d; Taunton, 24th and North Bridgewater, 25th.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE was at North Bridgewater, Mass., on Oct. 24th; New Bedford, 25th; Taunton, 26th; Newport, R. I., 27th; Fall River, Mass., 29th; and is billed for Bristol, R. I., Oct. 30th; Warren, 31st; and the Academy of Music, Providence, Nov. 1st.

THE MILTONIAN TABLEAUX was at Jackson, Mich., on October 26th and 27th.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE perform at Providence, R. I., Nov. 1st, and New London, Ct., 5th.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL TROUPE is said to be doing a lively land office business down East; this being their sixth annual tour through the Eastern States. Their business thus far has nearly doubled that of any previous season, we are told. The company were at Newport, R. I., 17th and 18th, and Fall River, Mass., 19th and 20th, in each of which cities they drew large crowds. The troupe perform in Salem, Mass., 29th, 30th and 31st; Gloucester, 31st and Nov. 1st; Newburyport, 2d; Amesbury, 3d; Portsmouth, N. H., 5th; Biddeford, Me., 6th; thence East as far as Bangor, returning West on the 17th. Julian A. Buckmar, treasurer, rejoined the Quincuplexal at Middletown, Ct., on Oct. 5th.

BATEMAN'S series of concerts in Philadelphia closed on the 26th of October. They were not attended as largely as had been anticipated, and we presume the venerable "papa" is not very well pleased with Philadelphia's "pecuniary resources." The entertainments, artistically, proved successful.

"HELL A REALITY," is the subject which some of our eminent divines are at present discussing. The most interesting Heller reality, however, is the entertainment offered by Heller, the magician, for he is certainly the only real Heller fellow in the business.

MASTER RICHARD COKER, having returned from his tour of continental Europe, gave a concert at the New Assembly Rooms, Baltimore, on Oct. 26th, assisted by eminent talent.

HELLER showed three nights last week to crowded houses at Tweddle Hall, Albany, N. Y.

THE "COLUMBIAN VOCALISTS," graduates of N.Y. Institute For The Blind, announce a concert at Tweddle Hall, Albany, N. Y., on Oct. 31st.

ALF. BURNETT, the great wit, scholar and humorist, is playing a highly successful engagement at Sanderson's Opera House, Baltimore. The man that can laugh on one side of his face and cry on the other. Our correspondent, "Don Juan," says:—"As a mimic he beats all creation, and as a classic scholar he stands high. His wit is radiant, and his 'Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby' is irresistibly comic in its judicious hits at the times. He is assisted by Miss Helen Nash—a most excellent recitationist and who possesses a considerable amount of dramatic talent."

PROF. C. A. LEWIS was at Three Rivers, Mich., on Oct. 22d, and was to remain four nights.

THOSE who wish to take lessons in the banjo will find in John Sivori one who thoroughly understands that popular instrument. His address will be found in our advertising columns.

THE CAROLINA TWINS and the Siamese Twins are exhibiting at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, this week.

CLOG DANCING, jig dancing, and banjo playing are accomplishments, and those who wish to get posted in them should take the advice of the Dobson Brothers given in advertisements in another column.

Amateur.

AT LITTLE ROCK, ARK., they have an amateur gentleman, Mr. Michael Egan, who has shaken the dust from the curtains, and organized quite a respectable company. This genius, says a correspondent, "ventured on the boards, and rendered Hamlet twice, to very large and appreciative audiences; and that, too, where older and more practical actors had gained many laurels. Since playing Hamlet he has appeared as Michael Earle in the 'Maniac Lover,' and also as William in 'Black Eyed Susan.' We think down here if he had a fair chance he would place his record high among the 'stars.'"

THE NEAFIE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Newark, N. J., gave their opening performance for the season, on Oct. 24th, to a crowded audience. The bill of fare was "La Tour De Nesle" and "A Soiree." A correspondent says,—"Mr. Seaver, Milly Burkley and S. F. Brennon as Buridan, Marguerite and Phillipe, were the features of the play. Miss Kitty Hews as Jeannette did very well. Simmons as Goultier, Harris as DeMarigny, Mellville as Savoiry and Walters as Raoul, were also good. Clark as Orsini and Thomas as Landri were passable. The entertainment concluded with one of their popular soirees, in which all participated.....I hear that a new association has been organized in this city, under the name of 'The Histrionic Dramatique Association.' The following is a list of the officers and members:—Jas. Seaver, stage manager; E. W. Carter, F. M. Howard, G. Sanford, R. Honeywell, G. Foster, J. W. King, H. T. Simmons, Mr. King, W. H. Butler, S. F. Brennon, C. W. Mortimer, Milly Burkley, Angie Burton, Jennie Thompson and Miss Davenport. They intend giving an entertainment in a few weeks."

THE TEMPERANCE DRAMATIC CLUB, of New Bedford, Mass., gave a performance of the "Golden Farmer," and "Box and Cox," on October 20th.

THE CONCORDIA DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Nashville, gave a performance on Oct. 22d. The bill was the "Portrait of the Loved One." The parts were all well sustained. "Married Life" will be produced this week.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

FRANK B. CONVERSE IN LONDON.—This popular banjoist, who took a trip to England, for the benefit of his wife's health, and who had no sooner arrived there than his services were eagerly sought for by a number of minstrel managers, commenced an unlimited engagement with Christy's Minstrels, at St. James' Hall, London, on Oct. 1st. His reception was one of the most flattering accorded any American that has crossed the water for many years. The following very flattering notices are from the London papers:—

"In particular there is a banjoist, Mr. F. B. Converse by name, who must be seen in order to be heard, and must be heard in order to be appreciated."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"First and foremost amid the specialties of the season was the appearance of Mr. Frank B. Converse, who is considered in the United States to be the most remarkable and accomplished performer on the banjo in the world, and most assuredly we may venture to endorse the character thus given of his ability. He is verily the 'Paganini" of banjo players, and he delighted the audience with his varied performances."—*The Standard.*

"The minstrels on this occasion are reinforced with some capital new talent, conspicuous amongst the sables being a very clever banjoist, Mr. Frank B. Converse, whose performances must be heard to be duly appreciated."—*The Globe.*

"The management introduced among the foremost specialties Mr. Frank Converse, an accomplished performer on the banjo, who, having had various prizes awarded him in the United States, promises to become one of the leading Christy favorites. His fund of humor seems inexhaustible, and he certainly does as much with the banjo as any nigger melodist, original or counterpart, ever attempted. The little obligato selected for the immediate purpose of his *debut*, and the professorship matches in the burlesque called 'Hard of Hearing,' afforded full scope for the display of Mr. Converse's peculiar talent."—*Advertiser.*

"Mr. Frank B. Converse has more than fulfilled the great anticipations engendered by the many flattering reports which preceded him from America. A more genuine success has never been achieved."—*Reynold's Paper.*

"Among the new comers is Mr. Frank B. Converse, whose manipulative skill as a banjoist has raised that instrument much in our estimation. Mr. Converse's performance is in itself worth a visit to St. James Hall."—*Star.*

"The great novelty of the evening, however, was the first appearance of Mr. Frank Converse, the premier banjo player, and, from the specimen of his ability we had last evening we have no hesitation in saying he is really a most astonishing performer on that instrument."—*The Sun.*

"And there is also a wonderful banjo player, Mr. Frank Converse, of whose extraordinary performance we must speak more at length next week."—*The Sportsman, Oct. 4.*

"The most important of the new comers is Mr. Frank B. Converse, a banjo player of considerable repute in America, and who promises to become equally popular in the 'old country.' He is an expert and tasteful executant, and has an inexhaustible fund of humor, which has full scope afforded in a new burlesque entitled '*Hard of Hearing*'"—*News of the World.*

"Another new *artiste* here is Mr. Frank B. Converse, who is a good vocalist, remarkably clever performer on the banjo, and who renders valuable service by his pleasant and active manners in the burlesque portion of the entertainment. This gentleman's imitation of 'The Chimes' on his simple looking instrument, was extreme'y ingenious and interesting. The burlesque of '*Hard of Hearing*' also affords Mr. Converse an opportunity to prove his ability to shine in this department."—*Era.*

"In the second part Mr. Frank B. Converse made his first appearance before a British public. He is a most accomplished banjo player."—*Lloyd's Weekly.*

"Among these is Mr. Frank B. Converse, a banjoist, whose performance on his instrument has materially increased our respect for its powers. Mr. Converse is represented as the most skilful player of his day, and really it would seem as if his achievements could not be surpassed. Let those who wish to hear the *ne plus ultra* of banjo playing visit the Christys."—*Sunday Times.*

"And strengthen their company by the introduction of a new banjo performer, Mr. Frank Converse, whose imitations of a hurdy-gurdy, chimes, &c., proved him perfect master of his instrument, and elicited unbounded applause."—*Weekly Dispatch.*

"Among the most noteworthy of whom must be specially mentioned Mr. Frank B. Converse, a banjoist of extraordinary powers, whose performances are really skilful and tasteful, and will go far to raise our respect for the capabilities of that instrument; he is, besides, inexhaustibly comic, and is, therefore, a valuable acquisition to this talented company."—*Sportsman, Oct. 11.*

"Conspicuously amongst the sables being a very clever banjoist, Mr. Frank B. Converse, whose performances must be heard to be duly appreciated."—*Penny Illustrated.*

"Foremost amongst the additions to the company must be ranked Mr. Frank B. Converse, the champion banjoist of the world. Mr. Converse's performances upon his favorite instrument are certainly very remarkable, and must enhance the hearers' opinion concerning the capacity of that instrument for musical expression."—*Illustrated Sporting News.*

"A new and powerful attraction has been added since last season in the person of Mr. Frank Converse, a most accomplished performer on the banjo, and whose humor sets the house in a roar. This gentleman has only recently left the United States, where he was considered the greatest banjo player in the country, and his performance certainly warrants us in asserting that he is the most accomplished performer on that instrument we ever listened to."—*Weekly Times.*

MR. HUDSPETH, comedian, died in London, Eng., on the 2d inst., aged 59.

JOHN FERGUSON, an old actor of forty-six years' standing, had a farewell benefit at the Theatre Royal, Dundee, on the 1st inst. He appeared, after a long absence from the boards, as Jack Howleson, in "Cramond Brig."

DAN LEESON, the American comedian, is with Newsom's Circus, England, clowning with a black face.

AN OLD BELL.—A bell which is heard in the first act of "*Don Juan d'Autriche*," now playing at the Theatre Francaise in Paris, is one of those which, on the 24th of August, 1572, gave the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Being put up for sale during the Revolution, all the bells of St. Germain l'Auxerrois were bought by a founder named Flauban, who parted with the smallest of them to the theatre named. It was rung for the first time at the theatre in 1851, at the first performance of "*Edouard en Ecosse*," by Alexander Duval.

JAPANESE TOMMY ON HIS MUSCLE.—During the visit of Sam Hague's Slave Troupe to Sheffield, England, on September 28th, a lively, dwarfish moke, named Sam Pride, formerly connected with the troupe, appeared before the magistrates to answer a charge of assault preferred against him by Japanese Tommy, a member of the Slave Troupe, and who performs the freaks of a "mischievous monkey" and other interesting gambols. The case excited much interest amongst the members of the band of black serenaders who are going about the country as a "Slave Troupe," and several of them were present. They were especially remarkable for their display of showy, more than likely flashy, jewelry. It appeared that when the troupe was at Manchester, both Sam Pride and Little Tommy were connected with it, but the company lost its Pride before it visited Sheffield, and some ill-feeling seems to have been engendered. They met in a hotel, and before they separated the proceedings were varied by a row, in which Tommy came off second best. According to the evidence of the witnesses for the complainant, Sam Pride, without any provocation, called the dwarf "a —— little black son of a ——," struck him on the face, and then kicked him on the mouth. The defendant denied the charge, and stated that it had been trumped up against him from malicious motives. Sam Hague, Japanese Tommy and Mr. Slater were very much opposed to him, and were doing all they could to run him down, and to ruin him, because he had left their company. Several witnesses were called for the defendant. They attributed all the blame to Tommy, describing his manner as haughty and violent, he having made two attempts to strike Pride with his stick. They denied that Pride ever struck the dwarf, and added that the kick on the face was accidental. The Bench took a different view, and bound the defendant to keep the peace for six months.

THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS—the Nash party—were in Sydney in August. The company consists of A. Nish, first violin; Melvin, tenor violin; Kohler; Gee, pianist; Bent, bones; Howson, banjo; T. Peel, who took Norton's place, jig and end tambo; H. Eastwood agent. Tom Rainford, who left England with the Nish and Norton party, and joined Harvey & Abecco's Christy's.

M. CLARENCE, an actor connected with the La Gaitie, Paris, died in that city recently.

"ABRAH NA POGUE" had reached its one hundredth performance at the Gaitie Theatre, Paris, on Sept. 27th.

MRS. BENNETT, wife of James Bennett, the actor, died at Cleveden, Somersetshire, Eng., Oct. 9th.

ARTEMUS WARD intends opening in London early in November, at Egyptian Hall. It will seat only about four hundred people. The location is good, being in Piccadilly.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY.
Doors open at 7. Commences at 7½.
This Establishment does not Advertise in the New York Herald.
EVERY NIGHT AND SATURDAY AFTERNOON,
UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS OF
THE BLACK CROOK,
Introducing Jarrett & Palmer's
GREAT PARISIAN BALLET TROUPE,
together with
SILVER CASCADE
AND THE GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE.
Seats can be secured six days in advance.
GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,
COMMENCING AT ONE O'CLOCK,
on which occasion the prices will be
ONE DOLLAR
To all parts of the house.
No extra charge for reserved seats, which can be secured any day during the week.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Admission 50 cts.
LAST WEEK most positively of the most brilliant engagement ever played by the matchless artiste,
MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL,
WHO WILL ON MONDAY, OCT. 29,
EVERY EVENING THIS WEEK, AND SATURDAY MATINEE,
appear in the beautiful domestic drama, in five acts, of
LITTLE BAREFOOT.
AMRY (the little Barefoot), her original character.....MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL
WILLIAM PEASE.....MR. JAMES W. COLLIER
Other characters by the full strength of the company.

MR. GEO. WOOD has great satisfaction in announcing an engagement with the original tragedian and founder of the natural and colloquial school of high art,
MR. CHAS. DILLON,
who will make his first appearance on
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1866.
Box sheet now open, and seats may be secured in advance.

WINTER GARDEN.
WILLIAM STUART.....Manager
THIRD WEEK OF
MRS. D. P. BOWERS' GREAT TRIUMPH
before vast and enthusiastic audiences, supported by
MR. J. C. McCOLLOM AND A FINE CAST,
in her strangely attractive personation of Lady Audley, the
INTENSE PASSION,
subtle power, and consummate art of which have
WARMLY CHALLENGED
the eager admiration of the entire Metropolitan Press.
EVERY NIGHT, COMMENCING AT 8.
John Brougham's deeply exciting Drama of
LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.
MRS. D. P. BOWERS.....LADY AUDLEY
MR. J. C. McCOLLUM.....ROBERT AUDLEY
NEW SCENERY AND
THRILLING EFFECTS.
ADMISSION.—Dress Circle, 75c; Family Circle, 30c; Orchestra Chairs, $1.50. Doors open 7½.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....J. W. LINGARD
FIRST NIGHT OF THE
ENTIRELY NEW DRAMA, BY J. F. POOLE, ESQ.,
ENTITLED
CAPTAIN HERON,
THE HIGHWAYMAN OF EPPING FOREST.
NEW AND SPLENDID EFFECTS.
Also, the Drama of the
FIRE RAISER.
In active preparation, the new London Drama of the
LONG STRIKE.

NEW YORK THEATRE.
Managers.....MARK SMITH & LEWIS BAKER.
MONDAY, AND EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK.
the comedy, in three acts, by H. J. Byron, author of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS, entitled
WAR TO THE KNIFE.
With the following splendid cast:
John Blunt.....Mr. Mark Smith
Mr. Nubby.....Mr. Lewis Baker
Captain Thistleton.....Mr. C. Metkiff
Mr. Harcourt.....Mr. Percy
Sharpus.....Mr. Chapman
Nabos.....Mr. Williams
Mrs. Delacour.....Mrs. Wm. G mersal
Mrs. Harcourt.....Miss Saidee Cole
Mrs. Penson.....Mrs. Marie Wilkins
Jane Trimmer.....Miss Alicia Mandeville
After which the ever popular farce,
WANTED A THOUSAND MILLINERS.
Madam Vanderpants.....Mr. Mark Smith
Miss Smithers.....Mrs. Gomersal

NEW YORK CIRCUS,
FOURTEENTH STREET, opposite Academy of Music.
L. B. LENT.....Director
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY,
AT 2¼ O'CLOCK.
EVERY NIGHT AT 8,
ROBINSON,
STEEPLE CHASE RIDER.
DASHING HEROIC ACT,
M'LLE CARLOTTA DE BERG,
THE WORLD-RENOWNED EQUESTRIENNE.
JAMES E. COOKE,
IN HIS PICTURES FROM PICKWICK.
THE SMALL PONIES,
THE SUPERB HORSES,
THE BOLD RIDERS,
THE MIRACULOUS GYMNASTS.
Concluding with the pantomime of
THE SCULPTOR'S TRIUMPH.

CLOG DANCING Taught by Dick Sands, the Champion of the world, now with Kelly & Leon's Minstrels. For terms, apply to the DOBSON BROTHERS,
30-1t* 681 Broadway.

BANJO, GUITAR AND MAGIC Taught by the DOBSON BROTHERS, the most scientific performers in the country, 681 Broadway. 30-1t*

MRS. GEORGE MELVILLE,
FIRST OLD WOMAN, having recovered from her severe indisposition, is prepared to negotiate with responsible managers.
30-2t* Address her 152 Waverley Place, New York.

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CONNER & CO.'S
DRAMATIC, MUSICAL, EQUESTRIAN, PURCHASING AND COSTUME AGENCY REMOVED TO
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Artists wanted at all times.
No connection with any other Agency.
30-1t© JAS. CONNER & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO.
MISS KATHLEEN O'NEIL,
THE GREATEST IRISH VOCALIST AND DELINEATOR OF THE TRUE WIT, MIRTH AND MELODY OF THE GREEN ISLE,
has accepted an engagement in Frisco for one year, at a weekly salary of $200 in gold.
All business communications and letters to be addressed,
JAMES CONNER,
534 Broadway, New York.
MISS O'NEIL, on her return, will bring all the novelties from the Pacific Slope. 30-tf

CONNER & CO.'S DRAMATIC AGENCY, 534
BROADWAY, offers for sale the following list of new and scarce plays: Inchavogue, Cast on the Mercies of the World, Rosedale, Arra'n Na Pogue, Ice Witch, Peep O' Day, Money and Misery, Dream of Destiny, East Lynne, Leah, Streets of New York, and all of MADAME CELESTE'S PIECES.
Also, TONY DENIER'S PARLOR PANTOMIMES.
The Art of Acting, Guide to the Stage, Amateurs Guide, etc. 1tc

COSTUMES! COSTUMES!! COSTUMES!!!
For supplying
FANCY BALLS, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE PARTIES.
THE GREAT COSTUME DEPOT, AT 534 BROADWAY,
will soon be open for exhibition. The most gorgeous sett of costumes that has ever been offered to the public. Give us a call.
JAS. CONNER & CO.
Dramatic Agents and Costumers,
30-1tc 534 Broadway.

HOUSTON THEATRE,
HOUSTON, TEXAS.
FRANK BATES.....Manager
WANTED—Leading Man, Heavy Juvenile. Apply to
JAMES CONNER & CO.,
534 Broadway.
Stars liberally treated with. 30-1tc

HARRY LESLIE,
THE GREAT SENSATION
HERO OF NIAGARA FALLS,
And
ONE OF THE MOST DARING ARTISTS IN THE COUNTRY,
and now playing a
VERY SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENT
at the
NEW BOWERY THEATRE,
NEW YORK,
can be engaged for a season of six or twelve nights, in first class Theatres.
SPECTACULAR BUSINESS, DRAMAS,
SENSATION PIECES, COMEDIES,
and the wonderful TIGHT ROPE. Managers will please apply to
JAMES CONNER & CO.,
30-1t 534 Broadway, New York.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.
A first class Leading Woman, Agent and Full Dramatic Company for the Winter, to travel in the Eastern States.
Apply to JAMES CONNER CO., 534 Broadway, or
WM. H. HAMELIN, Sammett House, Holyoke, Mass.
Also, a Good Leader. 30-1tc

THEATRE COMIQUE,
(Formerly Academy of Music,)
CINCINNATI.
JAS. A. OATS & CO.....Managers
Will open on or about Nov. 15th as a Comedy, Burlesque and Vaudeville Theatre.
A full company is wanted. Apply to
JAS. A. OATS, as above, or to
JAS. CONNER & CO.,
Dramatic Agents,
30-1tc 534 Broadway, N. Y.

SAVANNAH THEATRE,
SAVANNAH, GA.
G. J. TAGGART.....Manager.
Wanted a Full Dramatic Company for the above Theatre.
Apply to CONNER & CO.,
Dramatic Agents,
30-1tc 534 Broadway.

MISS LEO HUDSON.
THIS CHARMING AND BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS,
having concluded her engagement at Leavenworth and Baltimore, is now performing at the New Chestnut Street Theatre.
Managers will address MISS HUDSON, or
JAMES CONNER & CO.,
Dramatic Agents,
30-1tc 534 Broadway.

MISS KATHLEEN O'NEIL,
THE GREAT IRISH COMEDIENNE,
has been engaged by Gilbert & Bert, of the Olympic Theatre, San Francisco, and will sail on Wednesday, Oct. 31st.
JAS. CONNER & CO.,
Dramatic Agents,
30-1tc 534 Broadway.

CARD TO ARTISTS.
WANTED.—PREMIERE DANSEUSES, BALLET GIRLS, GYMNASTS, PANTOMIMISTS, MUSICIANS, LEADER, &c.,
for an entire New and First Class Combination Troupe, now organizing to Travel and STAR in the different Theatres throughout the Country.
The Troupe will start from New York on or about Nov. 15th,
HEADED WITH THE GREATEST FEATURES.
Ladies and Gents wishing engagements will apply or address
JAS. CONNER & CO.,
Dramatic Agents,
30-1tc 534 Broadway, N. Y.

CHARLEY SHAY'S
MONSTER QUINCUPLEXAL.
Positively the largest Hall Show in America, and the one that claims to be—and is acknowledged by all—the master of the amusement world.
The best Show, newest Acts, best Comedians, finest Vocalists, most graceful Danseuses, best Musicians, most wonderful Jugglers, expert Knife Throwers, best Necromancers, best Brass and String Band, most costly Wardrobes, splendid Apparatus, fine Scenery, and the handsomest Ladies and Gentlemen ever combined in any one company, beside the
$1,000 CHALLENGE EDUCATED TAN TERRIER, "FANNY,"
The whole under the sole management of
CHARLEY SHAY,
the best general performer in the world, who will positively appear at each performance. Now on its Six

AMUSEMENTS.

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We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

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Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, N. Y.

BUDWORTH'S MINSTRELS.
FIFTH AVENUE OPERA HOUSE,
2 and 4 West 24th street, adjoining the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

SONG, DANCE AND BURLESQUE.

TREMENDOUS HOUSES.
BRILLIANT SUCCESS OF THE GREAT ETHIOPIAN SPECTACLE,
ST. GEORGE AND YE DRAGON,
PRODUCED REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE,
AND RECEIVED EACH EVENING WITH SHOUTS OF LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE.
MONDAY EVENING, Oct. 29,
First appearance of
MR. ROLLIN HOWARD,
The great Sensation Prima Donna and Burlesque Artist, who will appear as MADAME RED-PEPPER in the
BAKEMAN'S CONCERTS.
30-1t* MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, AT 2 P. M.

MAJOR PAULINE CUSHMAN
Is at liberty to engage with managers for leading or juvenile business. Address COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN,
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CORRY THEATRE,
Formerly
ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CORRY, PA.
Size of Auditorium 76 by 45 feet, with Orchestra, Parquet and Gallery, will seat about 1200. Scenery, Machinery and Properties best of any found outside of Metropolitan Theatres.
TO RENT BY THE NIGHT OR SEASON.
Address EUGENE WRIGHT,
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"ELEVENTH STREET OPERA HOUSE,"
PHILADELPHIA.
WANTED A FIRST CLASS TENOR.
Apply immediately to
J. L. CARNCROSS,
30-2t Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels.

WE ANNOUNCE NO VACATION.
TO THE BURLINGTON, IOWA, CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK SUNDAY MERCURY:

SIR—The item written by you, with the aid of Gustave Bidaux, against DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS, which appeared in the Sunday Mercury of the 14th of October, is in every particular false, with the exception of Mr. Sam Pond's death. The article was written and published with the intention to injure our hard-earned reputation by years of severe trial and toil; and you, young squirt of a would-be correspondent, ought to hide your guilty face from the profession hereafter, to be guilty of publishing such base, low, unprincipled lies. Gustave Bidaux did not leave my employ; I discharged him whilst at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, for bad conduct and deceitfulness, for which he is so famously known in the profession to possess. In regard to Charley Reynolds, the great Negro Comedian of America, leaving us, that is also untrue. Mr. Reynolds is still with us, and has no intention of leaving. You say you are sorry we did not give satisfaction to the large audience we drew at Burlington Oct. 5th. That is a black, contemptible falsehood. Perhaps we did not please you, for the simple reason that you had to pay for your admission, as we never pass or recognize common, cheap correspondents like yourself, whose principles and honor can be bought for two or three glasses of lager bier and loose talk, as in this case. When you meet Bidaux again, see if you can't obtain from his talking machine some more of his first class manufactured lies, to make up an item for the New York Sunday Mercury; and you, sir, not possessing honor enough as to do otherwise than to publish it at the expense of our hard earned reputation, to please Bidaux, whom I have discharged from my employment. You further meanly insinuate that we are running on one wheel, and should not be surprised if we announce a vacation soon. I want you and your readers to understand that we shall have no vacation, and in regard to running on one wheel, it is immaterial to me and makes no difference whatever whether you announce that we are running on one or two wheels; but allow me to inform you and the world, if understood we are running on one wheel, it is a mighty powerful wheel, rolling through the country like a thunderbolt. The profession and all the competition brought to bear against it for the past fourteen years have failed to stop its progress yet; and let me tell you, sir, if ever that one wheel should come in contact with you in future, it is my candid opinion it will give you the headache, and perhaps a pair of black eyes for a few weeks. The establishment of my company's reputation as a first class and the leading Minstrel Troupe of this country, has cost me much money and too many years' hard labor to permit such a young, ignorant puppy as you to trifle with it. You, sir, are not worthy the paper and ink it takes to pen this article; but, for self justice and the artists that are associated with me, I am compelled to notice your doggedly meanness. If you want to disgrace the paper you represent and wish to make yourself famous for being void of all good principles, come again with your lying, mean items.

CHAS. H. DUPREZ,
Manager Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels.
Detroit, Mich., Oct. 24, 1866. 30-1t*3t

BURGESS & LA RUE'S
MINSTRELS,
Universally admitted and undeniably the
CHAMPION TROUPE OF AMERICA,
And the
AUTOCRATS OF ALL MINSTRELSY.
TWENTY-FOUR BRILLIANT STARS,
Including the two greatest of all living Ethiopian Comedians,
COOL BURGESS and S. S. PURDY.
Marvellous Vocal Quintet,
SWEET, FREDERICKS, CHURCH, BRANDESSI AND STONE.
Four Clog Dancers, the Champions of the World,
MIKE KANANE, NED WEST,
AND THE WONDERFUL UTICA BOYS.
FRANK BOWLES' GREAT BRASS BAND,
NED KNEELAND'S MAGNIFICENT ORCHESTRA.
An entire new Programme of the largest and most versatile company and most extraordinary combination of vocal, comic and terpsichorean talent ever confederated in one organization.
EACH AND EVERY MEMBER AN ARTIST OF EMINENCE IN HIS SPECIALITY.
The Manager begs leave to call attention to the long array of distinguished names constituting this remarkable confederation:

COOL BURGESS,	A. C. STONE,
S. S. PURDY,	SIGNOR BRANDISI,
O. P. SWEET,	MARCELLO TORNISI,
C. S. FREDERICKS,	GEORGE REYNOLDS,
FRANK BOWLES,	CHARLEY REYNOLDS,
HARRY FRENCH,	NED KNEELAND,
NED WEST,	LOUIS KAZARAN,
CHARLES CHURCH,	DICK THOMPSON,
MIKE KANANE,	JOE TIMPSON,
D. G. LA RUE,	H. A. STANLEY,
W. FOWLER,	J. H. SLAWSON,
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D. C. LA RUE, Manager.
30-tf H. A. STANLEY, Agent.

JOHN DENIER,
THE CHAMPION ASCENSIONIST
And
TIGHT ROPE KING,
The most
ORIGINAL AND FINISHED ARTIST LIVING,
Is now performing in Ohio.

Communications must be addressed
30-1t* CLIPPER OFFICE.

MISS CARRIE AUGUSTA MOORE,
The Renowned
SKATORIAL QUEEN,
Is now ready to negotiate with responsible Managers of
SKATING RINKS AND PARKS
For the coming Winter.
Would like to engage Parks on reasonable terms.
All letters to be addressed to her, care of
30-tf NEW YORK CLIPPER.

HAPPY CAL WAGEER,
ETHIOPIAN COMEDIAN,
24 Niagara st., Syracuse, N. Y.
All letters must be directed to 24 Niagara street, Syracuse, New York. 30-tf

TURNER'S OPERA HOUSE,
DAYTON, OHIO.
J. M. TURNER & BRO.....Proprietors
JOHN WEAVER.....Manager
This magnificent Temple of Amusement, surpassed by none in the United States for Beauty of Finish and Architectural Grandeur, seating over 2,000 persons, is now open, in the full tide of success, with a first class Company.
Stars and others desiring engagements will be treated with on liberal terms. Address as above. 30-3m

SAVANNAH THEATRE,
SAVANNAH, GA.
GEO. W. MILLER & CO.....Managers
The above theatre, having been leased by George W. Miller & Co.—very popular gentlemen, with plenty of the needful to back them up if necessary—they have thereby cleansed and decorated the theatre, and will open it with a first class company for the fall and winter season on or about Nov. 15, 1866.
ARTISTS OF KNOWN REPUTE,
with LEADER OF ORCHESTRA, wishing engagements, will address GEO. W. MILLER, care of
JAMES CONNER & CO.,
Dramatic Agents,
30-tfc No. 534 Broadway.
STARS LIBERALLY TREATED WITH.

WANTED,
ONE GOOD DANSEUSE.
ALSO,
ONE GOOD LADY BALLAD SINGER.
ADDRESS, STATING SALARY,
MANAGER
DRAWER 78,
8-1t BINGHAMPTON, N. Y.

CHARLEY WHITE'S
GREAT VARIETY TROUPE,
OPEN EVERY NIGHT,
AT BRYANTS' MECHANICS' HALL, 472 BROADWAY,
Consisting of
A MONSTROUS COMPANY OF
THIRTY-FIVE VERSATILE PERFORMERS,
INTRODUCING AN ENTIRE CHANGE OF PERFORMANCE EVERY WEEK,
AND PRESENTING IN ONE EVENING
GREATEST VARIETY of real PASTIME ever given in AMERICA.
The Monster Entertainment now given at
THIS TEMPLE OF AMUSEMENT
is pronounced by all the par excellence of the age.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON,
30-1t* Commencing at 2½ o'clock.

SEAVER'S OPERA HOUSE,
LATE ODEON, BROOKLYN, E. D.
RE-DECORATED, NEW SCENERY and STAGE APPOINTMENTS.
☞ GRAND OPENING. ☜
This Beautiful TEMPLE OF ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELSY will commence the FALL AND WINTER SEASON on MONDAY EVENING, Sept. 3d, 1866, with the following
BRILLIANT ARRAY OF TALENT:
EPH HORN, the celebrated Ethiopian Comedian.
WASH NORTON, the great Female Impersonator and General Performer.
JOHNNY ALLEN AND J. K. CAMPBELL,
The Favorite Comedians.
JOHNNY QUEEN, the Champion Cloggist.

J. A. Herman,	G. H. Fraser,	Fred Barker,
B. Isaacs,	M. Riley,	C. Paunfelt,
H. Isaacs,	F. J. St. Clair,	G. Moherig,
J. J. Hilliard,	Fred Bowen, and	GEO. H. COES,

Who will appear nightly in their
GRAND AND FASHIONABLE ENTERTAINMENTS.
ALL THE NEWEST SONGS, BALLADS, CHORUSES, FARCES, ACTS, JOKES, BURLESQUE OPERA, TRAGEDY, &c., &c., WILL BE PRODUCED IN RAPID SUCCESSION.
FIRST CLASS TALENT can address
T. W. SEAVER, Sole Proprietor.
21-tf GEO. H. COES, Stage Manager.

HOOLEY'S NEW OPERA HOUSE,
CORNER OF COURT AND REMSEN STREETS, BROOKLYN,
Is now open for the season with
A GREAT STAR COMBINATION OF
MINSTRELS AND PANTOMIMISTS.
THE MOST COMFORTABLE AND FINEST HALL IN AMERICA.
The Company comprises TWENTY-FIVE UNEQUALLED PERFORMERS, selected from the first ranks of the Profession.
First class talent can address
S. GREENLAND, Ag't. [2-tf] R. M. HOOLEY, Sole Propr'r.

TONY PASTOR'S COMBINATION
STILL CONTINUING THEIR
REMARKABLY SUCCESSFUL CAREER,
PLAYING TO CROWDED HOUSES NIGHTLY,
Pleasing the People, making money for the Management, and giving food for pleasant thought to aspiring Variety Managers, who seek in vain to imitate our entertainment.

BILLY PASTOR.....Acting Manager
L. R. PIKE.....Agent
29-tf TONY PASTOR, SAM SHARPLEY, } Proprietors.

LAZELLE & KING,
THE FAMOUS GYMNASTS,
Now traveling with
SETH B. HOWES' EUROPEAN CIRCUS,
Are prepared to make engagements on and after the 25th instant. Managers wishing the services of these experts should address them in care of
29-tf NEW YORK CLIPPER.

METROPOLITAN HALL,
Pennsylvania Avenue between Eleventh and Twelfth Street.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
B. HENZE.....Proprietor.
JOHNNY REECE.....Stage Manager.
NOW IN FULL TIDE OF SUCCESS.
First Class Artists can secure permanent engagements by addressing as above. 29-2t*

A YOUNG MAN WELL EDUCATED,
who has for the past two years acted as Agent, Treasurer and Manager of one of the best and most celebrated Troupes traveling, and who thoroughly understands the THEATRICAL BUSINESS, wishes a position in either one or all of the above capacities, but only with respectable and responsible parties. Would prefer a Treasurership in one of the Theatres in or around New York. Has traveled through the United States and Canadas.
Full Guarantees and the best of References given. Address, stating particulars as to position, salary, &c. YENOR,
Station A,
29-3t* Spring st.

OPERA HOUSE, BUFFALO, N. Y.
THIS ELEGANT HALL
IS NOW TO RENT BY THE DAY OR WEEK.
ADVANCE AGENTS TAKE NOTICE.
It has recently been Re-Fitted in the best Location in the City, AND SECOND TO NO OTHER HALL IN THE STATE.
Parties would do well to apply BEFORE ARRANGING ELSEWHERE to THOS. CARR, Agent,
Who will also attend to Advertising, Notices, or any other Business beneficial to the parties renting. 29-4t*

ELTZROTH HALL.
This new hall will seat 500 persons, has good Stage, Dressing Rooms, and is well lighted, and every way adapted to Traveling Theatres, Concerts, Panoramas, and all first class exhibitions. The services of a first class Silver Band can be engaged.
Population of city 5,000, on direct railroad from Chicago to Louisville. Address,
29-8t C. M. ELTZROTH, Proprietor.

DRAPER'S AMERICAN OPERA TROUPE.
THE DOCTOR OF ALCANTARA,
with a powerful cast, including
MISS ROSA COOKE, MINA GEARY AND LIZZIE ALLEN,
at Allyn Hall, Hartford, THURSDAY, October 25; Music Hall, New Haven, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, October 26 and 27; Breed Hall, Norwich, MONDAY, October 29; City Hall, Providence, Oct. 30, 31, and Nov. 1
HENRY DRAPER, Director.
29-2t SAMUEL M. SHARPLEY, Manager.

PORTLAND THEATRE, Portland, Me.
BIDWELL & BROWNE.....Sole Lessees and Managers.
NOW OPEN FOR THE FALL AND WINTER SEASON, with a Full and Perfectly Organized Dramatic Company.
All Business Communications should be addressed to
S. E. BROWNE, Business Manager,
Box 1925,
29-3t* Portland, Me.

A FIRST CLASS LOW COMEDIAN,
NONE OTHERS NEED APPLY.
Also a Competent Stage Manager, may hear of a permanent engagement, salary sure, by addressing "MANAGER,"
Care of Col. T. ALLSTON BROWN,
29-2t* Clipper Office.

WANTED.
A First Class Juvenile Man, a Walking Lady and a few Responsible People for UNION HALL, Pottsville, Pa., now open with a First Class Dramatic Company. Address J. B. EVERHAM,
29-2t* Box 21, Pottsville, Pa.

TO BAND MASTERS.
WANTED BY A YOUNG MAN, who has played the B b bass in a village band for six years, a
SITUATION IN A BAND.
Would play on any instrument. For further particulars, please address E. S., Wynford P. O., C. W.
29-2t*

MR. FRED ABBOTT, Ethiopian Danseuse and
Actress, (now at Fifth Avenue Opera House,) will be at liberty to engage for the above business on and after Nov. 3d. Address care of HOFFMAN HOUSE, corner of Broadway and 25th street, New York City. 29-2t*

TO MANAGERS, Etc.
J. E. McDONOUGH,
Having arrived from Europe, will negotiate for the production of Dion Boucicault's last great play, "The Long Strike"
For sale, copies of "True to the Core, or Drifting to Leeward."
W. F. BROUGH, Agent,
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Howard and Grand sts., New York. Manufacturers, inventors and repairers of MAGICAL APPARATUS of every description. Cheap Apparatus for amateurs. Lessons in Leger-de-main, Second Sight, etc. 30-4t*

MISS KATE FISHER,
Now performing to crowded houses at the New American Theatre, Philadelphia, with her
CELEBRATED HORSE "WONDER,"
will be at liberty to negotiate with Managers from Nov. 12th until late in December. Address her agent,
J. G. MAGLE,
30-tf New American Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.

KEESE & BLAIR'S MINSTRELS, BRASS BAND
and BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE, after a successful tour through the West, are now returning North.
BILLY BLAIR.....Manager | T. C. ROCHE...Advance Agent
GEO. W. GOFF, Leader of Orchestra.
30-2t* W. H. McFARLAND, Sec. and Treas.

JENNIE BANKER,
COMEDIENNE AND PROTEAN ACTRESS,
30-4t* Address Clipper Office.

PAD MARE FOR SALE.
Warranted in every respect. Color roan; nine years old; known by the name of DOLLY. Address
LEVI J. NORTH,
30-2t* Everett House, St. Louis, Mo.

I, MOSE HUMPHREY, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,
do hereby challenge any man in the United States to meet me in a trial of BONE PLAYING, for any amount, from $100 to $500. Time and place of meeting to be hereafter arranged. For further information address MOSE HUMPHREY, Po'keepsie, N.Y. 1t*

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THE GREAT SENSATION TROUPE OF THE DAY.
NOW RETURNING EAST.

ASSOCIATED WITH THIS GREAT CORPS DE AFRIQUE, AND

ARE THE GREATEST OF LIVING ARTISTS, ENGAGED AT GREAT EXPENSE.

THE WONDEROUS HERNANDEZ, and
BILLY EMERSON, COMEDIAN,
The greatest Song and Dance Man in the World.
SIX FIRST CLASS COMEDIANS
will appear nightly, in connection with the other portion of this grand entertainment, which will prove to be of AN ENTIRE NEW AND ORIGINAL CHARACTER. 24-3m*

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ARE COMING.
SEASON OF 1866-67.
THIRD ANNUAL TOUR
OF
COTTON & MURPHY'S
CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS
AND
BRASS BAND.
Eighteen Artists of Talent and Ability, under the sole management of BEN COTTON.
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CLARRY & REILLY,
PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
12 AND 14 SPRUCE STREET,
NEW YORK.
THE LARGEST
SHOW BILL
PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD.
THIS FIRM
Pays particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For traveling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circuses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
A deposit required on all work ordered. 23-tf

R. B. KENT'S Theatrical Hosiery,
202 BOWERY, N. Y.,
FORMERLY GARNER'S ESTABLISHMENT,
344 BOWERY.
All kinds of THEATRICAL and CIRCUS CLOTHING constantly on hand and made to order. 23-3m*

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CARLETON. CARLETON.
Universally acknowledged by the Press of
BOTH HEMISPHERES
to be the only true representative of the Wit, Mirth and Melody OF OULD IRELAND,
is now playing to crowded houses at TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES, Pittsburgh, Pa.
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CHAS. B. GRISTE,
ADVANCE AGENT,
Will accept an engagement with a first class Traveling Company or Star. Address as above, care of J. H. and F. F. FARWELL, Printing Office, 112 Washington street, Boston, Mass. 27-tf

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MISS FLORENCE TEMPLE,
EQUESTRIENNE, COMEDIENNE, AND
MELO-DRAMATIC ARTISTE,
Having added to her already extensive repertoire two entirely new Equestrian Dramas, "VETARI, THE ADVENTURER; Or, THE MYSTIC HORSEMAN," and "BARRAGH DHU; Or, THE LAST LORD OF CASHEL," the copyright of which she has purchased from the author, Mr. John F. Poole, is now prepared to treat with Managers for the ensuing season. Address her sole agents, FRANK RIVERS & CO.,
29-tf 25 West Houston street, New York.

GARDNER, HEMMINGS & CO.'S CIRCUS

TO RENT.
GARDNER, HEMMINGS & CO.,
Having closed their Summer Campaign, are now prepared to RENT to any respectable and responsible party.
Horses sufficient to equip two companies, with Ring Stock, Trappings and everything complete; or will furnish any Theatre with Horses for the Spectacular Drama. Address
GARDNER, HEMMINGS & CO.,
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E. O. NORTON.....Sole Lessee and Manager
Now undergoing thorough repairs, and being improved with a beautiful dress circle, will open on the first Monday in Sept. with a full company. Stars treated with on liberal terms. Wanted, a full dramatic company for a season of eight months. None but reliable people need apply. Also wanted, a first class scenic artist immediately. Address
JAMES CONNER & CO.,
Dramatic Agents,
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Managers wishing to arrange with
MR. JOHN E. OWENS,
for his open time before and after the commencement of his engagement in this city, (Dec. 17), will address the undersigned immediately, care of Winter Garden, New York.
CLIFTON W. TAYLEURE.
New York, Oct. 15. 28-tf

A SMALL SETT OF SCENERY FOR SALE.
Comprising five drop scenes, 12 by 9—rollers, top-pieces, pulleys and ropes complete—painted on both sides, making ten scenes in all; namely:—Landscape, Wood, Street, Prison, Plain and Fancy Chamber, Garden, Kitchen, C D Fancy and C D Gothic. Six wings, 9 by 3; Complete Frame, 12 by 12; put together with screws with iron clamps to receive scenes, all in good condition, goes up in half an hour easy, and just the thing for a Traveling Company. Price $150. Address S. A. AUSTEN,
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TO LET BY THE NIGHT OR WEEK.
Apply to J. W. BUCKLAND,
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NEW NASHVILLE THEATRE
FOR RENT,
By the week or season; has new scenery and is in complete order. Apply to
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Price $1 per copy. Forwarded to any address.
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NEW SONG AND DANCE,
"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ME NOW?"
Price $1 per copy. Forwarded to any address.
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WANTED IMMEDIATELY.--For the Holman
Opera Troupe, a good Singing Walking Lady. Enclose photograph. State lowest terms, and address GEO. HOLMAN, care of JOHN ELLSLER, Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio. 29-2t

WANTED--A partner with a few hundred dollars,
to travel with a popular Combination Medley Troupe. Company all formed, with own conveyance, and everything necessary to travel. Ready to start immediately. Address
29-2t* M'LLE ST. CLAIR, Springfield, Mass.

FOR SALE--A Complete Stereopticon, with Gas
Apparatus, cut, and about 350 views, etc., ready for immediate exhibition. Also, a MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, expressly made for this purpose. Must be sold on account of sickness of the present owner. Address J. M. WINTERICH,
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WANTED—A Leading Man, also a Second Heavy and Responsible Business. State lowest salary. Enclose no stamp, and consider silence a negative. CHAS. THOS. PARSLOE,
29-1t* Dramatic Agent, 566 Broadway, cor. Prince street.

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THE MASONIC HALL,
NASHVILLE, TENN.,
IS THE LARGEST HALL IN THE STATE,
NEWLY FITTED AND RESEATED,
SEATING 1,500 PEOPLE.
Foot Lights, Large Stage, Dressing Rooms, and everything desirable for
THEATRICALS, CONCERTS, LECTURES, ETC.,
for rent by the night, week or season. Apply to
DORMAN & FENTON,
Music Store, Masonic Temple.
Sole agents for Chickering & Sons' Pianos. Chickering "Concert Grands" always on hand. 21-3m*

CENTRAL PARK NORMAL MUSICAL CONSERVATORY, 242 West 26th st., near 8th ave. Lessons strictly private, terms favorable, call or send stamp for circular, at the Conservatory or Hall's Music Store, 543 Broadway. J. J. WATSON, (the original "American Paganini,") Agent. 20-3m*

SKIFF & GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS
AND
BRASS BAND.
This model organization is now in the full zenith of success. I comprises an
UNEQUALLED TRIO OF COMEDIANS,
whose witticisms provoke unbounded laughter.
A QUARTETTE OF SPLENDID VOCALISTS,
whose Harmonization is one of the features of the performance
A FIRST CLASS ORCHESTRA,
And the
LARGEST AND BEST BRASS BAND
of any similar organization in the country, together with the
RECOGNIZED CHAMPIONS OF AMERICA,
MESSRS. DELEHANTY & WARD,
CLOG DANCERS.
LOW GAYLORD, Manager.
J. H. WARD, Treasurer,
H. T. ALLEN, Stage Manager.
20-3m WM. FOOTE, Jr., Agent.

BANJO CORRECTLY TAUGHT.--Banjo Book
(mailed), $1. References by permission, Hall & Son, Pond & Co., and S. T. Gordon, music publishers, Broadway.
26 J. SIVORI, of Bryants' Minstrels, 474½ Broadway.

TO MANAGERS.--Mrs. J. H. ALLEN and D. H.
HARKINS having started on their Starring Tour, managers wishing to communicate with them can do so through their agent,
23-3m* CHAS. T. PARSLOE, No. 566 Broadway.

ELLSLER'S ATHENÆUM,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.
This popular Theatre, well stocked with Scenery, etc., for RENT by the night, week, month or season, for Dramatic and other purposes. Address
JOHN A. ELLSLER, Cleveland, Ohio, or
23-tf C. A. WAGNER, Columbus, O.

TO MANAGERS.
All communications relative to
THE GRAND MAGICAL SPECTACLE OF
THE BLACK CROOK,
NOW RUNNING AT NIBLO'S, N. Y.,
And creating a sensation unparalleled in dramatic triumphs, must be made to CHAS. M. BARRAS,
Author and Proprietor,
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MISS JENNIE MAY.
Responsible Managers wishing to engage this very talented and accomplished Artist for Leading or Juvenile business, will
29-1t Address her, LOWELL, Mass., P. O. Box 460.

MONTGOMERY THEATRE,
MONTGOMERY, ALA.
STARS and FIRST CLASS TROUPES wishing time at the above Theatre, now one of the FINEST IN THE SOUTH, may apply to
BOWERS & DAVEY,
26-3m* Montgomery, Ala.

MUSIC HALL, London, C. W., is now for RENT
to companies or persons by the day, week or month. Size 84 by 42, and 22 feet high; two dressing rooms; patent gas in ceiling; foot lights; seat 700; hot air, etc.; well ventilated; doors open outwards. Address MUSIC HALL, London, C. W. 26-5t*

TO THE PROFESSION.
WANTED—AT CHADWICK'S VARIETY THEATRE, 115 and 117 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill., GOOD ACTORS, SINGERS, DANCERS, MALE AND FEMALE MINSTREL PERFORMERS, &c. All good performers will find engagements by applying at once to
26-16t* GEO. H. BARTON, Manager.

VARIETIES THEATRE,
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